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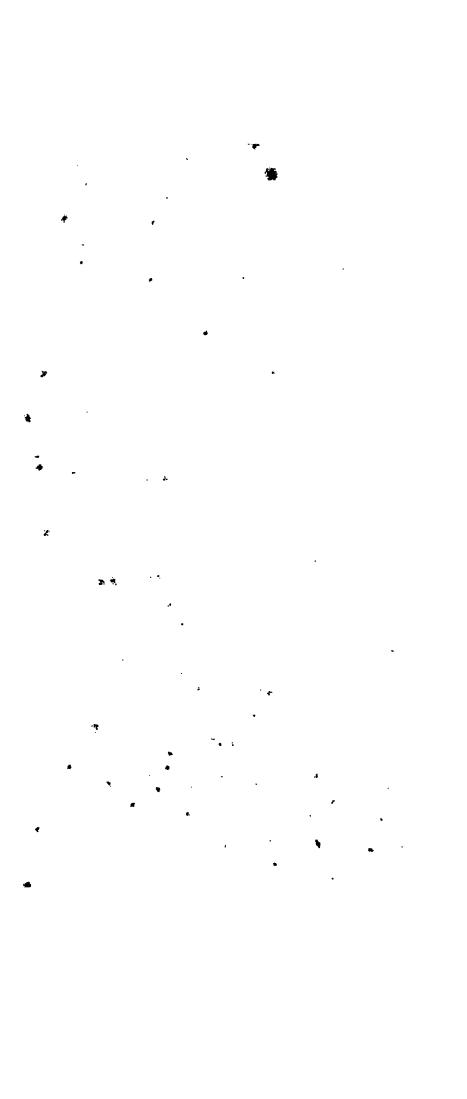
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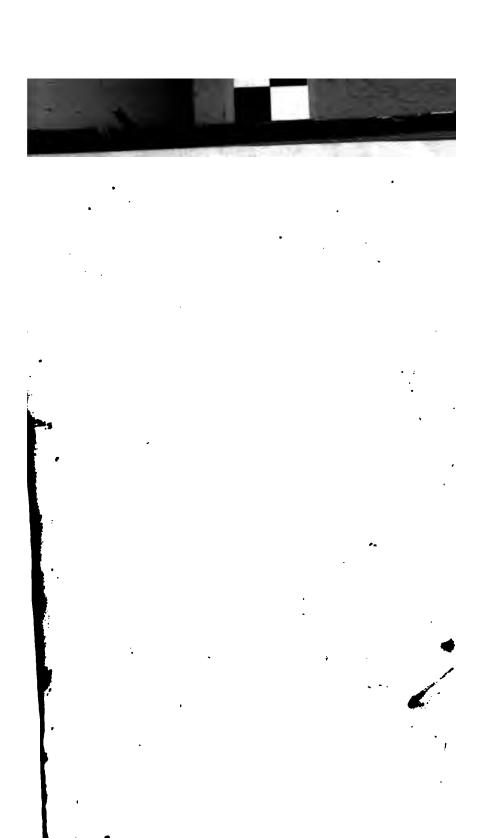
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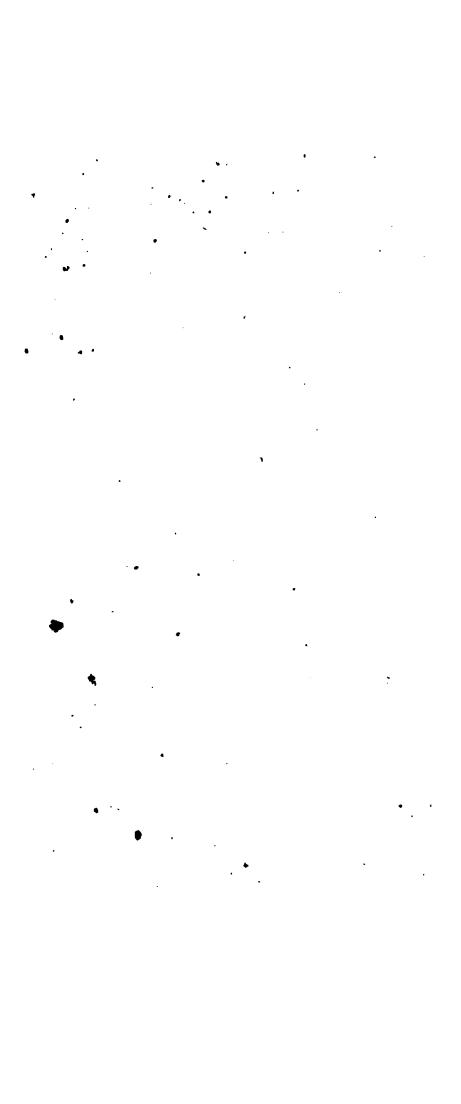
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The Lay of Marie:

POEM.

BY

MATILDA BETHAM.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR ROWLAND HUNTER,

(SUCCESSOR TO J. JOHNSON,)

No. 72, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

1816.

Bellen



Red-Lion-Street, Clerkenwell, London.

LADY BEDINGFELD.

To whom,—as Fancy, taking longer flight,
With folded arms upon her heart's high swell,
Floating the while in circles of delight,
And whispering to her wings a sweeter spell
Than she has ever aim'd or dar'd before—
Shall I address this theme of minstrel lore?

To whom but her who loves herself to roam
Through tales of earlier times, and is at home
With heroes and fair dames, forgotten long,
But for romance, and lay, and lingering song?
To whom but her, whom, ere my judgment knew,
Save but by intuition, false from true,
Seem'd to me wisdom, goodness, grace combin'd;
The ardent heart; the lively, active mind?
To whom but her whose friendship grows more dear,
And more assur'd, for every lapsing year?
One whom my inmost thought can worthy deem
Of love, and admiration, and esteem!



PREFACE.

As there is little, in all I have been able to collect respecting MARIE, which has any thing to do with the Poem, I have chosen to place such information at the end of the book, in form of an Appendix, rather than here; where the only things necessary to state are, that she was an Anglo-Norman Minstrel of the thirteenth century; and as she lived at the time of our losing Normandy, I have connected her history with that event: that the young king who sees her in his progress through his foreign possessions is our Henry III.; and the Earl William who steps forward to speak in her favour is William Longsword, brother to Richard Cœur de Lion. Perhaps there is no record of minstrels being called upon to sing at a feast in celebration of a victory which in-

volves their own greatest possible misfortune: but such an incident is not of improbable occurrence. It is likely, also, that a woman. said to be more learned, accomplished, and pleasing, than was usually the case with those of her profession, might have a father, who, with the ardour, the disobedience, the remorse of his heroic master, had like him, a crusader and a captive; and in the after solitude of self-inflicted penitence, full of romantic and mournful recollections, fostered in the mind of his daughter, by nature embued with a portion of his own impassioned feelings, every tendency to that wild and poetical turn of thought which qualified her for a minstrel; and, after his death, induced her to become one.

The union of European and Eastern beauty, in the person of Marie, I have attempted to describe as lovely as possible. The consciousness of noble birth, of injurious depression, and the result of that education which absorbed the whole glowing mind of a highly gifted parent, a mind rich with adventures, with enthusiasm

and tenderness, ought to be pourtrayed in her deportment; while the elegance and delicacy. which more particularly distinguish the gentlewoman, would naturally be imbibed from a constant early association with a model of what the chivalrous spirit of the age could form, with all its perfections and its faults; in a situation, too, calculated still more to refine such a character; especially with one who was the centre of his affections and regrets, and whom he was so soon to leave unprotected. That, possessing all these advantages, notwithstanding her low station, she should be beloved by, and, on the discovery of her birth, married to a young nobleman, whose high favour with his sovereign would lead him to hope such an offence against the then royal prerogative of directing choice would be deemed a venial one, is, I should think, an admissible supposition.

That a woman would not be able to sing under such afflicting circumstances might be objected; but history shews us, scarcely any exertion of fortitude or despair is too great to be looked for in that total deprivation of all worldly interest

consequent to such misfortunes. Whether that train of melancholy ideas which her own fate suggests is sufficiently removed from narration to be natural, or not near it enough to be clear, the judgment of others must determine. No wish or determination to have it one way or another, in sentiment, stile, or story, influenced its composition; though, occasionally, lines previously written are interwoven; and, in one instance, a few that have been published.

Her Twelve Lays are added in a second Appendix, as curious in themselves, and illustrative of the manners and morals of an age when they formed the amusement of the better orders. SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES TO BE SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES TO SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES TO BE SUBSCRIBERS' NAMES TO BE

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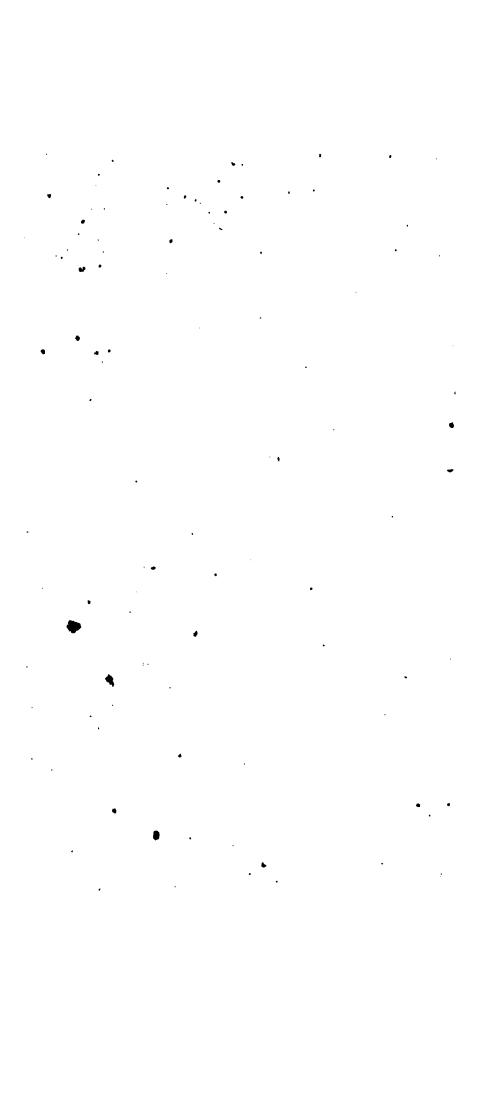
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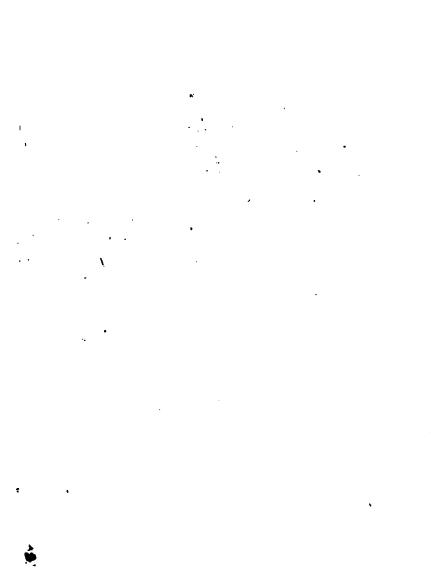
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The Lay of Marie.

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The Lay of Marie.

CANTO FIRST.

The guests are met, the feast is near,
But Marie does not yet appear!
And to her vacant seat on high
Is lifted many an anxious eye.
The splendid show, the sumptuous board,
The long details which feuds afford,
And discontent is prone to hold,
Absorb the factious and the cold;
Absorb dull minds, who, in despair,
The standard grasp of worldly care,

Which none can quit who once adore-They love, confide, and hope no more; Seek not for truth, nor e'er aspire To nurse that immaterial fire, From whose most healthful warmth proceed Each real joy and generous deed; Which, once extinct, no toil or pain Can kindle into life again, To light the then unvarying eye, To melt, in question or reply, Those tones, so subtil and so sweet, That none can look for, none repeat; Which, self-impell'd, defy controul,-They bear the signet of the soul; And, as attendants of their flight, Enforce persuasion and delight.

Words that an instant have reclin'd Upon the pillow of the mind,

Or caught, upon their rapid way,
The beams of intellectual day,
Pour fresh upon the thirsty ear,
O'erjoy'd, and all awake to hear,
Proof that in other hearts is known
The secret language of our own.
They to the way-worn pilgrim bring
A draught from Rapture's sparkling spring;
And, ever welcome, are, when given,
Like some few scatter'd flowers from heaven;
Could such in earthly garlands twine,
To bloom by others less divine.

Where does this idle Minstrel stay?

Proud are the guests, august the day;

And princes of the realm attend

The triumph of their sovereign's friend;—

Triumph of stratagem and fight

Gain'd o'er a young and gallant knight,

Who, the last fort compell'd to yield, Perish'd, despairing, in the field.

The Norman Chief, whose sudden blow Had laid fair England's banner low; Spite of resistance firm and bold Secur'd the latest, surest hold Its sceptre touch'd across the main, Important, difficult to gain, Basy against her to retain ;---Baron de Brehan-seem'd to stand An alien in his native land; One whom no social ties endear'd Except his child; and she appear'd Unconsciously to prompt his toil,-Unconsciously to take the spoil Of hate and treason; and, 'twas said, The pillage of a kinsman dead, Whom, for his large domain, he slew: Twas whisper'd only,-no one knew.

At tale of murderous deed, his ear
No startling summons seem'd to hear;
Yet should some sudden theme intrude
Of friend betray'd—ingratitude;—
Or treacherous counsel—follies nurs'd
In ardent minds, who, dying, curs'd
The guideful author of their woes;
His troubled look would then disclose
Some secret anguish, inward care,
Which mutely, sternly, said, Forbear!

He spake of policy and right,
Of bold exploits in recent fight,—
Of interest, and the common weal,
Of distant empire, slow appeal.
Skill'd to elicit thoughts unknown
In other minds, and hide his own,
His brighter eye, in darting round
Their purposes and wishes found.

Praises, and smiles, and promise play'd

Around his speech; which yet convey'd

No meaning, when, the moment past,

Memory retold her stores at last.

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Courtiers were there, the old and young, in Of high and haughty lineage sprung; And Jewell's matrons: some had been, and III Erewhile, speciators of a steine and manners gay; And III Elike this, with mien and manners gay; And III Who now, their hearts consum'd away, Held all the pageant in disdain, And seem'd to smile and speak with pain. Of such were widows, who deplor'd Husbands long lost, but still ador'd; Husbands long lost, but still ador'd; Like martyrs led into the crowd:

Mothers, their sole remaining stay,
In some dear son, late snatch'd away;

The transfer of the second

Warriors, infirm with battles grown,

Were there, in languid grandeur thrown
On the low bench, who seem'd to say,

"Our mortal vigour wanes away;"
And gentle maid, with aspect meek,
While cloud-like blushes cross her cheek,
Restless swaits the Minstrel's power
To dispossess the present hour,
And by a spirit-seizing charm,
Her thoughts employ, her fancy warm,
And snatch her from the mute distress
Of conscious, breathless bashfulness.

Young knights, who never tamely wait,

Crowd in the porch, or near the gate,

By quick return, and sudden throng, Announcing the expected song.

The Minstrel comes, and, by command,
Before the nobles of the land,
In her poor order's simple dress,
Grac'd only by the native tress,
A flowing mass of yellow'd light,
Whose bold swells gleam with silver bright,
And dove-like shadows sink from sight.
Those long, soft locks, in many a wave
Curv'd with each turn her figure gave;
Thick, or if threatening to divide,
They still by sunny meshes hide;
Eluding, by commingling lines,
Whatever severs or defines.

Amid the crowd of beauties there, None were so exquisitely fair; And, with the tender, mellow'd air, The taper, flexile, polish'd limb,

The form so perfect, yet so slim,

And movement, only thought to grace

The dark and yielding Eastern race;

As if on pure and brilliant day

Repose, as soft as moonlight, lay.

Reluctant still she seem'd,—her feet Sought slowly the appointed seat:
Her hand, oft lifting to her head,
She lightly o'er her forehead spread;
Then the unconscious motion check'd,
And, struggling with her own neglect,
Seem'd as she but by effort found
The presence of an audience round.

Meanwhile the murmurings died away
Which spake impatience of delay:
A pitying wonder, new and kind,
Arose in each beholder's mind:

They saw no scorn to meet reproof,

No arrogance to keep aloof;

Her air absorb'd, her sadden'd mien,

Combin'd the mourning, captive queen,

With her who at the altar stands

To raise aloft her spotless hands,

In meek and persevering prayer,

For such as falter in despair.

All that was smiling, bright, and gay,

Youth's show of triumph during May,

Its roseate crown, was snatch'd away!

Yet sorrows, which had come so soon,

Like tender morning dew repos'd,

O'er hope and joy as softly clos'd

As moist clouds on the light at noon.

Opprest by some heart-withering pang,
Upon her harp she seem'd to hang
Awhile o'erpower'd—then faintly sang:

- " Demand no lay of long-past times;
- " Of foreign loves, or foreign crimes;
- " Demand no visions which arise
- "To Rapture's eager, tearless eyes!
- "Those who can travel far, I ween,
- "Whose strength can reach a distant scene,
- " And measure o'er large space of ground,
- "Have not, like me, a deadly wound!
- " Near home, perforce, alas, I stray,
- " Perforce pursue my destin'd way,
- "Through scenes where all my trouble grows,
- " And where alone remembrance flows.
- " Like evening swallows, still my wings
- " Float round in low, perpetual rings;
- " But never fold the plume for rest
- " One moment in the tranquil nest;
- " And have no strength to reach the skies,
- " No power, no hope, no wish to rise!

- " Blame me not, Fancy, if I now restrain
 - " Thy wandering footsteps, now thy wings confine;
 - "Tis the decree of Fate,—it is not mine!
 - " For I would let thee free and widely stray-
 - " Would follow gladly, tend thee on thy way,
- " And never of the devious track complain,
- " Never thy wild and sportive flights disdain!
 - "Though reasonless those graceful moods may be,
 - "They still, alas! were passing sweet to me.
- " Unhappy that I am, compell'd to bind
 - "This murmuring captive! one who ever strove
 - " By each endearing art to win my love;
 - " Who, ever unoffending, ever bright,
 - " Danc'd in my view, and pleas'd me to delight!
- "She scatter'd showers of lilies on my mind;
- " For, oh! so fair, so fresh, and so refin'd,
 - " Her child-like offerings, without thorns to pain,
 - "Without one canker'd wound, or earthly stain.

- "And, darling! as my trembling fingers twine
 - "Those fetters round thee, they are wet with tears!
 - " For the sweet playmate of my early years
- " I cannot thus afflict, nor thus resign
- " My equal liberty, and not repine!
 - " For I had made thee, infant as thou art,
 - "Queen of my hopes, my leisure, and my heart;
 - "Given thee its happiest laugh, its sweetest tear,
 - " And all I found or conquer'd every year.
- " I blame me now I let thy sports offend
 - "Old Time, and laid thy snare within his path
 - "To make him falter, as it often hath;
 - " For he grew angry soon, and held his breath,
 - " And hurried on, in frightful league with Death,
- "To make the way through which my footsteps bend,
- " Late rich in all that social scenes attend,
 - " A desert; and with thee I droop, I die,
 - "Beneath the look of his malignant eye.

- " Me do triumphant heroes call
- "To grace with harp their festal hall?
 - "O! must my voice awake the song?-
 - " My skill the artful tale prolong?
 - "Yes! I am call'd-it is my doom!
 - "Unhappily, ye know not whom,
 - " Nor what, impatient ye demand!
 - " How hostile now the fever'd hand,
 - " Across these chords unwilling thrown,
 - "To echo plainings of my own!
 - " Little indeed can ye divine
 - "What song ye ask who call for mine!
 - "Till now, before the courtly crowd
 - "I humbly and I gaily bow'd;
 - "The blush was not to shame allied
 - "Which on my glowing cheek I wore;
 - " No lowly seemings pain'd my pride,
 - " My heart was laughing at the core;

- " And sometimes, as the stream of song
- " Bore me with eddying haste along,
- " My father's spirit would arise,
- " And speak strange meaning from these eyes,
- " At which a conscious cheek would quail,
- "A stern and lofty bearing fail:
- "Then could a chieftain condescend
- " In me to recognize his friend!
- "Then could a warrior low incline
- " His eye, when it encounter'd mine!
- " A tone can make the guilty start!
- " A glance can pierce the conscious hears,
- " Encountering memory in its flight,
- " Most waywardly! Such wounds are slight:
- " But I withdraw the painful light!
 - " Fair lords and princes! many a time
- " For you I wove my pictur'd thyme;
- "Refin'd new thoughts and fancies crude
- " In deep and careful solitude;

- ' And, when my task was finish'd, came
- 'To seek the meed of praise or blame;
- While, even then, untir'd I strove
- "To serve beneath the yoke of love.
- "Whene'er I mark'd a fearful look,
- "When pride, or when resentment, spoke,
- " I bent the tenor of my strain,
- " And trembled lest it were in vain.
- "By many an undiscover'd wile
- " I brought the pallid lip to smile,
- "Clear'd the maz'd thought for ampler scope,"
- " Sustain'd the flagging wings of hope;
- "And threw a mantle over care
- " Such as the blooming Graces wear!
- " I made the friend resist his pride,
- "Scarce aiming what he felt to hide
- " From other eyes, his own implored
- "That kindness were again restor'd.
- " As generous themes engag'd my tongue
- " In pleadings for the fond and young:

- "Towards his child the father leant.
- " In fast-subsiding discontent:
- " I made that father's claims be felt,
- "And saw the rash, the stubborn, melt;
- " Nay, once, subdued, a rebel knelt.
 - "Thus skill'd, from pity's warm excess,
- "The aching spirit to caress;
- " Profuse of her ideal wealth,
- "And rich in happiness and health,
- "An alien, class'd among the poor,
- " Unheeded, from her precious store,
- " Its best and dearest tribute brought;
- " The zeal of high, adventurous thought,
- " The tender awe in yielding aid,
- " E'en of its own soft hand afraid!
- " Stealing, through shadows, forth to bless,
 - " Her venturous service knew no bound;
- "Yet shrank, and trembled, when success
 - " Its earnest, fullest wishes crown'd!

"This alien sinks, opprest with woe, "And have you nothing to bestow ! " " " "No language kind, to sooth or cheer !-" No soften'd voice,-no tender tear?-"No promise which may hope impart? " No fancy to beguile the heart; "To chace those dreary thoughts away, "And waken from this deep dismay: " Is it that station, power, or pride, "Can human sympathies divide? " Or is she deem'd a thing of art, " Form'd only to enact a part, "Whose nice perceptions all belong. "To modulated thought and song, " And, in fictitious feeling thrown, " Lie waste or callous in her own?

" Is it from poverty of soul;

" Or does some fear some doubt, controul?

- " So round the heart strong fibres strain,
- "That it attempts to beat in vain?
- " Does palsy on your feelings hang,
- " Deaden'd by some severer pang?
- "If so, behold, my eyes o'erflow!
- " For, O! that anguish well I know!
 - 101, O. that abguish wen I know;
 - "When once that fatal stroke is given,-
 - "When once that finest nerve is riven,
 - "Our love, our pity, all are o'er;
 - " We even sooth ourselves no more!
 - "Back, hurrying feelings! to the time
 - "I learnt to clothe my thoughts in rhyme!
- "When, climbing up my father's knees,
- " I gaily sang, secure to please!
- "Rounded his pale and wasted cheek,
- "And won him, in his turn, to speak:
 - riba mon mini, in the turn, to speak.
 - "When, for reward, I closer prest,
 - " And whisper'd much, and much carest;

- "With simorous eye, and head aside,
- " Half ask'd, and laugh'd, and then denied;
- " Ere I again petition made
- " To hear the often-told crusade.
- " How, knowing hardship but by name,
- " Misled by friendship and by fame,
- " His parents' wishes he disdain'd,
- "With seal, nor real quite, nor feign'd;
- " And fought on many a famous apot;-
- "The suffering of a captive's lot;
- " My Georgian mother's daring flight;
- "The day's concealment, march by night;
- " Her death, when, touching Christian ground,
- "They deem'd repose and safety found:.
- " How, on his erm, by night and day,
- " I, then a happy infant, lay,
- " And taught him not to mourn, but pray.
- " How, when, at length, he reach'd his home,"
- " His heart foretold a gentle doom;

- " With tears of fondness in his eyes,
- " Hoping to cause a glad surprize;
- " Full of submission, pondering o'er
- "What he too lightly priz'd before;
- "The curse with tenfold vengeance fell.-
- "Those who had lov'd him once so well, "In whose indulgence perfect trust
- " Had still been wise, though most unjust,
- "Were in the grave!-Their hearts were cold!
- " His penitence might still be told-
- "Told to the winds! for few would hear,
- " Or, hearing, deem that tale sincere
- " His patrimony's lord denied,
- "Who, hardening in possession's pride,
- " Affirm'd the rightful owner died.
 - " A victim from devouring strife,
- " And slavery, return'd with life;
- " Possessions, honours, parents gone,
- "The very hand that urg'd him on,

- "Now, by its stern repelling, tore
 - "The veil that former falsehood wore!
- "When he first bar'd his heart before thy view,
- "Told all its inmost beatings-told them true;
- " Nay, e'en the pulse, the secret, trembling thrill,
- " On which the slightest touch alone would trill;
- "While thou, with secret aim, collected art, ...
- " Didst wind around that bold, confiding heart, ...
- " And, in its warm and healthful breathings fling-
- " A subtle poison, and a deadly sting!
 - "Where shall we else so fell a traitor find?
- " The wilful, hard misleader of the blinc
- " And what can be the soul-perverter's meed, ...
- " Plotting to lure his friend to such a deed,
- " As made self-hatred on the conscience lay
- "That heavy weight she never moyes away?

- " O! where the good man's inner barriers close
- "'Gainst the world's cruel judgments, and his foes
- " Enfolding truth, and prayer, and soul's repose,
- "Thine is a mournful numbness, or a din,
- " For many strong accusers lurk within!
 - " And, since this fatal period, in thine eyes
- "A shrewd and unrelaxing witness lies;
- "While, on the specious language of the tongue,
- " Deceit has hateful, warning accents hung;
- " And outrag'd nature, struggling with a smile,
- " Announces nought but discontent and guile;
- " Each trace of fair, auspicious meaning flown,
- " All that makes man by man belov'd and known.
- " Silence, indignant thought! forego thy sway!
- "Silence! and let me measure on my way!
 - "Soul-struck, and yielding to his fate,
 "My father left his castle gate.

- "' Thou,' he would cry, with flowing eyes,
- " That moment wert the sacrifice!
- " Little, alas! avails to thee
- "Wealth, honours, titles, ancestry;
- " All lost by me! I dar'd to lift
- "On high thy welfare, as a gift!
- " To save thee, dearest, dar'd resign
- "Thy worldly good! it was not mine!
- "But, O! I felt around thee twin'd
- " My very self,-my heart and mind!
- " All that may chance is dead to me,
- " Save only as it touches thee!
- " Could self-infliction but atone
- " For one who lives in thee alone;
- " If my repentance and my tears
- " Could spare thy future smiling years,
- "The fatal curse should only rest
- "Upon this firm, though guilty breast?
- "Yet, tendering from thy vessel's freight
- " Offerings of such exceeding weight,

- "I cast away what I disdain,
- "And free thee from one earthly chain !
- " Envy and over-weening hate
- " Would on thy orphan greatness wait;
- " Folly that supple nature bend
- " For parasites to scorn thy friend;
- " And pamper'd vanity incline
- "To wilful blindness such as mine!
 - " 'Thee to the altar yet I bring!
- "Hear me, my Saviour and my King!
- "Again I for my child resign
- " All worldly good! but make her thine!
- " Let her soft footsteps gently move,
- " Nor waken grief, nor injure love;
- " Carelessly trampling on the ground
- "That priceless gem, so rarely found;
- " That treasure, which, should angels guard,
- "Would all their vigilance reward!

- " ' My mind refuses still to fear
- " She should be cold or insincere;
- "That aught like meanness should debase
- " One of our rash and wayward race,
- " No! most I dread intemperate pride,
- " Deaf ardour, reckless, and untried,
- "With firm controul and skilful rein,
- " Its hurrying fever to restrain!
 - " ' Others might wish their soul's delight
- " Should be most lovely to the sight;
- " And beauty vainly I ador'd,
- "Serv'd with my eye, my tongue, my sword;
- "Nay, let me not from truth depart!
- " Enshrin'd and worship'd it at heart.
- " Oft, when her mother fix'd my gaze,
- " Enwrapt, on bright perfection's blaze,
- " Hopes the imperious spell beguil'd,
- "Transcendant thus to see my child:

- "But now, for charms of form or face,
- " Save only purity and grace;
- " Save sweetness, which all rage disarms,
- " Would lure an infant to her arms
- " lu instantaneous love; and make
- " A heart, like mine, with fondness ache;
- " I little care, so she be free
- " From such remorse as preys on me!'
 - " My dearest father !- Yet he grew
- " Profoundly anxious, as he knew
- " More of the dangers lurking round;
- "But I was on enchanted ground!
- " Delighted with my minstrel art,
- " I had a thousand lays by heart;
- " And while my yet unpractis'd tongue
- " Descanted on the strains I sung,
- " Still seeking treasure, like a bee,
- "I laugh'd and caroll'd, wild with glee!

- " Delicious moments then I knew,
- "When the rough winds against me blew:
- "When, from the top of mountain steep,
- " I glanc'd my eye along the deep;
- " Or, proud the keener air to breathe,
- " Exulting saw the vale beneath.
- "When, launch'd in some lone bout, I sought
- "A little kingdom for my thought,
- " Within a river's winding cove,
- "Whose forests form a double grove,
- " And, from the water's silent flow,
- "Appear more beautiful below;
- " While their large leaves the lilies lave,
- " Or plash upon the shadow'd wave;
- "While birds, with darken'd pinions, fly
- " Across that still intenser sky;
- " Fish, with cold plunge, with startling leap,
- " Or arrow-flight across the deep;
- " And stilted insects, light-o-limb,
- "Would dimple o'er the even brim;

- "If, with my hand, in play, I chose
- "The cold, smooth current to oppose,
- " As fine a spell my senses bound
- " As vacant bosom ever found!
 - " And when I took my proudest post,
- " Near him on earth I valued most,
- " (No after-time could banish thence
- " A father's dear pre-eminence,)
- " And felt the kind, protecting charm,
- "The clasp of a paternal arm;
- " Felt, as instinctively it prest,
- "The sacred magnet of his breast, :
- "'Gainst which I lean'd, and seem'd to grow,
- "With that deep fondness none can know,
- " Whem Providence does not assign
- " A parent excellent as mine!
- "That faith beyond, above mistrust,
- "That gratitude, so wholly just,

- " Each several, crowding claim forgot,
- "Whose source was light, without a blot;
- " No moment of unkindness shrouding,
- " No speck of anger overclouding:
- " An awful and a sweet controul,
- " A rainbow arching o'er the soul;
- " A soothing, tender thrill, which clung
- " Around the heart, while, all unstrung,
- "The thought was still, and mute the tongue!
- "O! in that morn of life is given
 - "To one so tun'd, a sumptuous dower!
- " Joys, which have flown direct from heaven,
 - "And Graces, captive in her bower.
- "Thoughts which can sail along the skies,
 - " Or poise upon the buoyant air;
- " And make a peasant's soul arise
 - "A monarch's mighty power to share.

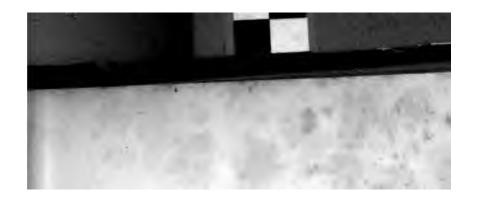
- "When all that we perceive below,
 - " By land or sea, by night or day,
- "The past, the future, and the flow
 - " Of present times, their tribute pay.
- " Each bird, from cleft, from brake, or bower,
 - " Bears her a blessing on its wings;
- " And every rich and precious flower
 - " Its fragrance on her spirit flings.
- "There's not a star that shines above
 - "But pours on her a partial ray;
- " Endearments, like maternal love,
 - " Her love to Nature's self repay.
- " Faith, Hope, and Joy about her heart,
 - " Close interlace the angel arm;
- " And with caresses heal the smart
 - " Of every care, and every harm.

- "Amid the wealth, amid the blaze

 "Of luxury and pomp around,

 "How poor is all the eye surveys
- "To what we know of fairy ground!"

She ceases, and her tears flow fast—
O! can this fit of softness last,
Which, so unlook'd for, comes to share
The sickly triumph of despair?
Upon the harp her head is thrown,
All round is like a vision flown;
And o'er a billowy surge her mind
Views lost delight left far behind.



The Lay of Marie.

CANTO SECOND.



The Lay of Marie.

CANTO SECOND.

Some, fearing Marie's tale was o'er,

Lamented that they heard no more;

While Brehan, from her broken lay,

Portended what she yet might say.

As the untarrying minutes flew,

More anxious and alarm'd he grew.

At length he spake:—" We wait too long
"The remnant of this wilder'd song!
"And too tenaciously we press

"Upon the languor of distress!

- "Twere better, sure, that hence convey'd,
- " And in some noiseless chamber laid,
- " Attentive care, and soothing rest,
- "Appeas'd the anguish of her breast."

Low was his voice, but Marie heard:
He hasten'd on the thing he fear'd.
She rais'd her head, and, with deep sighs,
Shook the large tear-drops from her eyes;
And, ere they dried upon her cheek,
Before she gather'd force to speak,
Convulsively her fingers play'd,

While his proud heart the prelude met, Aiming at calmness, though dismay'd,

A loud, high measure, like a threat;
Soon sinking to that lower swell
Which love and sorrow know so well.

- " How solemn is the sick man's room
 - "To friends or kindred lingering near!
- " Poring on that uncertain gloom
 - "In silent heaviness and fear!
- " How sad, his feeble hand in thine,
 - "The start of every pulse to share!
- "With painful haste each wish divine,
 - "Yet feel the hopelessness of care!
- "To turn aside the full-fraught eye,
 - " Lest those faint orbs perceive the tear!
- "To bear the weight of every sigh,
 - " Lest it should reach that wakeful ear!
- " In the dread stillness of the night,
 - "To lose the faint, faint sound of breath!
- "To listen in restrain'd affright,
 - "To deprecate each thought of death!

- " And, when a movement chas'd that fear,
 - " And gave thy heart-blood leave to flow,
- " In thrilling awe the prayer to hear
 - "Through the clos'd curtain murmur'd low!
- "The prayer of him whose holy tongue
 - " Had never yet exceeded truth!
- "Upon whose guardian care had hung
 - "The whole dependence of thy youth! ...
- "Who, noble, dauntless, frank and mild,
 - "Was, for his very goodness, fear'd;
- "Belov'd with fondness like a child,
 - "And like a blessed saint rever'd!
- "I have known friends—but who can feel at the "The kindness such a father knew? ! ! !! "
- "I serv'd him still with tender zeal;
 - "But knew not then how much was due!

- " And did not Providence ordain
 - " That we should soon be laid as low,
- "No heart could such a stroke sustain,-
 - " No reason could survive the blow!
 - " After that fatal trial came,
- "The world no longer was the same.
- " I still had pleasures:-who could live
- "Without the healing aid they give?
- "But, as a plant surcharg'd with rain,
- "When radiant sunshine comes again,
- "Just wakes from a benumbing trance,
- " I caught a feverish, fitful glance.
- "The dove, that for a weary time
- " Had mourn'd the rigour of the clime,
- " And, with its head beneath its wing,
- " Awaited a more genial spring,
- "Went forth again to search around,
- " And some few leaves of olive found,

- " But not a bower which could impart
 - " Its interchange of light and shade;
- " Not that soft down, to warm the heart,
- " Of which her former nest was made.
 " Smooth were the waves, the ether clear,
- "Yet all was desert, cold, and drear!
 - " Affection, o'er thy clouded sky
- "In flocks the birds of omen fly;
- " And oft the wandering harpy, Care,
- " Must thy delicious viands share:
- "But all the soul's interior light,
- " All that is soothing, sweet, and bright,...
- "All fragrance, softness, colour, glow,
- "To thee, as to the sun, we owe!
 - "Years past away! swift, varied years!
- "I learnt the luxury of tears;
- " And all the orphan's wretched lot,
- "'Midst those she pleas'd and serv'd, forgot.

- " By turns applauded and despis'd,
- " Till one appear'd who duly priz'd;
- "Bound round my heart a welcome chain,
- " And earthward lur'd its hopes again;
- "When, careless of all worldly weal,
- " By Fancy only taught to feel,
- " My raptur'd spirit soar'd on high,
- "With momentary power to fly;
- " Or sang its deep, indignant moan,
- "With swells of anguish, when alone.
- "Yet lovely dreams could I evoke
 - " Of future happiness and fame-
- " I did not bow to kiss the yoke,
 - "But welcom'd every joy that came.
- " Often would self-complacence spread
- " Harmonious halos round my head;
- "And all my being own'd awhile
- "The warm diffusion of her smile.

- " One morn they call'd me forth to sing
- "'Fore our then liege, the English king.
- "Thy guest, my Lord de Semonville,
- " His gracious presence was the seal
- " Of favour to a servant true,
- "To boasted faith and fealty due!
 - " It never suits a royal ear
- " Prowess of foreign lands to hear;
- " And, leaving tales of Charlemagne
- " For British Arthur's earlier reign,
- "I, preluding with praise, began
- "The feats of that diviner man;
- " Let loose my soul in fairy land,
- " Gave wilder licence to my hand;
- "And, learn'd in chivalrous renown,
- " By song and story handed down,
- " Painted my knights from those around,
- "But placed them on poetic ground.

- "The ample brow, too smooth for guile;
- "The careless, fearless, open smile;
- "The shaded and yet arching eye,
- " At once reflective, kind, and shy;
- "The undesigning, dauntless look,-
- "Became to me a living book.
- " I read the character conceal'd,
 - " Flash'd on by chance, or never known
 - " Even to bosoms like its own;
 - "Shrinking before a step intrude;
 - "Touch, look, and whisper, all too rude;
- "Unsunn'd and fairest when reveal'd!
- "The first in every noble deed,
- " Most prompt to venture and to bleed!
- "Such hearts, so veil'd with angel wings,
- "Such cherish'd, tender, sacred things,
- " I since discover'd many a time,
- " O Britain! in thy temper'd clime;
- " In dew, in shade, in silence nurs'd,
- " For truth and sentiment athirst.

- " As seas, with rough, surrounding wave,
- "Islands of verdant freshness save
- "From rash intruder's waste and spoil;-
 - " As mountains rear their heads on high,
 - " Present snow summits to the sky,
- " And weary patient feet with toil,
- "To screen some sweet, secluded vale,
- "And warm the air its flowers inhale;-
- "Reserve warns off approaching eyes
- " From where her choicer Eden lies.
 - "Such are the English knights, I cried,
- "Who all their better feelings hide;
- "Who muffle up their hearts with care,
- "To hide the virtues nestling there,
- "Who neither praise nor blame can bear.
 - "My hearers, though completely steel'd
- " For all the terrors of the field;

- " Mail'd for the arrow and the lance,
- "Bore not unharm'd my smiling glance;
- "At other times collected, brave,
- "Recoiled when I that picture gave;
- " As if their inmost heart, laid bare,
- " Shrank from the bleak, ungenial air.
 - " Proud of such prescience, on I went;-
- "The youthful monarch was content.
- " ' Edgar de Langton, take this ring-
- " No! hither the young Minstrel bring:
- "Ourself can better still dispense
- "The honour and the recompence."
- "I came, and, trembling, bent my knee.
 - "He wonder'd that my looks were meek,
 - "That blushes burnt upon my cheek!
- "' We would our little songstress see!
- "Remove those tresses! raise thy head!
- "Say, where is former courage fled,

- "That all must now thy face infold?
- " At distance they were backward roll'd.
- "Whence, then, this most unfounded fear?
- "Are we so strange, so hateful here?"
 - " I strove in vain to lift my eyes,
- " And made some indistinct replies;
- "When one, more courteous and more kind,
- " Stepp'd forth to save my fainting mind.
- " ' My liege, have pity! for, in truth,
- " It is too hard upon her youth.
- " Though so alert and fleet in song,
- "The strain was high, the race was long;
- " And she before has never seen
- " A monarch, save the fairy queen:
- " But does the lure of thought obey
- " As falcons their appointed way;
- "Train'd to one end, and wild as those
- " If aught they know not interpose.

- "Vain then is strength, and skill is vain,
- " Either to lead them or restrain.
- "The eye-lid closes, and the heart,
- " Low-sinking, plays a traitor's part;
- "While wings, of late so firmly spread,
- " Hang flagg'd and powerless as the dead!
- "With courts familiar from our birth,
- " Is it fit subject for our mirth,
- "That thus awakening from her theme,
 - "Where she through air and sea pursues,
 - " And all things governs, all subdues,
- " (Like fetter'd captive in a dream,)
- "Blindly to tread on unknown land,
- "Without a guide or helping hand,
- " No previous usage to befriend,
- " (As well we might an infant lend
- "Our eyes' experience, ear, or touch!)
- " Can we in reason wonder much,
- " Her steps are tottering and unsure
- "Where we have learnt to walk secure?

- " Is it not true, what I have told?'
- "He paus'd, my features to behold-
- " Earl William paus'd: across his mien
- " A strong and sudden change was seen.
- "The courtier bend, protecting tone,
- " And smile of sympathy, were gone.
- " Abrupt his native accents broke,
- " And his lips trembled as he spoke.
 - " ' How thus can Memory, in its flight,
- "On wings of gossamer alight,
 - " Nor showing aim, nor leaving trace,
 - " From a poor damsel's living face
- "To features of a brave, dead knight!
- "In eyes so young, and so benign,
- "What is it speaks of Palestine?
- " Of toils in early life I prov'd,
- "And of a comrade dearly lov'd!
- "Tis true, he, like this maid, was young,
- " And gifted with a tuneful tongue!

- "His looks, like her's, were bright and fair,
 - " But light and laughing was his eye;
- "The prophecy of future care
 - " In those thin, helmet lids we spy,
- " Veiling mild orbs, of changeful hue,
- "Where auburn half subsides in blue!
- " Lord Fauconberg, canst thou divine
- "What is the curve, or what the line,
- "That makes this girl, like lightning, send
- " Looks of our long lamented friend?
- " If Richard liv'd, that sorcery spell
- " Quickly his lion-heart would quell:
- " He never could her glance descry,
- "And any wish'd-for boon deny!
- " She's weeping too !-most strangely wrought
- " By workings of another's thought!
- " She knows no English; yet I speak
- "That language, and her paling cheek
- " With watery floods is overcast.-
- " Fair maid, we talk of times long past;

- " A friend we often mourn in vain-
- " A knight in distant battle slain,
- "Whose bones had moulder'd in the earth.
- "Full many a year before thy birth.
- " He fed our ears with songs of old,
- " And one was of a heart of gold,-
- " A native ditty I would fain,
- " But never yet could hear again.
- " It spoke of friendship like his own,
- "Once only in existence known.
- " My prime of life the blessing crost,
- " And with it life's first charm I lost!"
 - " Chieftain, allow me, on my knee
- " To sing that English song to thee!
 - " For then I never dare to stand,
 - " Nor take the harp within my hand;
- "Sacred it also is to me!
- "And it should please thy fancy well,
- "Since dear the lips from whence it fell;

"	And	dear	the	language	which	convey!
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- "The only theme of real praise!
- "O! if in very truth thou art
- "A mourner for that loyal heart,
- " A lowly minstrel maid forgive,
- "Who strives to make remembrance live!"

"'SONG.

- " Betimes my heritage was sold
- " To buy this heart of solid gold.
- "Ye all, perchance, have jewels fine, '
- "But what are such compard to mine?
- "O! they are formal, poor, and cold,
- " And out of fashion when they're oldy-
- " But this is of unchanging ore,"
- "And every day is valued more:
- " Not all the eye could e'er behold
- "Should purchase back this heart of gold.

- "' How oft its temper has been tried!
- "Its noble nature purified!
- " And still it from the furnace came
- "Uninjur'd by the subtil flame.
- "Like truth itself, pale, simple, pure,
- "Yielding, yet fitted to endure,-
- " No rust, no tarnish can arise,
- "To hide its lustre from our eyes;
- " And this world's choicest gift I hold,
- " While I can keep my heart of gold.
 - " 'Whatever treasure may be lost,
- "Whatever project may be crost,
- "Whatever other boon denied,
- "The amulet I long have tried
- " Has still a sweet, attractive power
- "To draw the confidential hour,-
- "That hour for weakness and for grief,
- " For true condolement, full belief!

- "O! I can never feel bereft,
- "While one possession shall be left;
- "That which I now in triumph hold,
- "This dear, this cherish'd heart of gold!
 - "' Come, all who wish to be enroll'd!
- " Our order is, the heart of gold.
- "The vain, the artful, and the nice,
- " Can never pay the weighty price;
- " For they must selfishness abjure,
- " Have tongue, and hand, and conscience pure;
- " Suffering for friendship, never grieve,
- " But, with a god-like strength, believe
- " In the oft absent power of truth,
- " As they have seen it in their youth.
- "Ye who have grown in such a mould
- " Are worthy of the heart of gold!"
 - " Ceasing, and in the act to rise,
- "A voice exclaim'd, 'Receive the prize!

- " Earl William, let me pardon crave,
- "Thus yielding what thy kindness gave!
- "But with such strange, intense delight,
- "This maiden fills my ear, my sight;
- " I long so ardently to twine
- "In her renown one gift of mine;
- "That having but a die to cast,
- " Lest our first meeting prove our last,
- 'I would ensure myself the lot
- " Not to be utterly forgot!
- " And this, my offering, here consign,
- "Worthy, because it once was thine!
- "Then, maiden, from a warrior deign
- "To take this golden heart and chain!
- "Thy order's emblem! and afar
- " Its light shall lead me, like a star!
- " If thou, its mistress, didst requite
- "With guerdon meet each chosen knight;
- " If from that gifted hand there came
- " A badge of such excelling fame,

- "The broider'd scarf might wave in vain,
- "Unenvied might a rival gain,
- " Amid assembled peers, the crown
- " Of tournay triumph and renown;
- " For me its charm would all be gone,
- " E'en though a princess set it on !'
 - "I bow'd my thanks, and quick withdrew,
- "Glad to escape from public view;
- " Laden with presents, and with praise,
- " Beyond the meed of former days.
- "But that on which I gaz'd with pride,
- "Which I could scarcely lay aside,
- " Even to close my eyes for rest;
- " (I wear it now upon my breast,
- " And there till death it shall remain!)
- " Was this same golden heart and chain!
- "The peacock crown, with all its eyes,
- " Its emerald, jacinth, sapphire dyes,

- "When first, irradiate o'er my brow,
- "Wav'd its rich plumes in gleaming flow,
- " Did not so deep a thrill impart,
- "So soften, so dilate my heart!
- " No praise had touch'd me, as it fell,
- " Like his, because I saw full well,
- " Honour and sweetness orb'd did lie
- "Within the circlet of his eye!
- " Integrity which could not swerve,
- " A judgment of that purer nerve,
- " Fearing itself, and only bound
- "By truth and love to all around:
- "Which dar'd not feign, and scorn'd to vaunt,
- " Nor interest led, nor power could daunt;
- " Acting as if it mov'd alone
- " In sight of the Almighty's throne.
 - " His graceful form my Fancy caught,-
- a It was the same she always brought,

- "When legends mentioned knights of old,
- "The courteous, eloquent, and bold.
- "The same dark locks his forehead grac'd,
- "A crown by partial Nature plac'd,
- " With the large hollows, and the swells,
- "And short, close, tendril twine of shells.
- "Though grave in aspect, when he smil'd,
- "Twas gay and artless as a child.
- " With him expression seem'd a law,-
 - "You only Nature's dictates saw;
 - " But they in full perfection wrought
 - " Of generous feeling, varied thought,-
 - " All that can elevate or move,
 - "That we admire, esteem, and love!
 - " Thus, when it pleas'd the youthful king,
 - "Who wish'd yet more to hear me sing,
 - "That I should follow o'er the main,
 - " In good Earl William's sober train,

- " As slow we linger'd on the seas,
- " I inly blest each wayward breeze;
- " For still the graceful knight was near,
- " Prompt to discourse, relate, and hear:
- "The spirit had that exercise,
 - "The fine perceptions' play,
- " That perish with the worldly wise,
 - "The torpid, and the gay.
- In the strings of their lyres as the poets of old
 - " Fresh blossoms were used to entwine;
- " As the shrines of their gods were enamell'd with gold,
 - " And sparkling with gems from the mine:
- " So, grac'd with delights that arise in the mind,
 - " As through flowers, the language should flow!
- " While the eye, where we fancy all soul is enshrin'd,
 - " With divine emanations should glow!

- "The voice, or the look, gifted thus, has a charm
 - "Remembrance springs onward to greet;
- " And thought, like an angel, flies, living and warm,
 - "When announcing the moment to meet!
 - " And it was thus when Eustace spoke,
 - "Thus brightly his ideas glanc'd,
 - " Met mine, and smil'd as they advanc'd,
 - " For all his fervour I partook,-
 - " Pour'd out my spirit in each theme,
 - " And follow'd every waking dream!
 - " Now in Fancy's airy play,
 - " Near at hand, and far away,
 - " All that was sportive, wild, and gay!
 - " Now led by Pity to deplore
 - " Hearts that can ache and bleed no more,
 - "We roam'd long tales of sadness o'er!
 - " Now, prompted by achievements higher,
 - "We caught the hero's, martyr's fire!
 - "Who, listening to an angel choir,

- "Rapt and devoted, following still
 - " Where duty or religion led,
- "The mind prepar'd, subdued the will,
- "Bent their grand purpose to fulfil:
 - "Conquer'd, endur'd, or meekly bled!
- " Nor wonder'd we, for we were given,
- " Like them, to zeal, to truth, and heavet.
 - " Receding silently from view,
- " Freedom, unthought of, then withdrew;
- "We neither mark'd her as she flew,
- " Nor ever had her absence known
- " From care or question of our own.
- " At court, emotion or surprize
- " Reveal'd the truth to other eyes.
- "The paide of England's nobles staid
- " Too often near the minstrel maid;
- " Aud many in derision smil'd,
- "To see him pay a peasant's child,

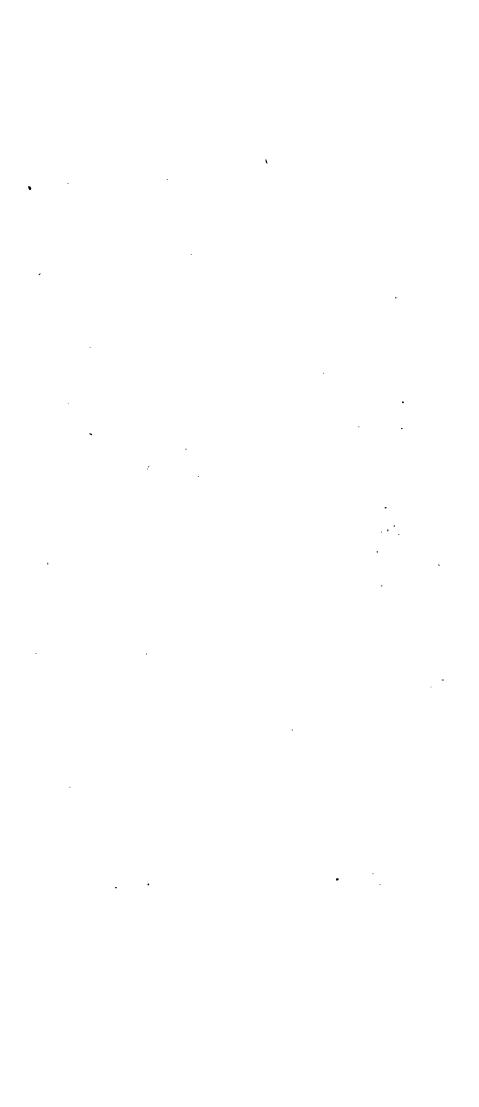
- " For such they deem'd me, deep respect,
- "While birth and grandeur met neglect.
- "Soon, sway'd by duty more than wealth,
- "He listen'd and he look'd by stealth;
- "And I grew careless in my lays;
- " Languish'd for that exclusive praise.
- "Yet, conscious of an equal claim,
- " Above each base or sordid aim,
- " From wounded feeling and from pride,
- " My pain I coldly strove to hide:
- " And when, encounter'd by surprize,
- "Rapture rose flashing in his eyes,
- " My formal speech and careless air
- "Would call a sudden anger there.
 - "Reserv'd and sullen we became,
- "Tenacious both, and both to blame.
- "Yet often an upbraiding look
- "Controul'd the sentence as I spoke;

- " Prompt and direct its flight arose,
- "But sunk or waver'd at the close.
- " Often, beneath his softening eye,
- " I felt my resolution die;
- " And, half-relentingly, forgot
- " His splendid and my humble lot.
 - "Sometimes a sudden fancy came,
- "That he who bore my father's name,
- " Broken in spirit and in health,
- "Was weary of ill-gotten wealth.
- " I to the cloister saw him led,
- " Saw the wide cowl upon his head;
- "Heard him, in his last dying hour,
- "Warn others from the thirst of power;
- " Adjure the orphan of his friend
- " Pardon and needful aid to lend,
- " If heaven vouchsaf'd her yet to live;
- " For, could she pity and forgive,

- "Twould wing his penitential prayer
- " With better hope of mercy there!
- "Then did he rank and lands resign,
- "With all that was in justice mine;
- " And I, pretending to be vain,
- " Return'd the world its poor disdain,
- "But smil'd on Eustace once again!
 - "Thus vision after vision flew,
- " Leaving again before my view
- "That hollow scene, the scornful crowd,
- "To which that heart had never bow'd,
- "Whose tenderness I hourly fed;
- "While thus I to its nursling said;-
- "Be silent, Love! nor from my lip
 - " In faint or hurried language speak!
- " Be motionless within my eye,
 - "And never wander to my cheek!

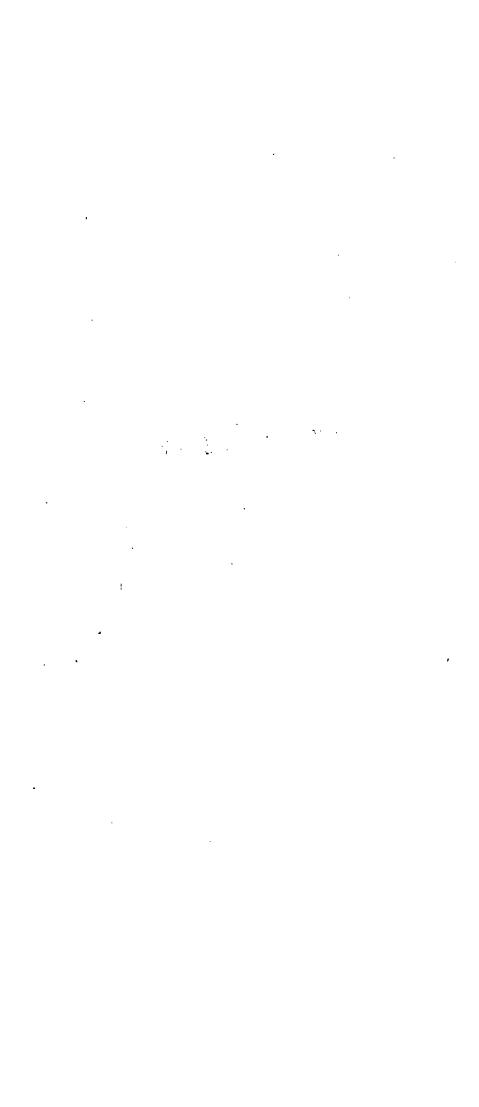
- "Retir'd and passive thou must be,
- " Or truly I shall banish thee!
- "Thou art a restless, wayward sprite,
 - " So young, so tender, and so fair,
- " I dare not trust thee from my sight,
 - " Nor let thee breathe the common air!
- " Home to my heart, then, quickly flee,
- " It is the only place for thee!
- "And hush thee, sweet one! in that cell,
 - " For I will whisper in thine ear
- "Those tales that Hope and Fancy tell,
 - "Which it may please thee best to hear!
- " I will not, may not, set thee free-
- " I die if aught discover thee!"

Where are the plaudits, warm and long, That erst have follow'd Marie's song? The full assenting, sudden, loud,
The buz of pleasure in the crowd!
The harp was still, but silence reign'd,
Listening as if she still complain'd:
For Pity threw her gentle yoke
Across Impatience, ere he spoke;
And Thought, in pondering o'er her strains,
Had that cold state he oft maintains.
But soon the silence seem'd to say,
"Fair mourner, reassume thy lay!"
And in the chords her fingers stray'd;
For aching Memory found relief
In mounting to the source of grief;
A tender symphony she play'd,
Then bow'd, and thus, unask'd, obey'd.



The Lay of Marie.

CANTO THIRD.



The Lay of Marie.

CANTO THIRD.

- "CARELESS alike who went or came,
- " I seldom ask'd the stranger's name,
- "When such a being came in view
- " As eagerly the question drew.
- " 'The Lady Osvalde,' some one cried,
- " 'Sir Eustace' late appointed bride, '
- " His richest ward the king's behest
- "Gives to the bravest and the best,"
- "Enchantments, wrought by pride and fear,
- " Made me, though mute, unmov'd appear.

- " My eye was quiet, and the while
- " My lip maintain'd a steady smile.
- "It cost me much, alas! to feign;
- " But while I struggled with the pain,
- "With beauty stole upon my sight
- "An inward feeling of delight.
 - " Long did the silken lashes lie
- " Upon a dark and brilliant eye;
- " Bright the wild rose's finest hue , ;
- "O'er a pure cheek of ivory flew.
- " Her smile, all plaintive and resign'd,
- "Bespake a gentle, suffering mind;
- "And e'en her voice, so blear and faint,
- "Had something in it of complaint.
- " Her delicate and slender form,
- " Like a vale-lily from the storm,
- "Seem'd pensively to shrink away,
- " More timid in a crowd so gay.

- " Large jewels glitter'd in her hair;
- "And, on her neck, as marble fair,
- " Lay precious pearls, in countless strings;
- " Her small, white hands, emboss'd with rings,
- " Announc'd high rank and amplest wealth,
- "But neither freedom; power, nor health...
 - " Near her Sir Eustace took his stand,
- "With manner sad, yet soft and bland;
- "Spoke oft, but her replies were tame;
- " And soon less frequent both became.
- "Their converse seem'd by labour wrought,
- "Without one sweet, free-springing thought;
- "Without those flashes of delight
- "Which make it tender, deep, or bright!
- " It was not thus upon the sea
- "He us'd to look and talk with me!
- " Not thus, when, lost to all around,
- " His haughty kinsmen saw and frown'd!

- "Then all unfelt the world's controul,-
 - " Its rein lay lightly o'er his soul;
 - " Far were its prides and cautions hurl'd,
 - "And Thought's wide banner flew unfurl'd.
 - "Yet we should do fair Osvalde wrong
 - "To class her with the circling throng:
 - " Her mind was like a gentle sprite,

: in ..

- "Whose wings, though aptly form'd for flight,
- " From cowardice are seldom spread;
- "Who folds the arms, and droops the head;"
- " Stealing, in pilytim guise along,
- With needless staff, and vestment grey,
- " It scarcely trills a vesper song
 - " Monotonous at close of day.
- " Cross but its path, demanding aught,
- " E'en what its pensive mistress sought,
- " Though forward welcoming she hied,
- " And its quick footstep glanc'd aside.

- "Restraint, alarms, and solitude,
- " Her early courage had subdu'd;
- "Fetter'd her movements, looks, and tongue,
- "While on her heart more weighty hung
- " Each griev'd resentment, doubt, and pail,
- " Each dread of anger or disdain.
- " A deeper sorrow also lent
- "The sharpen'd pang of discontent;
- " For unconceal'd attachment prov'd
- " Destructive to the man she lov'd.
 - "Owning, like her, 'an orphan's dubm; '"

Land State Committee Committee Committee

- " He had not that prescriptive home
- "Which wellth and royal sandtion buys;
- "No powerful friends, nor sender ties; "-
- " No claims, save former promise given,
- "Whose only witness was in heaven;
- "And promise takes a siender hold.
- "Where all is selfish, dull, and cold.

- " Slowly that bloomless favour grew,
- "Before his stern protectors knew
- "The secret which arous'd disdain.
- " Declaring that he did but feign,
- "They, in unpitying vengeance, hurl'd
- " A sister's offspring on the world.
- "Thus outrag'd, pride's corroding smart,
- "The fever of a throbbing heart,
- "Impell'd him first to wander round, in the
- " And soon to leap that barrier ground,
- " And seek the arch'd, embowering way,
- " In which her steps were wont to stray."
 - "No sleep his héavy eyes could close, a
- "Nor restless memory find repose,
- " Nor hope a plan on which to rest,
- " In the wild tumult of a breast
- "With warring passions deeply fraught.
- "To see her was his only thought;

- " Feel once again the tones that sprung
- " So oft to that endearing tongue,
- " Flow on his heart; desponding, faint,
- "But too indignant for complaint;
- "Say how completely he resign'd
- " All former influence o'er her mind,
- " Where it was better to destroy
- " Each vestige of their days of joy.
- "To breathe her name he would not dare,
- " Except in solitude and prayer!
- " 'Beyond belief I love, adore,

"But never will behold thee more!"

- "Thus thinking o'er each purpose high,
- "Tears gather'd blinding in his eye;
- " And bitter, uncontroul'd regret
- " Exclaim'd, ' Why have we ever met?"
 - "These conflicts and these hopes were fled;
- "Alas! poor youth! his blood was shed,

- " Before the feet of Osyalde trod
- " Again on the empurpled sod.
- " No voice had dar'd so tell the tale;
 - " But she had many a boding thrill,
 - " For dumb observance watch'd her still;
 - " For laughter ceas'd whene'er she came,
 - " And none pronounc'd her lover's name!
 - "When wilfully she sought this spot,
 - "Shuddenings prophetic mark'd his lot;
- "She look'd! her maiden's cheek was pale!
 - " And from the hour did ne'er depart
 - "That deadly tremor from her heart.
 - " Pleasure and blandishment were vain;
 - " Deaf to persuasion's dulcet strain,
 - " It never reach'd ber mind again.
- " Arise, lovely mourner! thy sorrows give o'er,
 - " Nor droop so forlornly that beautiful head!
- "Thy sighs are unheard by the youth they deplore,
 - "And those warm-flowing tears all unfelt by the dead.

- "Then quit this despondence, sweet Osvalde! he gay!
 - " See open before thee the gates of delight!
- "Where the Hours are now lingering on tiptoe, away!
 - "They view thee with smiles, and are loth to take "flight.
- " See the damsels around thee, how joyous they are!
 - "How their eyes sparkle pleasure whenever they meet!
- "What sweet flowers are entwin'd in their long,
 floating hair!
 - " How airy their movements, how nimble their feet!
- "O! bear her from hence! when she sees them rejoice
 - " Still keener the pain of her agony burns;

" And when Joy carols by, with a rapturous voice,

- "To hopeless Remembrance more poignantly turns
 - "Thus often has her bosom bled;
 - "Thus have I seen her fainting led

- " From feasts intended to dispel
- "The woeful thoughts she nurs'd so well.
- " And must she, by the king's command,
- "To Eustace plight that fever'd hand?
- " Proud, loyal as he is, can he,
- " A victim to the same decree,
- " Receive it, while regretting me?
- " For that poor, withering heart, resign
- "The warm, devoted faith of mine!
 - " Have I, too, an allotted task?
- "What from the Minstrel do they ask?
- " A nimble finger o'er the chords,
- " A tongue replete with gracious words!
- " Alas! the tribute they require,
- "Truth, sudden impulse, should inspire;
- " And from the senseless, subject lyre,
- " Such fine and mellow music flow,
- "The skill that forms it should not know
- "Whence the delicious tones proceed;

- "But, lost in rapture's grateful glow,
- "Doubt its own power, and cry, 'Indeed,
- " Some passing angel sweeps the strings,
- "Wafting from his balsamic wings
- "The sweetest breath of Eden bowers,
- "Tones nurs'd and hovering there in flowers,
- "Have left their haunts to wander free,
- "Linger, alight, and dwell on thee!"
- "In Osvalde's porch, where, full in bloom,
- "The jasmine spread its rich perfume;
- "And, in thick clustering masses, strove
- "To hide the arch of stone above;
- "While many a long and drooping spray
- "Wav'd up, and lash'd the air in play;
- " Was I ordain'd my harp to place,
- "The pair with bridal strains to grace.
 - "The royal will,—and what beside?.
- "O! what I since have lost,-my pride,

- " Forbade the wonted song to fail:
- " I met him with a cheerful hail.
- " I taught my looks, my lips, to feign
- "I bade my hand its task sustain;
- " And when he came to seek the bride,
- "Her rival thus, unfaltering, cried :--
 - " 'Approach! approach, thou gallant knight!
- " England's first champion in the fight,
- " Of grace and courtesy the flower,
- "Approach the high-born Osvalde's bower!
- " And forth let manly valour bring
- "Youth's timid meekness, beauty's spring!
 - "' Thou darling of a vassal host,
- "Thy parents' stay, thy kinsman's boast;
- "Thou favourite in a monarch's eyes,
- " Whose gracious hand awards the prize;
- "Thee does the brightest lot betide,
- "The best domain, the fairest bride!"

- " Mine sunk beneath the mournful look
- " Which glanc'd disdainful as I spoke;
- " And, when his step past hurrying by,
- " And when I heard his struggling sigh,
- "A moment on my quailing tongue
- "The speech constrain'd of welcome hung;
- "But in the harp's continuous sound
- " My wandering thoughts I quickly found.
 - "' Haste on! and here thy duteous train
- " In rapt expectance shall remain;
- "Till, with thee, brilliant as a gem
- "Set in a kingdom's diadem,
- "Thy lovely mistress shall appear!
- "O! hasten! we await thee here!"
 - "Again did that upbraiding eye
- " Check my false strain in passing by;
- " And its concentred meaning fell
- " Into my soul :- It was not well

- " To triumph thus, though but in show;
 - " To chant the lay that joyance spoke,
 - "To wear the gay and careless look.-
- "The ardent and the tender know
- " What pain those self-reproaches brought,
- "When conscience took the reins of thought
- " Into her hand, avenging more
- "All that she seem'd to prompt before.
- "O tyrant! from whose stern command
 - "No act of mine was ever free,
- " How oft wouldst thou a censor stand
 - " For what I did to pleasure thee!
- "The well-propp'd courage of my look,
 - "The sportive language, airy tone,
- "To wounded love and pride bespoke
 - "A selfish hardness not my own!
- " And only lulling secret pain,
- " I seem'd to fling around disdain.

- "To him, with warm affections crost,
- "Who, owning happiness was lost,
- " Had said, ' Dear maiden, were I free,
- "They would not let me think of thee;
- "The only one who on my sight
- " Breaks lovely as the morning light;
- "Whom my heart bounding springs to greet,
- "Seeks not, but always hopes to meet;
- "With eager joy unlocks its store,
- "Yet ever pines to tell thee more!"
- "To him, should feign'd indifference bring
- " A killing scorn, a taunting sting?
- "To Osvalde, drooping and forlorn,
 - " A flower fast fading on the stem,
- " All exultation seem'd like scorn,
 - " For what was hope and joy to them?
- " As with awakening judgment came
- "These feelings of remorse and shame,
- " With the throng'd crowd, the bustling scene,
- " Did deep abstractions intervene,

- " O'er yielding effort holding sway,
- "As, humbled, I pursued my way.
 - "The festive flowers, the incens'd air,
- "The altar taper's reddening glare;
- "The pausing, slow-advancing pair,
- "Her fainter, his most watchful air;
- "The vaulted pile, the solemn rite,
- "Impress'd, then languish'd on my sight;
- " And all my being was resign'd
- "To that strong ordeal, where the mind,
- "Summon'd before a heavenly throne,
- "Howe'er surrounded, feels alone.
- "When, bow'd in dust all earthly pride,
- " All earthly power and threats defied,
- " Mortal opinion stands as nought
- "In the clear'd atmosphere of thought;
- " And selfish care, and worldly thrall,
- "And mean repining, vanish all.

- "When prayers are pour'd to God above,
- " His eyes send forth their beams of love;
- " Darkness forsakes our mental sky,
- "And, demon-like, our passions fly.
- "The holy presence, by its stay
- " Drives failings, fears, and woes away;
- " Refines, exalts, our nature draws
- "To share its own eternal laws
- " Of pure benevolence and rest,
- "The future portion of the blest-
- "Their constant portion! Soon this flow
- " Of life I lost—recall'd below:
- " From prayers for them recall'd. Around,
- " A sudden rush, of fearful sound,
- " Smote on my ear; of voices crying,
- "'The bride, the Lady Osvalde dying!
- " Give place! make room!' the hurrying press
- " Eustace alarm'd; and, in distress,
- " Calling for air, and through the crowd
- "Which an impeded way allow'd,

- " Forcing slow progress; bearing on
- " Her pallid form; when, wholly gone
- " You might have deem'd her mortal breath,
- " Cold, languid, motionless as death,
- " I saw before my eyes advance,
- " And 'woke, astounded, from my trance.
 - " The air reviv'd her-but again
- "She left not, for the social train,
- "The stillness of her chamber; -ne'er
- " Its threshold pass'd, but on her bier:
- "Spoke but to one who seem'd to stand
- " Anear, and took his viewless hand,
- "To promise, let whate'er betide,
- " She would not be another's bride.
- "Then, pleading as for past offence,
- "Cried out aloud, 'They bore me hence!
- " My feet, my lips, refus'd to move,
- "To violate the vows of love!

- " My sense recoil'd, my vision flew,
- " Almost before I met thy view!
- " Almost before I heard thee cry
- " Perfidious Osvalde! look and die!
 - "'Oppose them? No! I did not dare!
- " I am not as a many are,
- " Ruling themselves: my spirits fly,
- " My force expires before reply.
- " Instinctively a coward, free
- " In speech, in act, I could not be
- "With any in my life, but thee!
- " Nor strength, nor power do I possess,
- " Except, indeed, to bear distress!
- " Except to pour the aching sigh,
 - "Which only can my pain relieve;
- " Inhuman ye who ask me why,
 - " And pause, to wonder that I grieve:
- " Mine are the wounds which never close,
 - " Mine is a deep, untiring care;

- " A horror flying from repose,
 - " A weight the sickening soul must bear.
- "The tears that from these eyelids flow,
 - "The sad confusion of my brain,
- " All waking phantoms of its woe,
 - "Your anger, and the world's disdain,-
- " Seek not to sooth me!—they are sent
 - "This feeble frame and heart to try!
- " It is establish'd, be content!
 - "They never leave me till I die!"
 - " So little here is understood,
- " So little known the great and good,
- "The deep regret that Eustace prov'd,
- " Brought home conviction that he lovid 1
- "To many: others thought, her dower,
- "The loss of lordships, wealth, and power,
- " Full cause for sorrow; and the king
- "Hop'd he might consolation bring, and

- " And bind a wavering servant o'er,
- " (Not found too loyal heretofore,)
- " By linking his sole daughter's fate
- "In wedlock with an English mate-
- " His favourite too! whose own domain
- "Spread over valley, hill, and plain;
- "Whose far-trac'd lineage did evince
- " A birth-right worthy of a prince;
- "Whose feats of arms, whose honour, worth,
- "Were even nobler than his birth;
- "Who, in his own bright self, did bring
- " A presence worthy of a king-
- " A form to catch and charm the eye,
- " Make proud men gracious, ladies sigh;
- "The boldest, wisest, and the best,
- "Greater than each presuming guest;-
- "I speak from judgment, not from love,-
- " In all endowments far above
- "Who tastes this day of festal cheer,
- "And whom his death assembles here!

- "That he is known those looks avow,
- "The mantling cheek, the knitting brow:
- " I could not hope it did he live,
- "But now, O! now, ye must forgive!
- " Most recreant they who dare offend
- "One who has lost her only friend!
- " De Stafford's widow here appears-
- " For him, my Eustace, flow these tears!
- "Ye may not blame me! ye have wives,
- "Who yet may sorrow for your lives!
- "Who, in the outset of their grief,
 - "Upon a father's neck may spring;
- " Or find in innocence relief,
 - " And to a cherish'd infant cling;
- " Or thus, like me, forlornly shed
- "Their lonely wailing o'er the dead!
 - " Can eyes that briny torrents steep,
- " Others in strong subjection keep?

- "Yes! here are some that mine obey,
- " And, self-indignant at the sway
- " I hold upon them, turn away!
- "Some, too, who have no cause for shame,
- "Whom even the injur'd cannot blame,
- " Now here, now there, above, below,
- "Their looks of wild avoidance throw!
- " Nay, gentle cousin, blush not so!
- "And do not, pray thee, rise to go!
- " I am bewilder'd with my woe;
- "But hear me fairly to the end,
- "I will not pain thee, nor offend.
- "O no! I would thy favour win;
- " For, when I die, as next of kin,
- Tor, when I die, as hear or an
- " So 'reft am I of human ties,
- " It is thy place to close my eyes!
 - "With state and wealth to thee I part,
- " But could not with De Stafford's heart!

- " Nor could I mute and prudent be,
- "When all at once I found 'twas thee,
- " Doom'd ever, in thy own despite,
- "To take my rank, usurp my right!
- "I told, alas! my father's name,
- "The noble stock from which I came:-
- " ' Marie de Brehan, sounds as well,
- " Perhaps,' I cried, ' as Isabel!
- " And were the elder branch restor'd,
- " (My grandsire was the rightful lord,)
- " I, in my injur'd father's place,
- "Those large domains, that name would grace."
 - " I never saw a joy so bright,
- "So full, so fledg'd with sparkling light,
- " As that which on the instant flew
- "To his quick eye, when Eustace knew
- " He had not yielded to a yoke
- "Which prudence blam'd, or reason broke.

- " "O! trebly blest this hour,' he cried;
 - " I take not now another bride!
 - " I bow'd to duty and to pride;
 - "But, here I pledge my solemn vow,
 - "To wealth alone I will not bow!
 - "The only offspring of a race
 - " No misalliance did disgrace;
 - "Nurtur'd, school'd, fashion'd by their laws,
 - " Not wishing an exceptive clause,
 - "Till thee, my only choice, I met;
 - " And then, with useless, deep regret,
 - " I found in birth, and that alone,
 - "Thou wert unworthy of a throne!
 - " My ancestors appear'd too nice;
 - "Their grandeur bore too high a price,
 - " If, with it, on the altar laid,
 - " Freedom and happiness were paid!
 - "Yet, could I give my father pain,
 - " Or treat those lessons with disdain,

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- " I heard a child upon his knee;
- " And, at the present, knew to be
- " Entwin'd with every vital part?
- "To scorn them were to break his heart!
- " My mother too, though meek and kind,
- " Possessing such a stately mind,
- "That once perceiving what was fit,
- " If 'twere to die, must still submit;
- "Knowing no question in the right,
- "Would not have borne me in her sight;
- "Though quick her sands of life would run,
- " Deserting, angry with her son!
- "Yet noble both, by honour bound,
- "To take no other vantage ground,
- "They will not use a meaner plea,
- " Nor sordid reasons urge to me!
- " Good and high-minded, they will yield:
- " I shall be victor in that field;
- " And for my sovereign, we shall find
- " Some inlet to his eager mind;

- " At once not rashly all disclose,
- " His plans or bidding to oppose,-
- "That his quick temper would not brook;
- "But I will watch a gracious look,
- " And foster an auspicious hour,
- "To try both love and reason's power.
- " Zealous I cannot fail to be,
- "Thou canst not guess to what degree,
- "Dear Marie, when I plead for thee!"
 - "That the result was plain, I knew,
- " For I had often heard him sue,
- " And never known a boon denied.
- " In secret I became his bride:
 - " But heaven the union disapprov'd-
 - "The father he so truly lov'd,
 - "Before this first offence was told,
 - "Though neither sick, infirm, or old,
- "Without a moment's warning, died!

- "This seal'd his silence for awhile;
- " For, till he saw his mother smile,
- " Till time the cloud of woe should chace
- " From her pale, venerable face,
- " He felt the tale he dar'd not break,-
- " He could not on the subject speak!
- " And oh! the gentle mourn so long,
- "The faint lament outlasts the strong!
 - "Her waning health was fair pretence
- "To keep his voyage in suspence;
- " But still the king, averse or mute,
- " Heard coldly his dejected sult,
- " To give the lingering treaty o'er;
- "And once exclaim'd, 'Persuade no more!
- "This measure 'tis resolv'd to try!
- "We must that veering subject buy;
- " Else, let the enemy advance,
- " De Brehan surely sides with France!"

The harp again was silent; still

No fiat of the general will

Bade her to cease or to proceed:

Oft an inquiring eye, indeed,

The strangers rais'd; but instant check'd,

Lest the new vassals should suspect

They thought the monarch's reasons just,

And faith so varying brought mistrust.

De Brehan, with a bitter smile,

Eyes closing, lips compress'd the while,

Although Remorse, with keenest dart,

And disappointment wrung his heart;

Although he long'd to thunder—" Cease!"

Restrain'd his fury, kept his peace.

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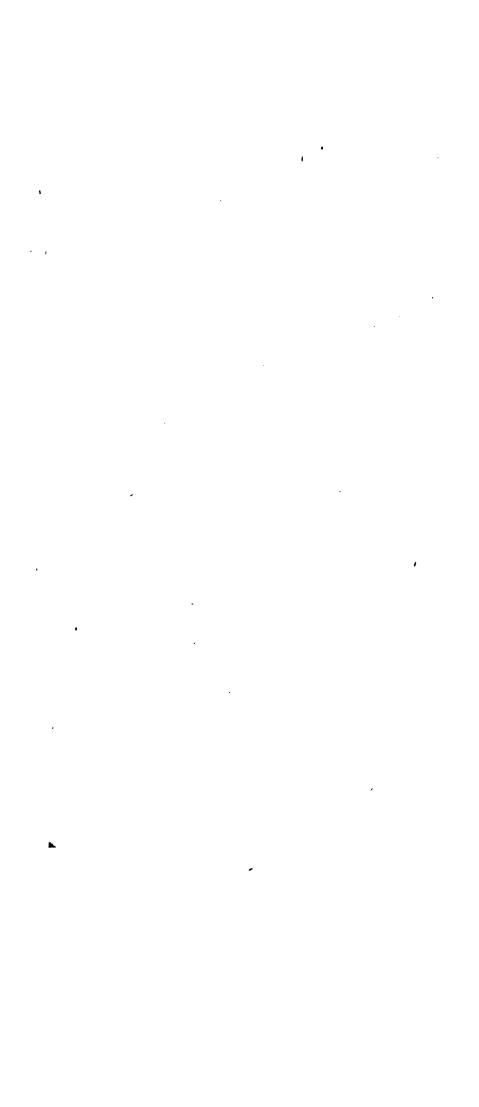
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The Lay of Marie.

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The Lay of Marie.

CANTO FOURTH.

Marie, as if upon the brink

Of some abyss, had paus'd to think;

And seem'd from her sad task to shrink.

One hand was on her forehead prest,

The other clasping tight her vest;

As if she fear'd the throbbing heart

Would let its very life depart.

Yet, in that sad, bewilder'd mien,

Traces of glory still were seen;

Traces of greatness from above,

Of noble scorn, devoted love;

Of pity such as angels feel, Of clinging faith and martyr'd zeal!

Can one, who by experience knows So much of trial and of woes, Late prone to kindle and to melt, To feel whatever could be felt, To suffer, and without complaint, All anxious hopes, depressing fears; Her heart with untold sorrows faint, Eyes heavy with unshedden tears, Through every keen affliction past, Can that high spirit sink at last? Or shall it yet victorious rise, Beneath the most inclement skies, See all it loves to ruin hurl'd, Smile on the gay, the careless world; And, finely temper'd, turn aside Its sorrow and despair to hide?

Or burst at once the useless chain, To seem and be itself again?

Will Memory evermore controul,
And Thought still lord it o'er her soul?
Queen of all wonders and delight,
Say, canst not thou possess her quite,
Sweet Poesy! and balm distil
For every ache, and every ill?
Like as in infancy, thy art
Could lull to rest that throbbing heart!
Could say to each emotion, Cease!
And render it a realm of peace,
Where beckoning Hope led on Surprize
To see thy magic forms arise!

Oh! come! all awful and sublime,
Arm'd close in stately, nervous rhyme,
With wheeling chariot, towering crest
And Amazonian splendors drest!

Or a fair nymph, with airy grace,
And playful dimples in thy face,
Light let the spiral ringlets flow,
And chaplet wreath along thy brow—
Thou art her sovereign! Hear her now
Again renew her early vow!
The fondest votary in thy train,
If all past service be not vain,
Might surely be receiv'd again!

Behold those hands in anguish wrung One instant!—and but that alone! When, waving grief, again she sung, Though in a low, imploring tone.

- "Awake, my lyre! thy echoes bring!
- " Now, while you phoenix spreads her wing!
- " From her ashes, when she dies,
- "Another brighter self shall rise!

- "Tis Hope! the charmer! fickle, wild;
- " But I lov'd her from a child;
- " And, could we eatch the distant strain,
- "Sure to be sweet, though false and vain,
- " Most dear and welcome would it be !--
- "Thy silence says 'tis not for me!
 - " With Pity's softer-flowing strain,
- " Awake thy sleeping wires again!
- " For she must somewhere wander near,
- "In following danger, death, and fear!
- " From her regard no shade conceals;
- "Her ear e'en sorrow's whisper steals:
- " She leads us on all griefs to find;
- "To raise the fall'n, their wounds to bind-
- "Oh! not in that reproachful tone,
- " Advise me first to heal my own!
 - " Alas! I cannot blame the lyre!
- "What strain, what theme can she inspire,

- "Whose tongue a hopeless mandate brings!
- "Whose tears are frozen on the strings!
- " And whose recoiling, languid prayer,
- " Denies itself, in mere despair?
- " So tamely, faintly, forth it springs;
- "Just felt upon the pliant strings,
- " It flits in sickly languor by,
- " Nerv'd only with a feeble sigh!
 - "I yield submissive, and again
 - "Resume my half-abandon'd strain!
 - " Leading enchain'd sad thoughts along,
 - "Remembrance prompting all the song!
 - "But, in the journey, drawing near
 - "To what I mourn, and what I fear,
 - "The sad realities impress
 - "Too deeply; hues of happiness,
 - " And gleams of splendors past, decay;
 - "The storm despoiling such a day,

- "Gives to the eye no clear, full scope,
- "But scatters wide the wrecks of Hope!
- "Yet the dire task I may not quit-
- "Twas self impos'd; and I submit,
- "To paint, ah me! the heavy close,
- "The full completion of my woes!
- " And, as a man that once was free,
- "Whose fate impels him o'er the sea,
- . "Now spreads the sail, now plies the oar,
 - "Yet looks and leans towards the shore;
 - " I feel I may not longer stay,
 - "Yet even in launching court delay.
 - " Before De Stafford should unfold

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- "That secret which must soon be told;
- " My terrors urg'd him to comply;
- " For oh! I der'd not then be nigh;
- " And let the wide, tumultnous sea,
- " Arise between the king and me!

- "'O! tell him, my belov'd, I pine away,
 - "So long an exile from my native home;
- "Tell him I feel my vital powers decay,
 - "And seem to tread the confines of the tomb;
- "But tell him not, it is extremest dread
- " Of royal vengeance falling on my head!
- " 'Say, if that favour'd land but bless my eyes,
 - "That land of sun and smiles which gave me birth,
- " Like the renew'd Antseus I shall rise,
 - "On touching once again the parent earth!
- " Say this, but whisper not that all delight,
- "All health, is only absence from his sight!"
 - "My Eustace smild- It shall be so;

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- " From me and love shall Marie go!
- "But on the land, and o'er the sea,
- "Attended still by love and me!
- "The eagle's eye, to brave the light,
- "The swallow's quick, adventurous flight,

- "That faithfulness shall place in view,
- "That service, daring, prompt, and true,
- "Yet insufficient emblems be
- " Of zeal for her who flies from me!
 - " ' Deserter? hope not thus to scape!
- "Thy guardian still, in every shape,
- "Shall covertly those steps pursue,
- "And keep thy welfare still in view!
- " More fondly hovering than the dove
- "Shall be my ever watchful love!
- "Than the harp's tones more highly wrought,
- "Shall linger each tenacious thought!
- " Apt, active shall my spirit be
- "In care for her who flies from me!"
 - "And, it had been indeed a crime
- "To leave him, had I known the time,
- "The fearful length of such delay,
- " Protracting but from day to day,

- " Which reach'd at length two tedious years
- " Of dark surmises and of fears!
 - " How often, on a rocky steep,
- " Would I upon his summons keep
- "An anxious watch: there patient stay.
- "Till light's thin lines have died away
- "In the smooth circle of the main,
- " And render'd all expectance vain.
 - " At the blue, earliest glimpse of morn,

- " Pleas'd with the lapse of time, return;
- " For now, perchance, I might not fail,
- " To see the long expected sail!
- "Then, as it blankly wore away,
- " Courted the fleeting eve to stay!
- "As they regardless mov'd along,
- " Wooed the slow moments in a song.

- "The time approaches! but the Hours
 - " With languid steps advance,
- " And loiter o'er the summer flowers,
 - "Or in the sun-beams dance!
- "Oh! haste along! for, lingering, ye
- " Detain my Eustace on the sea!
- " Hope, all on tiptoe, does not fail
 - " To catch a cheering ray!
- " And Fancy lifts her airy veil,
 - " In wild and frolic play!
- " Kind are they both, but cruel ye,
- " Detaining Eustace on the sea!
 - "Sometimes within my cot I staid,
- " And with my precious infant play'd.
- "' Those eyes,' I cried, 'whose gaze endears,
- "And makes thy mother's flow in tears!
- "Those tender lips, whose dimpled sway
- " Can even chase suspense away!

- "Those artless movements, full of charms,
- "Those graceful, rounded, rosy arms,
- " Shall soon another neck entwine,
- " And waken transports fond as mine!
- "That magic laugh bespeaks thee prest
- " As surely to another breast!
- "That name a father's voice shall melt,
- "Those looks within his heart be felt!
- "Drinking thy smiles, thy carols, he
- "Shall weep, for very love, like me!"
 - "Those who in children see their heirs,
- " Have numberless, diverging cares!
- " Less pure for them affection glows,-
- " Less of intrinsic joy bestows,
- " Less méllowing, less enlivening, flows!
- " Oh! such not even could divine
- "A moment's tenderness like mine!
- " Had he been destin'd to a throne,
- " His little darling self alone,

- " Bereft of station, grandeur, aught
- " But life and virtue, love and thought,
- "Could wake one anxious thrill, or share
- "One hallow'd pause's silent prayer!
 - "Ye scenes, that flit my memory o'er,
- " Deck'd in the smiles which then ye wore,
- " In the same gay and varied dress,
- " I cannot but admire and bless!
- "What though some anxious throbs would beat,
- " Some fears within my breast retreat,
- "Yet then I found sincere delight,
- "Whenever beauty met my sight,
- "Whether of nature, chance, or art;
- " Each sight, each sound, impress'd my heart,
- "Gladness undrooping to revive,
- " All warm, and grateful, and alive!
- "But ere my spirit sinks, so strong
- " Remembrance weighs upon the song,
- " Pass we to other themes along!

- "Say, is there any present here,
- "Whom I can have a cause to fear !-
- " Whom it were wrongful to perplex,
- " Or faulty policy to vex?
- " In what affrights the quiet mind
- " My bitter thoughts employment find !
- " In what torments a common grief
- " Do I alone expect relief!
- " Our aching sorrows to disclose,
 - "Our discontents, our wrongs repeat,
- " To hurl defiance at our foes,
 - " And let the soul respire, is sweet!
- " All that my conscience wills I speak
- " At once, and then my heart may break!
 - "Too sure King Henry's presage rose;-
- " De Brehan link'd him with our foes:
- "Yes! ours! the Brehans us'd to be
- " Patterns of faith and loyalty:

- " And many a knightly badge they wore,
- " And many a trace their 'scutcheons bore,
- " Of noble deeds in days of yore,—
- " Of royal bounty, and such trust
- " As suits the generous and the just.
 - " From every record it appears,
- "That Normandy three hundred years
- " Has seen in swift succession run
- "With English kings, from sire to son:
- "But which of all those records saith,
- "That we may change and barter faith?
- "That if our favour is not sure,
- " Or our inheritance secure;
- "If envy of a rival's fame,
- " Or hatred at a foeman's name,
- " Or other reason unconfest,
- " Now feigning sleep in every breast;
- "Upon our minds, our interest weigh,
- "While any fiercer passion sway;

- " We may invite a foreign yoke,
- " All truth disown'd, allegiance broke?
- " Plot, and lay guileful snures to bring,
- "At cost of blood, a stranger king?
- " And of what blood, if it succeed,
- " Do ye atchieve the glorious deed?
- " Not of the base! when ye surprize
- " A lurking mischief in the eyes,
- " Dark hatred, cunning prompt to rise,
- " And leap and catch at any prey,
- "Such are your choice! your comrades they!"
- " But if a character should stand
- " Not merely built by human hand;
- " Common observances; the ill
- "Surrounding all; a wayward will;
- "Envy; resentment; falsehood's ease
- "To win its way, evade, and please:
- " If, turning from this worldly lore,
- " As soul-debasing, servile, poor,

- "The growing mind becomes, at length,
- " Healthy and firm in moral strength;
- " Allows no parley and no plea,
- "The sources of its actions free,
- "They spring strait forward, to a goal
- "Which bounds, surmounts, and crowns the whole!
- "Ye seek not to allay such force,
- "To interrupt so bold a course!
- "What were the use of minds like these,
- "That will not on occasion seize,
- " Nor stoop to aid the dark design,
- " Nor follow in the devious line?
- "As soon, in the close twisted brake,
- " Could lions track the smooth, still snake,
- " As they the sinuous path pursue
- "Which policy may point to you!
- " Nay, menace not with eyes, my lords!
- "Ye could not fright me with your swords.

- " E'en threats to punish, and to kill
 - "With tortures difficult to bear,
- " Seem as they would not higher fill
 - "The measure of my own despair!
- "Such terrors could not veil the hand
 - " Now pointing to my husband's bier;
- "Nor could such pangi a groan command
 - "The childless mother should not hear!
 - "All now is chang'd! all contest o'er,
- " Here sea-girt England reigns no more;
- "And if your oaths are bound as fast,
- " And kept more strictly than the last,
- And kept more strictly than the last,
- "Ye may, perchance, behold the time
- " Service to her becomes a crime!
 - "The troubles calling Eustace o'er,
- "Refresh'd my eyes, my heart, once more;

"And when I gave, with pleasure wild,

"Into his circling arms our child,

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"I seem'd to hold, all evil past,

"My happiness secure at last;

"But found, too soon, in every look,

"In every pondering word he spoke,

"Receding thought, mysterious aim:

"As I did all his pity claim.

"A watchfulness almost to fear

"Did in each cautious glance appear.

"And still I sought to fix his eye,

"And read the fate impending there,

"In vain; for it refus'd reply.

"Canst thou not for a moment bear

"Even thy Marie's look,' I cried,

"More dear than all the world beside?'

"He answer'd, Do not thou upbraid! 100 1

" And blame me not, if thus afraid

"A needful, dear request to make,

"One painful only for thy sake,

- "I hesitate, and dread to speak,
- " Seeing that flush upon thy cheek,
- "That shrinking, apprehensive air.-
 - "Oh! born with me some ills to share,
 - " But many years of future bliss,
 - " Of real, tranquil happiness;
 - " I may not think that thou wouldst choose
 - "This prospect pettishly to lose
 - " For self-indulgence! Understootl,
 - " Love is the seeking others' good.

 - " Nor lose its object from our sight;
 - " And only present dangers brave,
 - "That which we dearest hold to save;-
 - "If, when remov'd beyond our eye,
 - " All faith in heaven's protection die, ...
 - " Can all our tenderness atone
 - " For ills which spring from that alone?'
 - " My fancy rush'd the pause between-
 - " ' What can this fedrful prelude mean?

- " Art thou but seeking some pretence,
- "So lately met! to send me hence?
- "Believ'st thou terrors will not shake,
- " Nor doubts distract, nor fears awake,
- "In absence? when no power, no charm,
- " Can grant a respite from alarm!
- " Unreal evils manifold,
- " Often and differently told,
- "Scaring repose, each instant rise,
- " False, but the cause of tears and sight.
- " How often I should see thee bleed!
- " New terrors would the past succeed,
- "With not a smile to intervene
- " Of fair security between!'
 - "' No, Marie, no! my wife shall share
- "With me the trials soldiers bear:
- " No longer and no more we part .---
- "Thy presence needful to my heart

- " I now more evidently know;
- " Making the careful moments flow
- "To happy music! on my brow
 - "The iron casque shall lighter prove,-
- "The corslet softer on my breast,
- "The shield upon my arm shall rest
 - " More easy, when the hand of love
- "There places them. Our succours soon
- " Arrive; and then, whatever boon
- " I shall think fitting to demand,
- " My gracious monarch's bounteous hand
- " Awards as guerdon for my charge,
- "And bids my wishes roam at large.
- "Then if we from these rebels tear viii.
- "The traitor honours which they wear,
- •
- "Thy father's titles and domain
- " Shall flourish in his line again!
- "And Marie's child, in time to come,
- "Shall call his grandsire's castle, home!

- "Alas! poor babe! the scenes of war
- " For him too harsh and frightful are!
- "Would that he might in safety rest
- "Upon my gentle mother's breast!
- "That in the vessel now at bay,
- " In Hugh de Lacy's care he lay!
- " My heart and reason would be free,
- " If he were safe beyond the sea.
 - "Nay, let me not my love displease!
- "But is it fit, that walls like these
- "The blooming cherub should inclose!
- " And when our close approaching foes
- " Are skirmishing the country o'er,
- "We must adventure forth no more."
 - " At length I gave a half consent,
- " Resign'd, submissive, not content:
- " For, only in intensest prayer,
- " For, only kneeling did I dare,

- " Sustaining thus my sinking heart,
- " Suffer my infant to depart.
- "Oh! yet I see his sparkling tears;
- " His parting cries are in my ears,
- " As, strongly bending back the head,
- "The little hands imploring spread,
- " Him from my blinding sight they bore,
- " Down from the fort along the shore.
 - " From the watch-tower I saw them sail,
- " And pour'd forth prayers-of no avail!
- "Yet, when a tempest howl'd around,
- " Hurling huge branches on the ground
- " From stately trees; when torrents swept
- "The fields of air, I tranquil kept .--
 - " Hope near a fading blossom
 - " Will often take her stand;
 - "Revive it on her bosom,
 - " Or screen it with her wand:

- "But to the leaves no sunbeams press,
 - " Her fair, thick locks pervading;
- "Through that bright wand no dew-drops bless,
 - " Still cherish'd, and still fading:-
- "Beneath her eye's bright beam it pines,
- "Fed by her angel smile, declines.
 - " Eustace, meanwhile, with feverish care,
- "Seem'd worse the dire suspense to bear.
- "Bewilder'd, starting at the name
- " Of messenger, when any came,
- "With body shrinking back, he sought,
- " While his eye seem'd on fire with thought,
- " Defying, yet subdued by fear,
- "To ask that truth he dar'd not hear.
 - "He went his rounds.-The duty done,
- " His mind still tending toward his son;
- "With spirit and with heart deprest,
- " A judgment unsustain'd by rest;-

- "Fainting in effort, and at strife
- " With feelings woven into life;
- " And with the chains of being twin'd
- " By links so strong, though undefin'd,
- "They curb or enervate the brain,
- "Weigh down by languor, rack by pain,
- " And spread a thousand subtil ties
- " Across the tongue, and through the eyes;
- "Till the whole frame is fancy vext,
- " And all the powers of mind perplext.
 - "What wonder, then, it sunk and fail'd!
- "What wonder that your plans prevail'd!
- "In vain by stratagem you toil'd;-
- " His skill and prudence all had foil'd;
- " For one day's vigilance surpast
- " Seeming perfection in the last.
- " Each hour more active, more intent,
- "Unarm'd and unassail'd he went;

- "While every weapon glanc'd aside,
- " His armour every lance defied.
- "The blow that could that soul subdue
- "At length was struck-but not by you!
- "It fell upon a mortal part—
- "A poison'd arrow smote his heart;
- "The winds impelling, when they bore
- "Wrecks of the vessel to our shore!
 - "Oh! ever dear! and ever kind!
- "What madness could possess thy mind,
- " From me, in our distress, to fly?
- "True, much delight had left my eye;
- " And, in the circle of my bliss,
- "One holy, rapturous joy to miss
- "Was mine!-Yet I had more than this,
- "Before my wounds were clos'd, to bear!
- " See thee, an image of despair,
- "Just rush upon my woe, then shun
- " Her who alike deplor'd a son;

- "And, ere alarm had taken breath,
- " Be told, my husband, of thy death!
- " And feel upon this blighted sphere
- " No tie remain to bind me here!
- "Still in my life's young summer see
- " A far and weary path to thee!
- " Along whose wild and desert way
- " No sportive tribes of fancy play;
- "No smiles that to the lips arise,
- " No joys to sparkle in the eyes;-
- " No thrills of tenderness to feel,
- " No spring of hope, no touch of zeal.
- " All sources of heart-feeling stopt,
- " All impulse, all sustainment dropt.
- " With aching memory, sinking mind,
- "Through this drear wilderness to find
- "The path to death; -and pining, roam
- 1 , 1 0,
- " Myriads of steps to reach the tomb!
- " Of which to catch a distant view,
- "The softest line, the faintest hue,

- " As symbol when I should be free,
- "Were happiness too great for me!"

Here clos'd at once, abrupt, the lay!

The Minstrel's fingers ceas'd to play!

And, all her soul to anguish given,

Doubted the pitying care of Heaven.

But evil, in its worst extreme,

In its most dire, impending hour,

Shall vanish, like a hideous dream,

And leave no traces of its power!

The vessel plunging on a rock,

Wreck threatening in its fellest shape,

No moment's respite from the shock,

No human means or power to 'scape,

Some higher-swelling surge shall free,

And lift and launch into the sea!

So, Marie, yet shall aid divine
Restore that failing heart of thine!
Though to its centre wounded, griev'd,
Though deeply, utterly bereav'd.
There genial warmth shall yet reside,
There swiftly flow the healthful tide;
And every languid, closing vein,
Drink healing and delight again!

At present all around her fades,
Her listless ear no sound pervades.
Her senses, wearied and distraught,
Perceive not how the stream of thought,
Rising from her distressful song,
In hurrying tide has swept along,
With startling and resistless swell,
The panic-stricken Isabel!
Who—falling at her father's feet,
Like the most lowly suppliant, kneels;

And, with imploring voice, unmeet For one so fondly lov'd, appeals.—

- "Those looks have been to me a law,
 - " And solely by indulgence bought,
- "With zeal intense, with deepest awe,
 - " A self-devoted slave, I caught
- "My highest transport from thy smile;
- " And studied hourly to beguile
- " The lightest cloud of grief or care
- " I saw those gracious features wear!
- " If aught induced me to divine
- " A hope was opposite to thine,
- " My fancy paus'd, however gay;
- " My silent wishes sunk away!
- " Displeasure I have never seen,
- " But sickness has subdued thy mien;
- "When, lingering near, I still have tried
 - "To cheer thee, and thou didst approve;

- " But something still each act belied,
 - " My manner chill'd, restrain'd my love!
- "E'en at the time my spirit died
- "With aching tenderness, my eye,
- " Encountering thine, was cold and dry!
- "To maim intention, fondness,—came
- "The sudden impotence of shame.
- "Thy happiness was thriftless wealth,
- " For I could only hoard by stealth!
- " Affection's brightly-glowing ray
- " Shone with such strong, o'erpowering sway,
- "That service fainted by the way!
- "But now an impulse, like despair,
- " Makes me these inner foldings tear!
- "With desperate effort bids me wrest
- "The yearning secret from my breast!
- " Far be the thought that any blame
- " Can fix on thy beloved name!

- "The hapless Minstrel may not feign;
- "But thou, I know, canst all explain-
- "Yet let me from this place depart,
- · "To nurse my fainting, sicken'd heart!
 - "Yet let me in a cloister dwell,
 - "The veiled inmate of a cell;
 - "To raise this cowering soul by prayer!-
 - "Reproach can never enter there!
 - "Turn quickly hence that look severe!
 - "And, oh! in mercy, not a tear!
 - "The most profuse of parents, thou
- "Didst every wish fulfil-allow;
 - "Till that which us'd to please-invite,
 - " Had ceas'd to dazzle and delight;
 - "And all thy gifts almost despis'd,
 - "The love that gave alone I priz'd.
 - " My yielding spirit bows the knee;
 - " My will profoundly bends to thee:

- "But paltry vanities resign'd,
- "Wealth, gauds, and honours left behind,
 - " I only wanted, thought to quit
 - "This strange, wild world, and make me fit
 - " For one of better promise-given
 - " To such as think not this their heaven!
 - "Nay, almost in my breast arose
 - "A hope I scarcely dare disclose;
 - "A hope that life, from tumult free,-
 - "A life so barmless and so pure,
 - " A calm so shelter'd, so secure,
 - " At length might have a charm for thee!
 - "That supplications, patient, strong,
 - " Might not remain unanswer'd long!
 - " And all temptations from thee cast,
 - "The altar prove thy home at last!"

The artless Isabel prevails—

That hard, unbending spirit fails!

Not many words her lips had past,

Ere round her his fond arms were cast;

But, while his vengeful conscience prais'd,

He chid; and, frowning, would have rais'd

Till her resistance and her tears,

The vehemence of youthful grief,
Her paleness, his paternal fears,
Compell'd him to afford relief;
And forc'd the agonizing cry—
That he could never her deny!

Of what ambition sought, beguil'd,
His crimes thus fruitless! and his child,
The beautiful, the rich and young—
Now, in his most triumphant hours!
The darling he had nurs'd in flowers!
His pride, the prais'd of every tongue!
So gentle as she was!—the rein
Of influence holding, to restrain

His harsher power, without pretence, In graceful, gay beneficence— An angel deem'd, her only care To comfort and to please! Whose smiling, whose unconscious air, Bespoke a heart at ease-By her-on whom sweet hopes were built, His cup when fill'd thus rashly spilt! The treasures he had heap'd in vain, Thrown thankless on his bands again ! While-father to this being blest, He saw a dagger pierce her breast, In knowledge of his former guilt! And of his projects thus bereft, What had the wretched parent left? Oh! from the wreck of all, he bore A richer, nobler freight ashore! And filial love could well dispense On earth a dearer recompense,

If he its real worth had known,

Than full success had made his own.

So ardent and so kind of late,

Is Marie careless of their fate,

That, wrapt in this demeanour cold,

Her spirits some enchantments hold?

That thus her countenance is clos'd,

Where high and lovely thoughts repos'd!

Quench'd the pure light that us'd to fly

To the smooth cheek and lucid eye!

And fled the harmonizing cloud

Which could that light benignly shroud,

Soothing its radiance to our view,

And melting each opposing hue,

Till deepening tints and blendings meet

Made contrast' self serene and sweet.

Vainly do voices tidings bring,

That succours from the former king,

Too late for that intent,—are come To take the dead and wounded home; Waiting, impatient, in the bay, Till they can safely bear away,-Not men that temporize and yield, But heroes stricken in the field; True sons of England, who, unmov'd, Could hear their fears, their interest plead; Led by no lure they disapprov'd, Stooping to no unsanction'd deed! Spirits so finely tun'd, so high, That grovelling influences die Assailing them! The venal mind Can neither fit inducement find To lead their purpose or their fate-To sway, to probe, or stimulate! What knowledge can they gain of such Whom worldly motives may not touch? Those who, the instant they are known, Each generous mind springs forth to own!

Joyful, as if in distant land,
Amid mistrust, and hate, and guile,
Insidious speech, and lurking wile,
They grasp'd a brother's cordial hand!
Hearts so embued with fire from heaven,
That all their failings are forgiven!
Nay, o'er, perchance, whose laurel wreath
When tears of pity shine,
We softer, fonder sighs bequeath;
More dear, though less divine.

Can kind and loyal bosoms bleed,

And Marie not bewail the deed?

Can England's valiant sons be slain,

In whose fair isle so long she dwelt—

To whom she sang, with whom she felt!

Can kindred Normans die in vain!

Or, banish'd from their native shore,

Enjoy their sire's domains no more!

Brothers, with whom her mind was nurs'd,
Who shar'd her young ideas first!—
And not her tears their doom arraign?

Alas! no stimulus avails!

Each former potent influence fails:

No longer e'en a sigh can part

From that oppress'd and wearied heart.

What broke, at length, the spell? There came
The sound of Hugh de Lacy's name!
It struck like lightning on her ear—
But did she truly, rightly hear?
For terror through her senses ran,
E'en as the song of hope began.—
His charge arriv'd on England's coast,
Consign'd where they had wish'd it most,
Had brave De Lacy join'd the train
Which sought the Norman shores again?—

Then liv'd her darling and her pride!

What anguish was awaken'd there!

A joy close mating with despair—

He liv'd for whom her Eustace died!

Yes! yes! he lives! the sea could spare
That Island warrior's infant heir!
For whom, when thick-surrounding foes,
Nigh spent with toil, had sought repose,
Slow stealing forth, with wary feet,
From covert of secure retreat,—
A soldier leading on the way
To where his dear commander lay,—
Over the field, at dead midnight,
By a pale torch's flickering light,
Did Friendship wander to behold,
Breathing, but senseless, pallid, cold,
With many a gash, and many a stain,
Him,—whom the morrow sought in vain!

- "But paltry vanities resign'd,
- "Wealth, gauds, and honours left behind,
 - " I only wanted, thought to quit
 - "This strange, wild world, and make me fit
 - " For one of better promise-given
 - " To such as think not this their heaven!
 - " Nay, almost in my breast arose
 - "A hope I scarcely dare disclose;
 - "A hope that life, from tumult free,-
 - " A life so harmless and so pure,
 - " A calm so shelter'd, so secure,
 - " At length might have a charm for thee!
 - "That supplications, patient, strong,
 - " Might not remain unanswer'd long!
 - " And all temptations from thee cast,
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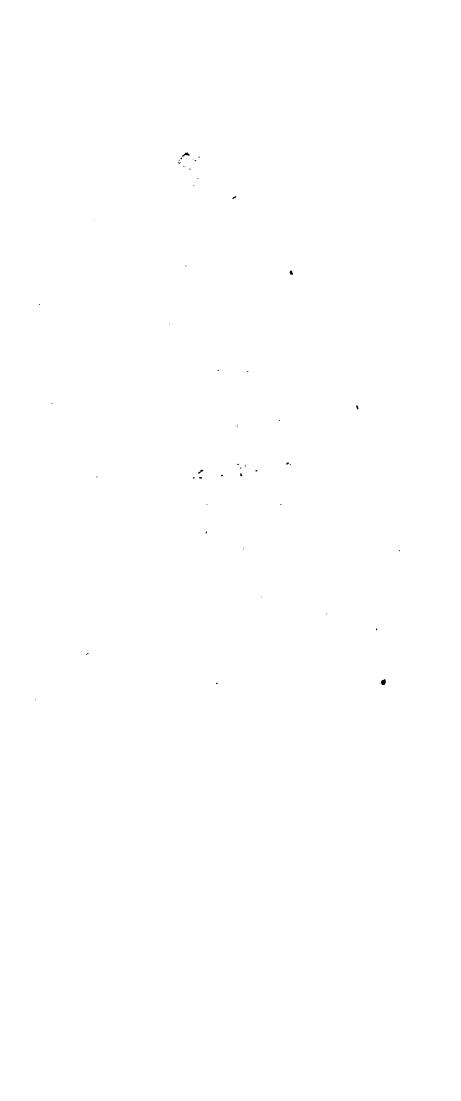
Of what ambition sought, beguil'd,
His crimes thus fruitless! and his child,
The beautiful, the rich and young—
Now, in his most triumphant hours!
The darling he had nurs'd in flowers!
His pride, the prais'd of every tongue!
So gentle as she was!—the rein
Of influence holding, to restrain

He yet had courage to sustain, Without a murmur, every pain!

- " At home once more-with friends so tros-
- " My boy recover'd thus"-he cried,
- " His mother smiling by my side-
- "Resign'd each lesser ill I view!
- " As bubbles on the Ocean's breast,
 - "When gloriously calm, will rise;
 - " As shadows from o'er-clouded skies,
 - " Or some few angry waves may dance
 - " Nor ruffle that serene expanse;
 - "So lightly o'er my comfort glides
 - " Each adverse feeling—so subsides
- " Each discontent—and leaves me blest!"



NOTES.



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NOTE I.

The Lay of Marie.—Title.

The words roman, fablian, and lai, are so often used indifferently by the old French writers, that it is difficult to lay down any positive rule for discriminating between them. But I believe the word roman particularly applies to such works as were to be supposed strictly historical: such are the romances of Arthur, Charlemagne, the Trojan War, &c. The fablians were generally, stories supposed to have been invented for the purpose of illustrating some moral; or real anecdotes, capable of being so applied. The lai, according to Le Grand, chiefly differed from the fablian, in being interspersed with musical interludes; but I suspect they were generally translations from the British. The word is said to be derived from leadus; but laos seems to be the general name of a class of Irish metrical compositions, as "Laoi na Seilge" and others, quoted by Mr. Walker (Hist. Mem. of Irish Bards),

and it may be doubted whether the word was not formerly common to the Welsh and Armorican dialects.— Ellis's Specimens.

The conclusion of Orfeo and Rerodiis, in the Auchinlech MS. seems to prove that the lay was set to music:

> That lay Orico is phote, Gode is the lay, swete is the note.

In Sir Tristrem also, the Irish harper is expressly said to sing to the harp a merry lay.

It is not to be supposed, what we now call metrical romances were always read. On the contrary, several of them bear internal evidence that they were occasionally chaunted to the harp. The Crescide of Chauces, a long performance, is written empressly to be read, or class sung. It is evident that the minetrels could derive no advantage from these compositions, unless by secriting or singing them; and later poems have been said to be composed to their suns:—Notes to Bir Tristrem.

Note IL

Baron De Brehan ecemid do stand .- p. 6. 1. 10.

Brehan—Maison raconnue pour une des plus anciennes. Fraie race d'ancienne Noblesse de Chevolerie, qui dans les un rienne et dousieme siecles, tonsit rang pasmi les anciens Barons, avant la reduction faite en 1851.

NOTE III,

Where does this idle Minstrel stay ?- p. 5. 1.13. .

In appears that female minstrels were not uncommon, as one is mentioned in the Romance of Richard Cœur de Liou, without any remark on the strangeness of the circumstance.

A goose they dight to their dinner In a tavern where they were. King Richard the fire bet; Thomas to the spit him set; Fouk Doyley tempered the wood: Dear abought they that good! When they had drunken well, a fin, A minstralle com theirin, And said, " Gentlemen, wittily, f Will ye have any minstrelay." Richard bade that she should go; That turned him to mickle woe! The minstralle took in mind, And said, "Ye are men unkind; " And, if I may, ye shall for-thinkt " Ye gave me neither meat ne drink. " For gentlemen should bede "To minstrels that abouten yede, " Of their meat, wine, and ale; " For los ; rises of minstrale." She was English, and well true, By speech, and sight, and hide, and hue.

Ellis's Specimens of early English Metrical Romances.

[•] Was offended.

[†] Repent.

[‡] Reputation, glory.

NOTE IV.

On which the slightest touch alone would kill .- p. 24. 1.6.

An unfortunate mistake in printing the word trill instead of kill, has made this appear ridiculous: it alludes to the old proverb—

You should neither tell friend nor foe Where life-blood go.

Any wound in a place while this pulsation passed through being esteemed fatal.

NOTE V.

Abrupt his native accents broke.-p. 50. 1.7.

The Anglo-Norman dynasty, with their martial nobility, down to the reign of Edward III. continued to use, almost exclusively, the Romance or ancient French language; while the Saxon, although spoken chiefly by the vulgar, was gradually adopting, from the rival tongue, those improvements and changes, which fitted it for the use of Chaucer and Gower. In the introduction to the Metrical Romance of Arthur and Merlin, written during the minority of Edward V. it appears that the English language was then gaining ground. The author says, he has even seen many gentlemen who could speak no French (though generally used by persons of that rank), while persons of every quality understood English.—Sir Tristrem,

NOTE VI.

The broider'd scarf might wave in vain .- p. 57. 1.1.

To such as were victorious, prizes were awarded by the judges, and presented by the hands of the ladies; who also honoured the combatants with the wreath or chaplet, silken drapery, and other appropriate ornaments; and by presenting them with ribbands, or scarfs, of chosen colours, called liveries, spoken of in romance, appear to have been the origin of the ribbands which still distinguish knighthood.

NOTE VII.

Laden with presents and with praise .- p. 57. 1.9.

In the ancient metrical romance of Sir Tristrem, an Irish earl arrives at the court of Cornwall, in the disguise of a minstrel, and bearing a harp of curious workmanship. He excites the curiosity of King Mark, by refusing to play upon it till he shall grant him a boon. The king having pledged his knighthood to satisfy his request, he sings to the harp a lay, in which he demands the queen as his promised gift—

"Y prove the for fals man, Or Y shall have thi quen."

He accordingly carries her off; but her lover Tristrem, who had been absent at the time,

" chidde with the king, Gifstow glewemen thy quen, Hastow no other thing?" The usual gifts to minstrels when they sung were often profuse; rich clothes, &c. They were, by rank, classed with knights and heralds, and permitted to wear silk robes, a dress limited to persons who could spend a hundred pounds of land rent.—Sir Tristrem, edited by Walter Scott, Esq.

Generosity to minstrels is perpetually recommended in the lays, or fablians and romances.

NOTE VIII.

The peacock crown with all its eyes .- p. 57. 1.17.

According to Menestria and St. Palaye, the troubadours, or poets of Provence, were adorned by the ladies with crowns, interwoven with peaceck's feathers; (the eyes of which expressed the universal attention they attracted)—a plumage in great request, and equivalent to the laurel of the academic bards. Differing, perhaps, little in intrinsic value, but superior in beauty and permanence, and more consonant with the decorations of chivalry. They were not restricted to the troubadours; for such a diadem, ornamented with gold, was sent by Pope Urban III. to Henry II. wherewith one of his sons was crowned King of Ireland; as mentioned by Selden, under the title Lord, and by Lord Lyttleton, under the year MCLXXXVI, A Summary Review of Heraldry, by Thomas Brydson, F. A. S. Edinburgh.



APPENDIX I.

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Extracts from a Dissertation on the Life and Writings of Marie, an Anglo-Norman Poetess of the thirteenth century. By Monsieur La Rue. Archaelogia, vol. 13.

MARY, must be regarded as the Sappho of her age; she made so considerable a figure amongst the Anglo Norman Trouseurs, that she may very fairly lay claim to the minutest investigation of whatever concerns her memory. She informs as that she was born in France, but has neither mentioned the province that gave her birth, her family name, nor the reasons of her going to England. As she appears, however, to have resided in that country at the commencement of the 13th century, we may reasonably conclude that she was a native of Normandy. Philip Augustus having made himself master of that province in 1204, many Norman families, whether from regard to affinity, from motive of adventure, or from attachment to the English government, went over to Great Britain, and there established themselves. If this opinion be not adopted, it will be impossible to fix upon any other province of France under

the dominion of the English, as her birth-place, because her language is neither that of Gascony, nor of Poitou, &c. She appears, however, to have been acquainted with the Bee-Breton, or Armoric tongue; whence it may be inferred that she was born in Bretayne. The Duke of that province was then Earl of Richmond in England; many of his subjects were in persession of knight's fees in that honour, and Mary might have belonged to one of these families. She was, besides, extremely well versed in the literature of this province; and we shall have occasion to semark, that she frequently borrowed migh from the weeks of its writers in the composition of her were. if, however, a preference should be given to the first opinion, we must suppose that Mary got her knowledge, both of the Armoric and English languages, in Great Britain. She was, at the same time, equally mistress of the Latin; and from his application to three several languages, we must take it for granted that she possessed a readiness, a capacity, and even a certain rank in life, that afforded time and means to attain them. It should seem that she was selicitous to be personally known only at the time she lived in. Hence we find in his works those general denominations, those vague expressions, which discourage the curious antiquary, or compel him to enter into dry and laborious discussions, the result of which often turns out to be little enore than conjecture. In short, she silence or the modesty of this lady, has contributed, in a great degree, to conceal from us the names of those illustrious persons whose patronage her talents obtained.

... The first poems of Mary are a collection of Lays, in French .verse f. forming various historics and gallant adventures of our valiant knights: and, according to the usage of those times, they are generally remarkable for some singular, and often marvellous catastrophe. These Lays are in the British Museem, among the Harleian MSS. No. 978. They constitute the largest, and, at the same time, most ancient specimen of Anglo-Norman poetry, of this kind, that has been handed down to us. The romances of chivalry, amongst the old Welsh and Armoric Britons, appear to have furnished the subjects of these various Lays; not that the manuscripts of those people were continually before her when she composed them; but, as she herself has told us, depending upon an excellent memory, she sometimes committed them to verse, after hearing them recited only: and, at others, composed her poems from what she had read in the Welsh and Armoric MSS.

Phisture en ai oi couter,

Nes veil leisser ne oublies, &c.

Plusurs le me unt coute et dit

Et jeo l'ai trove en escrit, &c.

Prologue des Lais de Marie.

[†] Lei du chevre feuille.

She confined herself to these subjects, and the event justifies her choice. To the singularity of such a measure was owing its celebrity. By treating of love and chivalry, she was certain of attuning her lyre to the feelings of the age; and conacquently of ensuring success. Upon this account her Lays were extremely well received by the people. Denis Pyramus, an Anglo-Norman poet, and the contemporary of Mary, informs us that they were heard with pleasure in all the castles of the English barons, but that they were particularly relished by the women of her time. He even praises them himself; and this from the mouth of a rival, could not but have been sincere and well deserved, since our cquals are always the best judges of our merit. † Insomuch as Mary was a foreigner, she expected to be criticised with severity, and therefore applied herself with great care to the due polishing of her works. Besides, she thought, as she says herself, that the chief reward of a poet, consists in perceiving the superiority of his own performance, and its claims to public esteem. Hence the repeated efforts to attain so honourable a distinction, and the constant apprehensions of that chagrin which results from disappointment, and which she has expressed with so much natural simplicity.

[†] Pyramus, Vie de St. Edmund, Bibl. Cotton. Domit. A. XI.

Ki de bone mateire traite, Mult li peise si bien n'est faite, &c.*

She has dedicated her lays to some king, whom she thus addresses in her Prologue :

En le honur de vos nobles reis, Ki tant estes preux et curteis, M'entremis de Lais assembler, Par risse faire et reçonter;

Prolog. des Lais de Marie.

It is reasonable to conclude, that writers flocked in greater numbers to be-court where they were most in request, and were likely to be most liberally rewarded. Now it is evident that the Dukes of Normandy, when possessed of the crown of England, were incomparably more wealthy, though not in the same proportion more powerful, than the contemporary Kings of France; and it may be presumed that the crowd of candidates for their patronage, was consequently, much more numerous. Our Henry the Second possessed, in right of his father, Maine, Anjou, and Toursine; in right of his wife Eleaner, divorced by Louis le Jeune, the counties of Poicton and Guienne; in right of his mother Matilda, Normandy and England; and his power in the latter, the most valuable part of his dominions, was paramount and uncontrolled, while Louis was surrounded by powerful and rival vassals. We are, therefore, justified in suspecting that the courts of our Norman soveseigns, rather than those of the Kings of France, produced the birth of rossumes Esterature; and this suspicion is confirmed by the testimony of three French writers, whose authority is the more conclusive, because they have formed sheir opinion from separate and independent premises.

The first of these is M. de la Ravallere. In his Essay on the Revolutions of the French Language, a work of considerable learning, supported by exi-

*

En mon quoer pensoe et diseie, Siberèle vot presentereie, Si vos les plaist a receveir,

ginal authorities, whose words he alsoost constantly quotes, he distinctly asserts that the pretended patronage of the French princes, anterior to Philippe Auguste, had no visible effect on their domestic literature; that while so many poets were entertained at the courts of the Anglo-Norman princes, no one can be traced to that of Louis le Jeune; that the chronicles of Britain and Normandy, the subjects chosen by Wase and his contemporaries, were not likely to daterest the French, &cc.

The second authority is M. le Comte de Tressen, a writer, perhaps, of no deep research, but whose good taste is conclusive on points of internal epidence. In his preface to the pure remance of "La Flear des Batailles," (one of those relating to Charlemagne) he says—The style and character of these remances lead us to think that they were composed at the court of the English kings, descended from William the Conqueror. We find in those of the Round Table, a marked affectation of dwelling on every thing which can contribute to the glory of the throne and court of England, whose princes and knights always play the chief and most buillight, part in the piace.

Thirdly, the Abbe de la Rue may be considered as having proved the fact, by pointing out, in English history, the persons to whom the original romances were addressed. His three dissertations on the Anglo-Norman poets, in the twelfth and thirteenth volume of the Archaelogia, will convince the reader that no man has studied, with more attention, the early history and poetry of France; and he has given it as his decided opinion, that "it was from England and Normandy that the Franch received the first works which deserve to be cited in their language."—Ellis's Specimens of Early English Metrical Eponages.

Mult me ferez grant joie aveir, A tuz juirs mais en serai lie, &c.*

But who is this monarch? 1. We may perceive in it her apprehension of the envy which her success might excite in a strange country: for this reason she could not have written in France. 2. When at a loss for some single syllable, she sometimes intermixes in her verses words that are pure English, when the French word would not have suited the measure. Fire et chaundelez alumez." It should seem, therefore, that she wrote for the English, since her lines contain words that essentially belong to their language, and not at all to the Romance. 3. She dedicates her lays to a king who understood English, because she takes care to translate into that tongue all the Welsh and Armoric proper names that she was obliged to introduce. Thus in the Lay of Bisclaveret, she eays, the English translate this name by that of Garwaf, (Werewolf); in that of Laustic, that they call it Nihtgale (Nightingale); and in that of Chevrefeville, Gotelef, (Goatleaf) &cc. It is certain, then, she composed for a king who understood English. 4. She tells us that she had declined translating Latin histories into Romance; because so many others having been thus occupied, her name would have been confounded with

Prolog. des Lais de Marie.

the multitude, and her labours unattended with honour. Now this circumstance perfectly corresponds with the reign of Henry III. when such a number of Normans and Anglo-Normans had, for more than half a century, translated from the Latin so many romances of chivalry; and especially those of the Round Table, which we owe to the Kings of England. 5. Fauchet and Pasquier inform us, that Mary lived about the middle of the 13th century, and this would exactly coincide with the reign of that prince. 6. Denis Pyramus, an Anglo-Norman poet, speaks of Mary as an author, whose person was as much beloved as her writings, and who therefore must have lived in his own time. Now it is known that this poet wrote under Henry III. and this opinion could only be confuted by maintaining that it was rather a King of France of whom she speaks, which king must have been Louis VIII. or St. Louis his son. But this alteration will not bear the slightest examination; for how could it be necessary to explain Welsh and Armoric words to a French king in the English language? How could the writer permit herself to make use of English words, in many parts of her work, which would most probably be unintelligible to that prince, and most certainly so to the greatest part

Osuvres de Fauchet, 579. Recherches de la France, l. 8. c. 1.
† Pyramus loco citate.

of his subjects? It is true that she sometimes explains them in Romance, but not always; and when, upon the other hand, she makes a constant practice of translating them into English, she proves to what sort of readers she was principally addressing herself. The list of the lays of Mary is omitted here, as a translation follows.

The smaller poems of Mary are, in general, of much importance, as to the knowledge of ancient chivalry. author has described manners with a pencil at once faithful and pleasing. She arrests the attention of her readers by the subjects of her stories, by the interest which she skilfully blends in them, and by the simple and natural language in which she relates them. In spite of her rapid and flowing style, nothing is forgotten in her details-nothing escapes her in her descriptions. With what grace has she depicted the charming deliverer of the unhappy Lanval! Her beauty is equally impressive, engaging, and seductive; an immense crowd follows but to admire her; the white palfrey on which she rides seems proud of his fair burden; the greyhound which follows her, and the falcon which she carries, announce her nobility. How splendid and commanding her appearance; and with what accuracy is the costume of the age she lived in observed! But Mary did not only possess a most refined

taste, she had also to boast of a mind of sensibility. The English muse seems to have inpired her; all her subjects are sad and melancholy; she appears to have designed to melt the hearts of her readers, either by the unfortunate situation of her hero, or by some truly afflicting catastrophe. Thus she always speaks to the soul, calls forth all its feelings, and very frequently throws it into the utmost consternation.

Fauchet was unacquainted with the Lays of Mary, for he only mentions her fables. But, what is more astonishing. Monsieur le Grand, who published many of her lays, has not ascribed them all to her. He had probably never met with a complete collection like that in the British Museum; but only some of those that had been separately transcribed; and, in that case, he could not have seen the preface, in which Mary has named herself.

The second work of our poetess consists of a collection of fables, generally called Rsopian, which she translated into. French versa. In the prologue she informs her readers that she would not have engaged in it, but for the solicitation of a man who was "the flower of chivalry and courtesy," and whom, at the conclusion of her work, she styles Earl William.

Occyres de Pauchet, p. 579,

Por amor le counté Guillianne, Le plus vaillant de cest royaume, Mentremis de cest livre faire, Et de l'Anglois en Romana traire, &c.º

M. le Grand, in his preface to some of Mary's fables, which he has published in French prose, informs us that this person was Earl William de Dampierre. But William, Lord of Dampierre, in Champagne, had in himself no right whatever to the title of Earl. During the 13th century, this dignity was by no means assumed indiscriminately, and at pleasure, by French gentlemen; it was generally borne by whoever was the owner of a province, and sometimes of a great city, constituting an earldom: such were the earldoms of Flanders, of Artois, of Anjou, of Paris, &c. It was then, that these great vassals of the crown had a claim to the title of earl, and accordingly assumed it.† Now, the territory of Dampierre was not in this predicament during the 13th century; it was only a simple lordship belonging to the lords of that name.

Convinced, as I am, that Mary did not compose her fables in France, but in England, it is rather in England that the

Conclusion of Mary's Fables.
† Dictionaire Raisonnée de Diplomatique Verbo Comte.
‡ Martineus Diet. Geographique, v. Dampierre.

Earl William, alluded to by Mary, is to be sought for; and luckily, the encomium she has left upon him is of such a nature, as to excite an opinion that he was William Longsword, natural son of Henry II. and created Earl of Salisbury and Romare by Richard Cœur de Lion. She calls him "the flower of chivalry, the most valiant man in the kingdom," &cc.; and these features perfectly characterize William Longsword, so renowned for his prowess. The praise she bestows on him expresses, with great fidelity, the sentiments that were entertained by his contemporaries; and which were become so general, that for the purpose of making his epitaph, it should seem that the simple eulogy of Mary would have sufficed.

Floe comitum, Willelmus obit, stirps regia, longus Ensis vaginam capit habere brevem,†

This earl died in 1226;; so that Mary must have written her fables before that time. The brilliant reputation she had acquired by her lays, had no doubt determined William to solicit a similar translation of *Esopian Fables*, which then existed in the English language. She, who in her lays had painted the manners of her age with so much nature and fidelity, would find no difficulty in succeeding in this kind of

Sandford's Genealogical History of the Kings of England, p. 114.
 † Ibid, p. 116, and M. Paris, p. 817
 ‡ Sandford, ibid.

apologue. Both require that penetrating glance which can distinguish the different passions of mankind; can seize upon the varied forms which they assume; and marking the objects of their attention, discover, at the same moment, the means they employ to attain them. For this reason, her fables are written with all that acuteness of mind; that penetrates into the very inmost recesses of the human heart; and, at the same time, with that beautiful simplicity so peculiar to the ancient romance language, and which causes me to doubt whether La Fontaine has not rather imitated our author, than the fabulists either of Rome, or of Athens. It must, at all events, be admitted that he could not find, in the two latter, the advantages which the former offered him. Mary wrote in French, and at a time when that language, yet in its infancy, could boast of nothing but simple expressions, artless and agreeable turns, and, on all occasions, a natural and unpremeditated phrascology.

On the contrary, Æsop and Phædrus, writing in Latin, could not supply the French fabulist with any thing more than subject matter and ideas; whilst Mary, at the same time that she furnished him with both, might besides have hinted expression, manner, and even rhyme. Let me add, that through the works of La Fontaine will be found scattered

an infinite number of words in our ancient language, which are at this day unintelligible without a commentary.

There are, in the British Museum, three MS. copies of Mary's fables. The first is in the Cotton library, Vesp. b. xiv. the second in the Harleian, No. 4333; and the third in the same collection; No. 978. In the first, part of Mary's prologue is wanting, and the transcriber has entirely suppressed the conclusion of her work. This MS. contains only sixty-one fables. The second has all the prologue, and the conclusion: It has \$3 fables. The third is the completest of all, and contains 104 fables. M. le Grand says that he has seen four MSS. of these fables in the libraries of Paris, but all different as to the number. 'He cites one in the library of St. Germain des Pres, as containing 66 fables; and another in the Royal Library, No. 7615, with 102. As he has said nothing about the other MSS. it is to be supposed that he has purposely mentioned that which had the greatest number of fables, and that which had the least. Under this idea, the Harleian MS. No. 978, is the completest of all that have been yet cited.

In examining the manner in which she speaks of herself, we

Fabliaux, vol. iv. p. 330.

shall perceive she does not call herself Marie de France, as he has stated, but says she is from France.

Al finement de cest escrit,

Me nomeral por remembrance,

Marie ai non si suis de France, &c.

If we consider well the latter verse, there will be no difficulty in perceiving that Mary wrote in England. Indeed, it
was formerly a very common thing for authors to say that
they were of such a city, and even to assume the name of it.
Or even, when writing in Latin, state themselves either matives of England, or of France. But when an author writes
in France, and in the language of the country, he does not say
that he is of France. Now this precaution, on the part of
Mary, implies that she wrote in a foreign country, the greater
part of whose inhabitants spoke her native language; which
was the case in England. She stated herself to be a native of
France, that her works might be regarded as written in a
purer and correcter style.

Monsieur le Grand does not believe that Mary really translated from a collection that existed in her time in the English language, under the title of the Fables of Esop;

Conclusion of Mary's Fables-

but, if we examine the fables themselves, we shall discover in them internal evidence of their being translated from the English.

Mention is made of counties and their judges, of the great assemblies held there for the administration of justice, the king's writa, &c. &c. Now what other kingdom, besides England, was at that time divided into counties? What other country possessed similar establishments? But Mary has done more; in her French translation she has preserved many expressions in the English original; such as welke, in the fable of the Eagle, the Crow, and the Tortoise; witecoes, in that of the Three Wishes; grave, in that of the Sick Lion; were and wibets, in that of the Battle of the Flies with other Animals; wassel, in that of the Möuse and the Frog, &c.

The completest MS. of Mary's translation, has but 104 fables; out of which, 31 only are Esop's. So the English version that she had before her, was not a true and complete translation of that fabulist, but a compilation from different authors, in which some of his fables had been inserted. Nevertheless, Mary has intitled her work, "Cy Commence li Esope;" she repeats, also, that she had turned this fabulist into romance language. Mary, therefore, imagined that she was really translating Esop; but her original had the same

title; and I am the more convinced of this, because, in the Royal MS. before cited, which contains a collection of Æsopian fables, there are but 56. According to the introduction, they had been already translated into Latin prose, and then into English prose; and in this MS. as well as in Mary's, there are many fables and fabliaux ascribed to Æsop, which never could have been composed by him.

Again, if we compare the fables which generally pass for Esop's, with those written by Mary, we shall perceive that the translation of the latter could never have been regarded as a literal version of the former. She is a great deal more particular than Esop; her moralizations are not the same. In a word, I think she comes nearer to Phedrus than to the Greek writer.

It will, no doubt, be answered, that the works of Phædrus have only been known since the end of the 16th century. This I admit; but am not the less persuaded that Mary was better acquainted with Phædrus than with Æsop. It will, moreover, be contended, that she has herself declared, that the English version, which served her as a model, was a translation from the Greek. To this I reply; first, that Phædrus's fables may very properly be stiled Æsopian, as he has himself called them:

Esopus auctor quam materiam reperit, Hanc ego polivi versibus senariis.

And, secondly, that although Mary possessed the fire, the imagination, and the genius of a poet, she nevertheless had not the criticism, or erudition, of a man of letters. For example; the informs us, that before her fables were translated into English, they had already been turned from Greek into Latin by Æsop.† She then gives the fable of an ox that assisted at mass, of a wolf that keeps Lent, of a monk disputing with a peasant, &c.

Amongst these compilers of fables, we find the names of Romulus, Accius, Bernardus, Talon, and many others anonymous. The first is the most celebrated; he has addressed his fables to his son Tiberius; they are written in Latin prose, sixty in number, and many of them are founded upon those of Esop and Phædrus. Rimilius published them at the end of the 15th century, and Frederic Nilant gave an edition in 1709, at Leyden, with some curious and interesting notes. Fabricius, in his Bibliotheca Latina, says, that these sixty fables are more than five hundred years old, I have already mentioned that there is a MS. of them in the Royal Library

Phsedr. Prolog. lib. i.
 † Preface to Mary's Fablest.
 ‡ Fabric. Bibl. Latin, lib. ii. c. 3.

in the British Museum, \$5 A. VII., which was written in the 13th century, and contains only fifty-six fables. They are said, in the preface, to have been translated out of Greek into Latin, by the Emperor Romulus. Mary likewise mentions this Romulus, and gives him the same title. After having remarked with how much advantage learned men might occupy themselves, in extracting from the works of the ancient philosophers, proverbs, fables, and the morals they contained, for the purpose of instructing men, and training them to virtuous actions, she adds, that the emperor had very successfully pursued the plan, in order to teach his son how to conduct himself with propriety through life.

Vincent de Beauvois, a contemporary of Mary, speaks likewise of this Romalus and his fables;† and lastly, Fabricius informs us that this author has very much imitated Phædrus, and often preserved even his expressions.† But, after all, it is uncertain who is this Romulus, thus invested with the title of emperor; whether the last Roman emperor of that name, who is likewise called Augustulus or Romulus the grammarian. I should rather attribute them to some monk of the 11th or 12th century. The rites of the Roman Ca-

Preface to the Fables of Mary.
 † Vincent Bellovac, lib. iv., c. 2.
 ‡ Fabris. loco citato.

tholic worship are several times alluded to, and entire passages of the Vulgate very frequently inserted.

It is, however, enough to know that in the time of Mary, there did actually exist a collection of fables called Asopian, and published under the name of Romulus; that this author, whether real or imaginary, had very much imitated Phædrus; that these Latin fables had been translated into English; that, without doubt, those of some other unknown writers were added to them; and, finally, that from this latter version Mary made her translation into French verse.

In a MS. of the fables of Mary, it is said this English version was the work of King Mires. The Harleian MS. No. 978, makes the translation to have been King Alurez: The MS. cited by Pasquier, calls him King Auvert. The MS. in the Royal Library, 15 A. VII. says the translation was made by the order of King Affrus; and, lastly, the Harleian MS. No. 4333, makes it the work of King Henry.

With respect to King Alurez or Auvert, every one who has examined our ancient writers of romance, during the 12th and 13th centuries, must know that the name of Alfred was thus

Menage Diction. Etymol. V. Romans. Duchesne, Oeuvres de Maistre Alain Chartris, p. 861.

[†] Pasquier Recherches, liv. viii. c. 1.

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disfigured by them. Thus, two kings of England, Alfred and Henry, have a claim to that honour. But whence is it that the historian of Alfred, Asser, as well as William of Malmesbury, have mentioned the different translations of this prince, without having noticed that of Rsop ? Is it credible that an Anglo-Saxon version of the ninth century would have been intelligible to Mary, who had only learned the English of the thirteenth? Had not the lapse of time, and the descents of the Danes and Normans in the eleventh century, contributed, in the first place, to alter the Anglo-Saxon? and afterwards, during the twelfth, the rest of the people from the northern and western provinces of France, having become dependent upon England, did not they, likewise, by their commerce, and residence in that country, introduce a considerable change into its language? The names of Seneschal, Justiciar, Viscount, Provost, Bailiff, Vassal, &c. which occur in these fables, both in the Latin text and French translation by Mary, ought naturally to have been found in the English version. Now these several terms were all, according to Madox, introduced by the Normans; and the morals to these fables, which make frequent allusion to the feudal system, prove more and more, that this English translation must have been posterior to the time of Alfred.

Asser, Vita Alfredi, Malmab. † Madox's Hist. of the Exchequer, c. 4.

In the last place, the Harleian MS. No. 4333, ascribes the translation to King Henry. The Normans were acquainted with the fables of Esop, or, at least, those which were attributed to him during the middle ages. The collateral heirs of Raoul de Vassy, who died in 1064, when, after the death of William the Conqueror, they found means to establish their claims against Robert Courthose; in asserting it, represent his father with having made the lion's partition in seising upon their inheritance.

This proverbial expression very clearly shows that the weitings of the Greek fabulist, or at least of those who had followed
him, were known to the Normans from the eleventh centusy.

It is possible, therefore, that Henry I. might have studied and
translated them into English. Again, all historians agree in
giving this prince the title of Beauclerk, though no one has
assigned any reason for a designation so honourable: and this
opinion would justify history, which has given to Henry a
name with which authors alone were dignified.

Whether Mary followed the English version literally cannot be ascertained, as we do not even know whether it now exists; and are therefore under the necessity of collating her fables with those of the middle ages: and it appears, she translated from the English 104 fables into French verse; and of this

b Ordoric, Vitalis Hist. spud Duchesne, pp. 488, 681, & 1084.

number there are 65, the subjects of which had already been treated of by Æsop, Phædrus, Romulus, and the anonymous author of the Pabula Antiqua, published by Niland.

The English translation was not only compiled from these different authors, but from many other fabulists, whose names are unknown to us; since, out of the 104 fables of Mary; there are 39 which are neither found in the before mentioned authors, nor in any other known to us.

The English version contained a more ample assemblage of fables than that of Mary, since out of the 56 in the Royal MS. 15 A. VII, which made a part of the former, it appears that she made a selection of subjects that were pleasing to her, and rejected others. It is very singular, that England appears to have had fabulists during the ages of ignorance, whilst Athens and Rome possessed theirs only amidst the most refined periods of their literature.

Some may, perhaps, be disposed to conclude that the 39 additional fables were actually composed by Mary; but I believe, upon reflection, this opinion must be abandoned. She terms her work a translation, glories in the enterprise; and, if it had been only in part the labours of her genius, would scarcely have passed over that circumstance in silence.

Monsieur Le Grand has published 43 of Mary's fables in prose. His translation, however, is not always literal; and seems, in many places, to have departed from the original. He has likewise published many of the *fabliaus*, or little stories, which he has unadvisedly attributed to the transcribers of them, and which belong indisputably to her.

I have examined La Fontaine, to ascertain whether he were acquainted with the fables of Mary, and had actually borrowed his subjects from the 39 fables which are wanting in all the writers of this kind with whom we are at present acquainted; and have actually discovered, that he is indebted to them for those of the Drowning Woman, the Fox and the Cat, and the Fox and the Pigeon. From others he has only taken the subject, but changed the actors; and, by retouching the whole in his peculiar manner, has enriched them with a new turn, and given them an appearance of originality.

The third work of Mary consists of a history, or rather a tale, in French verse, of St. Patrick's Purgatory. This performance was originally commenced in Latin, at the Abbey of Saltrey, and dedicated to the abbot of that monastery, and is to be found in MS. in many public libraries. There are two translations of it into French verse. The first of these is in the Cotton Library, Domit. A. IV. and the second in the Harleian, No. 273, but they are not from the same pen: the former consists of near 1000 lines, and the latter of about 700. M. Le Grand has given an analysis of one of these

translations in his fabliaux, vol. v.; and it is upon the authority of this writer that I have ascribed it to Mary, as he maintains that she was the author of it, but without adducing the necessary proofs for this assertion. The Cotton MS. however. contains nothing that gives the least support to M. Le Grand's opinion, or even screens it with probability. Neither is Mary's name mentioned in the Harleian MS.; but as the translator, in his preface, entitles the work "a lay," and professes he had rather engage in it than relate fables, it may afford a conjecture that Mary has sufficiently developed herself in speaking of her labours. This, however, is merely a conjecture. It is not impossible that the MS. which M. Le Grand consulted contained more particular details on this subject; but he is certainly mistaken in one respect, and that is, in supposing Mary to have been the original author of this piece, whilst all the MSS, that exist attest that she could have been only the translator: and if the translation in the Harleian MS. actually be her performance, she there positively declares that she had been desired to translate the work from Latin into Romance.

This poem was, at a very early period, translated into English verse. It is to be found in the Cotton library, Calig.

A. II. under the title of Owayne Miles, on account of Sir Owen being the hero of the piece, and whose execut into St.

Patrick's purgatory is related. Walter de Metz, author of the poem entitled Lunge du Mande, mentions also the wonders of St. Patrick's purgatory, the various adventures of those who descended into it, and the condition of those who had the good fortune to return from it; but I am uncertain whether he speaks from the original Latin of the monk of Saltrey, or from Mary's French translation. In the latter case it should appear that Mary finished her translation before 1246, the year in which Walter says he composed his work.

Whether Mary was the author of any other pieces I have not been able to ascertain: her taste, and the extreme facility with which she wrote poetry of the lighter kind, induce a presumption that she was; but I know of none that have came down to us.

^{*} See his Works amongst the Harleian MSS. No. 4333.

APPENDIX II.



APPENDIX II.

Maries Lays.

Versions of only two of the Lays can be given; but it will be better to lay before the reader an abstract of the whole collection, which is in many respects interesting, because it was certainly written in this country, was never printed, and is known to exist only in one manuscript, viz. Harl. MSS. No. 978.

About 56 lines at the beginning of the work are intended as a general prologue; and 26 more form the introduction to the first Lay. This prefatory matter is written in a style of considerable obscurity, which the author defends by the example of the ancients, and quotes Priscian as her authority. But the doctrine she means to inculcate is, that those who possess talents are bound to employ them; and that study is always good as a preservative from vice and from affliction. She tells us, she had therefore form'd a plan of trans-

lating, from Latin into romance, some good history, but found her project had been anticipated by others. She then thought of the numerous lays which she had heard, and carefully treasured in her memory. These, she was sure, must be new to the generality of her readers; and, in this confidence, she offers to the king the fruits of her labours. After complaining she has met with envy and persecution where she deserved praise, she declares her intention to persevere, and relate, as briefly as possible, such stories as she knows to be true, and to have been formed into lays by the Britons.

Les contes ke joo sai verrais, Dunt li Bretun ont fait ces lais, Vus conterai ases briefment, &c.

The Lays are twelve in number; nine of which, with the above introduction, are extracted, with some trifling abridgment, from the Specimens of early English Metrical Romances, by George Ellis, Esq.; the two in verse from Way's Fabliaux; and the other from the notes to Sir Tristrem, by Walter Scott, Esq.

No. I .- The Lay of SIR GUGEMER, or GUIGEMAR.

While Arthur reign'd, (so chim'd, in earlier day, Loud to the twanging harp the Breton lay,)
While Arthur reign'd, two kingdoms born to bless,
Great Britain's king, and suzerain of the less;
A lord of Leon, one of fair report
Among the vessal barons of his court,
Own'd for his son a youth more bravely thew'd.
Than aught both countries yet had seen of good.
Dame Nature gave the mould; his sire combin'd.
Due culture, exercise of limbs and mind,
Till the rare strippling, now no longer boy,
Chang'd his fond parents' fearful hope for joy.

His name was Gugeman: as strength grew on, To Arthur's court the sire consign'd his son. There soon in feats of arms the youth excell'd, Magnanimous, in sports, or deadly field.

Chief of the Table-round, from time to time Illustrious Arthur mark'd his opening prime, Then dealt him noble meed; the honour high, From his own hand, of glorious chivalry.

Knightly in arms he was; one grievous blot, So deem'd full many a courtly dame, I wot,

Cross'd the full growth of his aspiring days, And dimm'd the lustre of meridian praise: With bootless artifice their lures they troll'd; Still Gugemer lov'd not, or nothing told.

The court's accustom'd love and service done. To his glad sire returns the welcome son. Now with his father dwelt he, and pursued Such pastimes as are meet for youth of noble blood. The woods of Leon now would shrilly sound Oft with his joyous shout and choral hound At length, one morn his disadventurous dart, Lanc'd, as the game was rous'd, at hind or hart, Wing'd through the yielding air its weetless way, And pierc'd unwares a metamorphos'd fay. Lo! back recoiling straight, by fairy craft, Back to its master speeds the reeking shaft; Deep in his sinewy thigh inflicts a wound, And strikes the astonish'd hunter to the ground, While, with a voice which neither bray'd nor spoke, Thus fearfully the beast her silence broke :-" Pains, agonizing pains must thou endure, "Till wit of lady's love shall work the cure:

- 46 Wo, then, her fated guerdon she shall find
- "The heaviest that may light on womankind!"

Sir Gugemer, who strove, with courage vain, Up from the earth to rise, distraught with pain, While hies his varlet home for succour strong, Crawls slow with trailing limb the sward along; Twas part precipitate, steep rocky shore; Hoarse at its foot was heard old Ocean's roar; And in a shelter'd cove at anchor rode, Close into land, where slept the solemn flood, A gallant bark, that with its silken sails Just bellying, caught the gently rising gales, And from its ebon sides shot dazzling sheen Of silvery rays with mingled gold between. A favouring fairy had beheld the blow Dealt the young hunter by her mortal foe: Thence grown his patroness, she vows to save, And cleaves with magick help the sparkling wave: Now, by a strange resistless impulse driven, The knight assays the lot by fortune given: Lo, now he climbs, with fairy power to aid, The bark's steep side, on silken cordage stay'd; Gains the smooth deck, and, wonders to behold, A couch of cypress spread with cloth of gold, While from above, with many a topaz bright, Two golden globes sent forth their branching light: And longer had he gaz'd, but sleep profound, Wrought by the friendly fairy, wrapt him round. Stretch'd on the couch the hunter lies supine, And the swift bark shoots lightly o'er the brine.

For, where the distant prospect fading dies,
And see and land seem mingling with the skies,
A massy tower of polish'd marble rose;
There dwelt the fair physician of his wees:
Nogiva was the name the princess bore;
Her spouse old, shrewd, suspicious evermore,
Here mew'd his lovely consort, young and fair,
And watch'd her with a dotard's bootless care.
Sure, Love these dotards dooms to jealous pain,
And the world's laugh, when all their toil proves vain.

This lord, howe'er, did all that mortal elf
Could do, to keep his treasure to himself:
Stay'd much at home, and when in luckless hour
His state affairs would drag him from his tower,
Left with his spouse a niece himself had bred,
To be the partner of her board and bed;
And one old priest, a barren lump of clay,
To chant their mass, and serve them day by day.

Her prison room was fair; from roof to floor With golden imageries pictur'd o'er; There Venus might be seen, in act to throw Down to the mimick fire that gleam'd below The 'Remedies of Love' Dan Ovid made; Wrathful the goddess look'd, and ill-repaid; And many more than I may well recall, Illumining throughout the sumptuous wall.

For the old ghostly guide—to do him right—
He harbour'd in his breast no jailor's spite;
Compassionate and poor, he bore in mind
His prisoner's health might languish, much confin'd
And aft would let her feet and fancy free,
Wander along the margin of the sea.

There then it chanc'd, upon the level sand,
That aunt and niece were pacing hand in hand,
When onward to the marble tower they spied
With outspread sail the fairy vessel glide:
Both felt a momentary fear at first,
(As women oft are given to think the worst)
And turn'd for flight; but ere they far were fled,
Look'd round to view the object of their dread;
Then, seeing none on board, they backward hied,
Perchance by fairy influence fortified,
Where the trim bark was run its course to end,
And now both dames its ebon deck ascend:

There on a couch, a silken pall beneath,

So wrapt in sleep he scarcely seem'd to breathe,

Sir Gugemer they spied, defil'd with gore,

And with a deadly pale his visage o'er:

They fear them life was fled; and much his youth,

And much his hap forlorn did move their ruth:

With lify hand his heart Nogiva press'd,

"It beats!" she cried, "beats strong within his breast!"

So loud her sudden voice express'd delight,

That from his swoon awoke the wondering knight:

So loud her sudden voice express'd delight,

That from his swoon awoke the wondering knight:
His name, his country, straight the dames demand,
And what strange craft had steer'd his bark to land?
He, on his elbow rais'd, with utterance weak,
Such as his feeble strength avail'd to speak,
Recounts his piteous chance, his name, his home,
How up the vessel's side ere while he clomb,
And then sunk down in sleep; but who impell'd
Its ebon keel, or tissued canvas swell'd,
He wist not: faint, and lacking vital heat,
He sought some needful aid from looks so sweet.

[&]quot;So brave a knight!—to yield of succour nought—

[&]quot; What heart of flint could cherish such a thought? ...

[&]quot;Yet where to harbour him, and how to hide?- ...!

[&]quot;The husband not at home, means must be tried !"-----

So thought these dames, I ween, that fateful hour,
While feebly onward to the marble tower,
Propp'd, right and left, by snowy shoulders twain,
Sir Gugemer repair'd with mickle pain.
There on a bed of down they plac'd their guest,
Cleans'd the deep wound, with healing balsam dress'd,
Brought, for his plight most fit, choice simple food,
And, watchful how he far'd, attendant stood;
Till now returning strength grew swiftly on,
And his firm voice confess'd his anguish gone.

In sooth, the fay, protectress of his worth,

Had shower'd down balm, unknown to wights on earth;

One night achieves his cure; but other smart

Plays o'er the weetless region of his heart;

Pains, such as beam from bright Nogiva's eyes,

Flit round his bed, and quiral slumber flies.

Now, as the ruddy rays of morning peer,
Him seem'd his kind physician's step drew near;
She comes; his cheeks with new-found blushes burn;
Nogiva—she, too, blushes in her turn:
Love sure had neither spar'd; yet at the last
Faintly she asks him how the night had pass'd?
O! how the trembling patient then confess'd
Strange malady at heart, and banish'd rest:

And sued once more for life, restor'd so late,
Now here alone to grant, the mistress of his fate.
She speaks assurance kind with witching smile,
"No ill from sickness felt so little while!"
Yet nought the knight believes; a kiss, I ween,
Fell from her dainty lips, and clos'd the scene.

One year or more within some secret bower,
So dwelt the knight beneath the marble tower;
Thoughts of his sire, at last, how he might bear
His son's long absence, so awaken'd care,
Needs must be back to Leon: vaimly here
Sues fond Nogiva's interdicting tear.

- "Sad leave reluctantly I yield!" she cries,
- " Yet take this girdle, knit with mystick ties,
- " Wed never dame till first this secret spell
- " Her dextrous hands have loosen'd:-so farewell!"
- " Never, I swear, my sweet! so weal betide?"
 With heavy heart Sir Gugemer replied,

Then hied him to the gate, when lo! at hand Nogiva's hoary lord is seen to stand, (Brought by the fairy foe's relentless ire,)
And lustily he calls for knight and squire:

Now with his trusty blade, of temper good, The stout knight clears his course to ocean's flood Sweeps right and left the scatter'd rout away,
And climbs the bark of his protectress fay;
Light glides the ebon keel the waters o'er,
And his glad footsteps press his native shore.

His father, who had long time, woo-begone,
Bewail'd the absence of his darling son;
Ween'd the best course to hold him now for life,
Should be to link him closely to a wife.
Sir Gugemer, urg'd sore, at length avows,
He never will take woman's hand for spouse,
Save her's, whose fingers, skill'd in ladies' love,
Shall loose that knot his mystick girdle bore.

Straight all that Bretany contain'd of fair,
Widows, and dainty maids, the adventure dare:
Clerks were they all, I ween; but knots like those
May not be loos'd when earthly beauties please.

Thus while it fares with those, in dungeon deep

See sad Nogiva never cease to weep!

Doom'd by her jealous lord's revengeful mood,

The well her beverage, bitter bread her food,

Lo there with iron gyves chain'd down she lies,

And wails unheard her hopeless miseries:

Scarce brooking longer life, but that the thought

Of Gugemer some gleams of solace brought:

Him would she name full oft, and oft implore
Heaven, but to view his winning face once more.

Long had she sorrow'd thus; her fairy friend
Hears at the last, and bids her sufferings end:
Burst by her magic touch the fetters fall,
Wide springs the gate, and quakes the obdurate wall;
Close to the shore the enchanted pinnace glides,
Feels its fair guest within its arching sides,
Then ploughs the foaming main with gallant state,
Till Bretany's far coast receives the freight.

Meriadus—(that name the monarch bore,

Where first Nogiva's footsteps prest the shore,)

Meriadus such charms not vainly view'd;

He saw, felt love, and like a sovereign woo'd:

She briefly answers:—" None this heart may move,

"This bosom none inspire with mutual love,

Save he whose skill this girdle shall unbind,

Fast round my waist with mystick tie confin'd." Much strove Meriadus, strove much in vain,

Of the quaint girdle, and the stranger dame,

Strove every courtly gallant of his train:

All foil'd alike, he blazons far and wide

A tournament, and there the emprise be tried!

There who may loose the band, and win the expectant bride!

Sir Gugemer, when first the tidings came

Ween'd well Nogiva's self, his dame alone,
Bore this mysterious knot so like his own.
On to the tournament elate he hies,
There his liege lady greets his wistful eyes:
What now remain'd? "Meriadus! once more

- "I view," he cries, " the mistress I adore;
- "Long have our hearts been one! great king, 'tis thine
- "Twin lovers, sadly sunder'd long, to join.
- "So will I straight do homage, so remain
 "Thy liegeman three full years, sans other gain,
- "Thine with a hundred knights, and I their charge maintain,"

Brave was the proffer, but it prosper'd nought;
Love rul'd alone the unyielding monarch's thought.
Then Gugemer vows vengeance, then in arms
Speaks stern defy, and claims Nogiva's charms:
And, for his cause seem'd good, anon behold

Many a strange knight, and many a baron bold,

Brought by the tourney's fame, on fiery steeds Couch lance to aid; and mortal strife succeeds.

Long time beleagur'd gape the castle walls;
First in the breach the indignant monarch falls:
Nogiva's lord next meets an equal fate;
And Gugemer straight weds the widow'd mate.

No. II.-EQUITAN;

A PRINCE of Bretagné, so passionately attached to chivaleous amusements, that he cared neither for business nor gallantry. Nothing but the necessity of heading his troops could withdraw him from the pleasures of hunting and hawking; and all affairs of state were managed by his steward, a man of equal loyalty and experience. Unfortunately this steward had a beautiful wife: the prince heard her much praised; and insensibly began to think his sport most agreeable, when it conducted him, at the end of the day, to the steward's castle; where he had a natural opportunity of seeing and conversing with the lovely hostess. Overcome by his passion, almost before he was conscious of it, he began by reflecting on the baseness of the part he was preparing to act; and ended, by determining not to endure the misery of privation and disappointment, if he could succeed in seducing her. Having devised, in the course of a sleepless night, as many arguments as were necessary to satisfy his own morality, and formed a plan for securing a long interview, he set off for the chase; returning after a short time, under pretence of sudden indisposition; and retiring to bed, he sent to request a visit from the lady, who then received a very long and eloquent declaration of love.

To this she replied, at first, by proper expostulations; but when at length assured, with the utmost solemnity, that if her husband was dead she should become the partner of his throne, she suddenly gave way, and proposed, with his assistance, to destroy the steward, so artfully, that neither should incur the alightest suspicion. Equitan, far from being startled at this atrecious proposition, assured her of his concurrence, and she continued thus: " Return, sir, for the present, to your court; "then come to pursue your diversion in this forest, and again "take up your abode under our roof. You must once more " pretend to be indisposed; cause yourself to be blooded; and " on the third day order a bath, invite my husband to bathe " and afterwards to dine with you. I will take care to pre-" pare the bathing tubs: that which I destine for him shall " be filled with boiling water, so that he will be instantly " scalded to death; after which you will call in your and his "attendants, and explain to them how your affectionate "steward had expired in the act of bathing." At the end of three months every thing was arranged for the execution of this diabolical plot; but the steward, who had risen early for some purpose of business or amusement, happening to stay rather beyond the time, the lovers had met during his absence, forgetting that their guilty project was not yet accomplished. A maid was stationed at the door, near which stood the fatal

bath; but the husband returning with precipitation, suddenly forced it open, in spite of her feeble opposition, and discovered his wife in the arms of Equitan. The prince, under the first impulse of surprise and remorse, started from the bed, and, heedlessly plunging into the boiling bath, was instantly suffocated or scalded to death. The husband, almost at the same instant, seized on his guilty partner, and threw her headlong after her paramour. Thus were the wicked punished, by the means which they contrived for the destruction of another; and such is the substance of the lay which was composed by the Bretons under the name of Equitan.

No. III.-LAY LE FRAINE.

This ancient and curious little poem, translated from the French of Marie, is preserved in the Auchinlech MSS. It was communicated by Mr. Walter Scott to Mr. Ellis, and is inserted amongst his Miscellaneous Romances. It is mutilated in two places, and wants the conclusion. These defects are supplied from the French prose.

The prologue begins by observing, that in ancient times, lays, intended to be accompanied by the harp, were composed on all sorts of subjects.

Some beth of war, and some of woa;
And some of joy and mirth also;
And some of treachery and of guile;
Of old aventures that fell while;
And some of bourdes and ribaudy;
And many there beth of fairy;
Of all thinges that men seth,
Most of love, forsooth, there beth.
In Bretayne, by old time,

The Bretons never failed converting into lays all the anecdotes they thought worth consigning to memory; and the following was thus composed, and called Lay le Fraine (frênc), or "The Aventure of the Ash."

These lays were made, so sayeth this rhyme, &c.

In the "West countrie" lived two knights, men of opulence, friends from their infancy, and married about the same time. One of the ladies having twins, her husband sent to announce the event to his friend.

The messenger goth, and hath nought forgete,
And findeth the knight at his mete;
And fair he gret, in the hall,
The lord, the levedi, the meyne all;
And sith then, on knees down him set,
And the lord full fair he gret.

- d He bade that thou should to him te,
- "And, for love, his gessibbe + be."
- "Is his levedi deliver'd with sounde?"?
- "Ya, sir, y-thonked be God, yestroude."
- a And whether a maiden child, other a knave?
- "Tway sones, sir, God hem save!"

The knight thereof was glad and blithe,

And thonked Godes sonde swithe, And granted his errand in all thing!

And gaf him a palfray for his tiding.

Then was the lady of the house

A proud dame, and malicious, Hoker-full, iche mis-segging,

Squeamous, and eke scorning:

To iche woman she had envie;

She spake these words of felonie:

- " Ich have wonder, thou messenger,
- " Who was thy lordes conseillor,
- " To teach him about to send,
- " And tell shame in iche an end ! T
- Perhaps a mistake in the MS. for ge, i. c. ge. † Gossip, godfather. ‡ Health, safety. § Yesterday.
 - | Full of frowardness, each mis-saying or reviling.

T Each an end, i. c. in every quarter.

- . "That his wife hath tway children y-bore!
 - "Well may iche man wite therfore
 - "That tway men hes han hodde in bower:
 - "That is hir bothe dishonour!"

The messenger was sorely abashed by these unexpected and unjust reflections; the husband reprimanded his wife very severely for the intemperance of her tongue; and all the women of the country, amongst whom the story rapidly circulated, united in prayer, that her calumny might receive some signal punishment. Accordingly, the lady shortly after brought into the storld two daughters. She was now reduced to the alternative of avowing herself guilty of a calumny against her innocent neighbour, or of imputing to herself, in common with the other, a crime of which she had not been guilty; unless " she could contrive to remove one of the twins. The project of destroying her own child, was, at first, rejected with horror; but after revolving the subject in ber mind, and canvassing with great logical acuteness the objections to this atrocious measure, she determined to adopt it, because she could ultimately cleanse herself from the sin, by doing private penance, and obtaining absolution.

Having thus removed her scruples, she called the midwife, and directed her to destroy one of the infants, and to declare that one only had been born. But she refused; and the unna-

tural mother was reduced to seek for a more submissive and supple agent. She had a maid-servant, educated in the family, to whom she imparted her difficulties; and this confidential counsellor at once proposed a contrivance for removing them:

"Give me the child," said she, " and be assured that, without destroying, I will so remove it, that it shall never give you any further trouble. There are many religious houses in the

- " neighbourhood, whose inhabitants cannot be better employed
- "than in nursing and educating orphan children. I will
- with the second second
- "take care your infant shall be discovered by some of these good people, under whose care, by the blessing of Provi-
- "dence, it will thrive and prosper; and in the mean time I
- will take such means that its health shall not suffer. Dis-
- " miss your sorrow, therefore, and trust in my discretion." The lady was overjoyed, and accepted the offer with assurances of eternal gratitude.

As it was her wish that those who should find the child might know it was born of noble parents,

She took a rich baudekine,*

That her lord brought from Constantine,+

And lopped the little maiden therein;

And took a ring of fine gold,

And on her arm it knit,

With a lace of silk in plit.

* A rich muntle, lined with fur. f Constantinople: \$ Plaited, twisted.

The maid took the child her mid,* And stole away in an even tide, And passed over a wild heath; Thorough field and thorough wood she get if All the winter-long night. The weather was clear, the moon was light, So that she com by a forest side; She wox all weary, and gan abide. Soon after she gan heark, Cockes crow, and dogs bark; She arose, and thither wold; Near and nearer, she gan behold, Walls and houses fell the seigh, A church, with steeple fair and high; Then was there nother street no town, But an house of religion; An order of nuns, well y-dight, To servy God both day and night, The maiden abode no lengore,: But yede her to the church door, And on her knees she sate her down, And said, weepand, her orisones. "O Lord," she said, "Jesus Christ, ...

" That sinful mannes bedes,

f Goeth.

t Longer. § Prayers.

· With.

- " Underfong this present,
- " And help this seli innocent!
- "That it mote y-christen'd be,

" For Marie love, thy mother free!"

She looked up, and by her seigh An asche, by her, fair and high,

Well y-boughed, of mickle price;

The body was hollow, as many one is.

Therin she laid the child for cold,

In the pel,+ as it was, byfold, to the And blessed it with all her might.

With that it gan to dowe light.

The fowles up, and sung on bough,

And acre-men yede to the plough,

The maiden turned again anon,

And took the way she had ere gen.

The porter of the abbey arose,

And did his office in the close;

Rung the bells and tapers light,

Laid forth books, and all ready dight.

The church door he undid,

And seigh anon, in the stede,§

The pel liggen in the tree,

And thought well that it might be,

· Receive. f Fur. # Folded. § Place. That thieves had y-robbed somewhere,
And gone there forth, and let it there.
Therto he yede, and it unwound,
And the maiden child therin he found.
He took it up between his honde,
And thanked Jesu Christes sonde,
And home to his house he it brought,
And took it to his daughter, and her besought
That she should keep it he she con,
For she was melche, and couthe thon?
She bade it suck, and it wold,
For it was nigh dead for cold.
Anon, fire she alight,

And warmed it well aplight;†

She gave it suck upon her barm,;

And siththen, laid it to sleep warm.

And when the mass was y-done,

The porter to the abbesse com full soon.

- " Madame, what rede ye of this thinge?
- " To-day, right in the morning,
- " Soon after the first stound,
- " A little maiden child ich found

She had milk, and was able to suckle it. † Certainly, I plight; I promise you. † Lap. 6 Horr,

" In the hollow ash thin out;

" And a pel her about;

" A ring of gold also was there;

" How it came thither I wot ne'er."

The abbesse was a-wondered of this thing.

"Go," she said, "on hying,"

And fetch it hither, I pray thee;

" It is welcome to God and me.

" Ich will it helpen as I can,

" And segge it to my kinswoman."

The porter anon it gan forth bring,

With the pel, and with the ring.

The abbesse let clepe a priest anon-

And let it christen in function.

And for it was in an ash y-found,

She cleped it Frain in that stound.

The name + of the ash is a frain,

After the language of Bretayn;

Forthy! Le Frain men clepeth this lay,

More than ash, in each country,

More than ass, in the country,

This Frain thriv'd from year to year;

The abbess niece men ween'd it were.

• In haste. † In the MS. it is " freyns," which may be a mistake of the transcriber.

The abbess her gan, teach, and beld." By that she was twelve winter eld, In all England there was none A fairer maiden than she-was one. And when she couthe ought of mankede,+ She bade the abbesse her misse I and rede, Which were her kin, one or other, Father or mother, sister or brother. The abbesse her in council took, To tellen her she nought forsook, How she was founden in all thing; And took her the cloth and the ring, And bade her keep it in that stede; And, therwhiles she lived, so she did. Then was there, in that cuntre, A rich knight of land and fee, Proud, and young, and jollif, And had not yet y-wedded wife. . . He was stout, of great renown, And was y-cleped Sir Guroun.

He heard praise that maiden free, And said, he would her see.

Protect, defend. † Manhood, here used for the relation of consanguinity. † Teach and advise her.

He dight him in the way anon, And jolliflich thither is gone, w. . . . And bode his man segge, verament, He should toward a tournament. The abbesse, and the nonnes all, Fair him grette in the guest-ball; 2019 And damsel Frain, so fair of mouth, Grette him fair, as she well couth. And swithe well he gan devise, Her semblant, and her gentrise, Her lovesome eyen, ther rode ? so bright, the way. And commenced to love her abon-right; And thought how he might take on, To have her for his lemon. He thought, ".Gificcome her to " More than ich have y-do,

" The abbesse will southy+ guile,

" And wide ; her away in a little while."

He compassed another suchesons; §

- " Madam," he said to the abbesse,
- " I-lovi || well, in all goodness,

" Ich will give one smad others and come of go " Londes and rentes, to become your brother, to "That ye shall ever fare the best and a second "When I come to have recet," From sid at said a At few worder they ben at one or hand in the He graithes him and forth is gone, in the party Oft he com, by day, and night, but side keeds to y To speak with that maiden bright; So that, with his fair beheat, 1.1... And with his glosing, at lest She granted him to don his will, When he will, loud and still. " Leman," he said, " thou must let be " The abbesse thy neice, " and go with me; " For ich am riche, of swiph powers; "Ye finde bet than thou heatthere." (1997) The maiden grant, and to him trist, And stole away, shat no man wist; With her took she no thing But her pel and her ring.

† Of the same religious fraternity. ‡ Better. § Lodging, abode: ¶ Agreed. ¶ Protein: 199 It should be the suns. 17 Away.

When the abbess gard supply not seen and the control of the same was with the knight supply and the same seen and the sa

She made mourning in her thought, And her bement, and gained nought So long she was in his castel, That all his meynic loved her well. To rich and poor she gan her dress, n = LThat all her loved more and lese And thus she led with him her life, Right as she had been his wedded wife. His knightes com, and to him speke, And holy church commandeth eke. Some lordis daughter for to take, the second And his leman all forsake. And said, him were well more fair In wedlock to get him an heir, Than lead his life with swiche one, Of whose kin he knew none, And said, "Here besides, is a knight. " That hath a daughter fair and bright, " Taketh her in marriage!" and the second Loth him was for that: deed to do, here is it Oc, at last, he granted therto. . The forward + was y-marked aright, And were at one, and truth plight.

• Boomaued. .

† Contract.

Allas! that he no had y-wit,

Ere the forward were y-suit!

That she, and his leman also,

Sistren were, and twinnes two!

Of o father begeten they were,

Of o mother boken y-fere:

That sit so were ne wist none,

Persooth, I say, but God alone,

The new bride was graithed with oil,

And brought home to the lord is host,

Her father come with her also,

The levedi her mother, and other mo.

The bishop of the lond, withouten fail,

Come to do the spousail.

The young rival of Le Frain was distinguished like her sister, by a sylvan appellation; her name was Le Codre (Corylus, the Hazel), and the knight's tenants had sagaciously drawn a most favourable prognostic of his future happiness, from the superiority of nuts to vile ash-keys; but neither he nor any of his household were disposed to augur favourably of a marriage which tended to deprive them of the amiable arphan. The feast was magnificent, but dull; and never

• •

[•] Together,

[†] They, Sax.

were apparent rejoicings more completely matred by a general feeling of constraint and formality; "De Prain alone, Concealing the grief which preyed on her heart, was all self and activity; and, by her unceasing; attentions; conciliased; the pity and esteem of the bride, and even of her mother, who had hitherto felt the utmost anxiety to procure her dismissal. At the conslusion of the banquet she employed herself in the decoration of the bridal chamber, and having observed that the covering of the bed was not sufficiently easily, spread over it the magnificent mantle slie had received from the abben, and had hitherto preserved with the utmost solicitude. She had scarcely left the room when the bride entered it accompanied by her mother, who easting her eyes on this splendid mantle, surveyed it with feelings of the most poignant remorse, and immediately recognized the testimony of her crime. questioned the chamberlains, who were unable to explain the appearance of an ornament they had never before beheld; she then interrogated Le Frain, and, at the end of a short examination, fell into a swoon, exclaiming, " Fair child, thou art my daughter?" Her husband was then summoned, and she confessed to him with tears, and every expression of penitenee, the sinful act she had committed; and the providential discovery of her daughter by means of the mantle and the ring, both of which were presents from himself. The knight embraced his child with the atmost fenderness, and prevailed on the hishop to dissolve the just relemnised marriage, and quite their domination in the original object of this affections. The either night translately after bestowed on a neighbouring plant, and the industries of Le Frain and Le Codre were formed into a Liny, which received the name from the former. It is well as the line,

Section of the distance of the second

No. IV.—BISCLAVERET.

This is the Breton name for an animal, which the Normans call Garwolf; into whose form men were often formerly metamorphosed; and during such times were the most ferocious and destructive inhabitants of the forest.

There lived formerly in Bretagné a baron, comely in his person, wise, courteous, adored by his neighbours, much beloved by his sovereign, and married to a noble and beautiful lady, for whom he felt the warmest affection, which she appeared to return. But she had observed, her husband was regularly absent during three days in the week; and, suspecting there must be something mysterious in this periodical disappearance, resolved, if possible, to extort the secret. She redoubled her expressions of tenderness, bitterly lamented her

frequent intervals of solitude, and, affecting to be persuaded that they were spent with a mistress, conjured him to colm her apprehensions by a disclosure of the truth. The good bason in this turn begged her to desist from an enquiry which would only lead to their permanent separation, and the extinction of all her fondness; but her tears and blandishments prevailed, and he confessed that, during half the week, he became a Bisclaveret. The lady, though she felt a secret horror at finding herself the wife of a wolf, pursued her enquiry:--Were his clothes also transformed at the same time? the baron answered, that he was naked: where, then, did he leave his dress? To this question he endeavoured to avoid giving an answer; declaring, should that be discovered, he should be condemned to wear his brute form through life; and observing that, if she loved him, she could have no wish to learn a secret, useless to her, and in its disclosure fatal to himself. But obstinacy is always an over-match for rational argument: she still insisted; and the good-natured husband ultimately told that, " by the " side of an old chapel, situated on the road to the thickest " part of the forest, was a bush, which overhung and concealed " an excavated stone, in which he constantly deposited his gar-"ments." The wife, now mistress of his fate, quickly sent for a gallant, whose love she had hitherto rejected; taught him the means of confirming the baron's metamorphosis; and,

when their friends had penounced all hope of his return, manried her new favourite, and conveyed to him a large inheritanced the fruit of their joint treachery. In about, a year the king west to hunt in the forest, and after a chase which; leated the whole, day, had nearly run down the unfertunate Bisclaveret, when the persecuted animal rushed from the thicket, and runa ning straight up to him, seized his stirrup with his fore-pawer began to lick his feet, and with the most pitcous whinings to implore his protection. The king was, at first dreadfully, frightened, but his fear gave way to pity and admiration. . He called his attendants to witness the miracle; ordered the dogs to be whipped off, solemnly took the brute under his royal protec-. tion; and returned to his palace, closely followed by his savage attendant. Bisclaveret became an universal favourite; he was fed with the greatest care, slept in the royal apartments, and though indefatigable in attentions to his master, returned the caresses of the courtiers, who admired and esteemed, without envying his superior intelligence and accomplishments. At length, the king having summoned a peer at court, his barons flocked from all quarters, and, among the rest the husband of the false lady. No one had thought of paying the least attention to Bisclaveret, whose gentleness was even more remarkable than his sagacity; but no sooner did the knight make his appearance than the animal attacked him with the greatest fury,

1

and was very prevented; even by the interposition of the king kimself, fred tearing him to pieces. The same scene wedured il second time, and occasioned infinite sui pine: 1964 long after this, the king went to front in the same forest. Hid the wicked will us lady of the malior, having beht before her armagnificent present, set forth to pay her court to her bovereign. Bischweret saw her approach, flew upon her, and insthuitly tore her note from her face. This act of discourtesy to a lady excited universal indignation : even the king took part against his favourite, who would have been punished with instant death, but for the interference of an aged counselfor. "This lady, Sir," said he to the king, " is wife of that knight whom you so tenderly loved, and whose unaccountable . disappearance you have so long regretted. 'The baron' whom Bischweret first assaulted is her present husband. He becomes ferocious only on the appearance of these two; there is some inystery in this, which the lady, if imprisoned and interrogated would probably discover. Britany is the country of wonders-

> Mainte marveille avum veu Qui en Bretaigne est avenu.

In compliance with this advice the lady was put in close confinement, the whole secret extorted, and the clothes of Bisclaveret duly restored. But when they were brought before him the animal appleased to survey them with listlessnest and inattention; and the king had again recourse to his suplent counsellor, by whose advice they were transferred: to the flyal bed-chamber, where Bisclaveret was left, without witnesses, to effect, if possible, his metamorphosis of Incdue time the Ming, attended with two off his barous, repaired to the chamber find found the knight in his natural form, asleep our theresty al foed. His master simmediately embraced him with the dunest diffection, restored all his estates; added more, and banished the wicked wife, together with her paramour, from the country. It is remarkable that afterwards she had several schildsin; all of whom were females, and distinguished by: the disagreeable singularity of being born without noses. Be assured that this adventure is strictly true; and that the Lay of Bisclaveset was composed for the purpose of making it known to the latest posterity.

No. V .- The Lay of SIR LANVAL.

Ir was the time of Pentecost the bless'd,
When royal Arthur held the accustom'd feast,
When Carduel's walls contained the vast resort
That press'd from every land to grace his plenar court.

There did the soverign's copious hand dispense and the in-Targe boons to all with free magnificence, we can be multiple To all but one; from Bretany he came, and A goodly knight; Sir Lanval was his name. ... Long had the king, by partial temper sway'd, His loyal seal with cold neglect repaid; Yet from a throne Sir Lanval drew his birth, Nor could all England boast more comeliness and worth. Whate'er the cause, no gift the monarch gave, The knight with honest pride forhore to crave, Till at the last, his substance all forespent, From his lord's court the hopeless liegeman went. No leave he took, he told no mortal wight, Scarce had he thought to guide his steps aright, But all at random, reckless of his way, He wander'd on the better half of day. Ere evening fell he reached a pleasant mead, And there he loos'd his beast, at will to rest or feed; Then by a brook-side down his limbs he cast And, pondering on the waters as they pass'd, The while his cloak his bended arm sustain'd, Sadly he sat, and much in thought complain'd. So mus'd he long, till by the frequent tread

Of quickening feet constrain'd, he turn'd his head;

Close by his side there stood a female pair, Both richly clad, and both enchanting fair; With courteous guise the wondering knight they greet. With winning speech, with invitation sweet From their kind mistress, where at case she lay, And in her tent beguil'd the lingering day. Awhile Sir Lanval reft of sense appear'd; Then up at once his mailed limbs he rear'd, And with his guides impatient to proceed, Though a true knight, for once forgot his steed. And now with costliest silk superbly dight, A gay pavilion greets the warrior's sight; Its taper spire a towering eagle crown'd, In substance gold, of workmanship renown'd. Within, recumbent on a couch, was laid A form more perfect than e'er man survey'd: The new-blown rose, the lily's virgin prime, In the fresh hour of fragrant summer-time, Though of all flowers the fairest of the fair, With this sweet paragon might ill compare; And o'er her shoulders flow'd with graceful pride, Though for the heat some little cast aside, A crimson pall of Alexandria's dye, With snowy ermine lin'd, belitting soyalty;

Yet was her skin, where chance bewray'd the sight, Far purer than the snowy emine's white. Lanval hu cried, as in amazed mood, Of speech and motion void, the warrior steod, Lanval! she cried, this you I seek for here; and i 'Your worth has won me : knight, I love thee dear f. 'And of my love such proof will soon impart, " : I'r. A. ' Shall wing with envy thy proud sovereign's heart: 'Then slighted merit shall be fully known, ' And kings repine at wealth beyond their own,' Words such as these arous'd the astonish'd knight, He felt love's kindling flame inspire his spright, And, 'O pure paragon,' he straight replied, 'Thy love is all! I hold no wish beside! ' If bliss so rare thy favouring lips decree, ' No deed shall foil thy champion's chivalry; ' No toil shall wear, no danger shall dismay, 'Let my queen will, and Lanval must obey: 'So may I thrive as, from this moment bless'd, One hope I cherish, one sole boon request, 'Thy winning form, thy fostering smiles to see, and A. And never, never more to part from thee 200 in 100 in So speaking ceastd awhile the barapiturd knight, A

Each on her arm respidned vestments brought,

Fresh from the loom, magnificently wrought:

Enrob'd in them, with added grace he may'd,

As one by nature form'd to be belov'd;

And, by the fairs to the banquet led,

And placed beside her on one genial bed,

Whiles the twain handmaids every want supplied,

Cates were his fare to mostal man denied and

Yet was there one, the foremost of the feast,

One food there was far sweeter than the rest,

One food there was did feed the warriors flame,

For from his lady's lovely lips it came.

What feeble wit of man might here suffice;
To point with colours dim Sir Lanval's extactes!
There last in bliss he lies, there fain would stay,
There dream the remnant of his life away:
But o'er their loves his dew still evening shed,
Night gather'd on amain, and thus the fairy said;

- 4 Rise, knight! I may not longer keep thee here;
- Back to the court return and nothing fear,
- There, in all princely cost, profusely free, ...
- " Maintain the honour of thyself and me;
- 'There feed thy lagish fancies uncontroul'd,
- And trust the exhaustless power of fairy gold.

- But should reflection thy soft bosom move.
- 'And wake sad wishes for thy absent love;
- (And sure such wishes thou canst never frame, 10 11
- ' From any place where presence would be shame).
- Whene'er thou call thy joyful eyes shall see ... h. ..
- 'This form, invisible to all but thee.
- One thing I warn thee; let the blessing rest
- 'An unrevealed treasure in thy breast;
- 'If here thou fail, that hour my favours end,
- 'Nor wilt thou ever more behold thy friend:'-

Here, with a parting kiss, broke off the fay,
'Farewell!' she cried, and sudden pass'd away.

The knight look'd up, and just without the tent "

Beheld his faithful steed, and forth he went;

Light on his back he leap'd with graceful mein,

And to the towers of Carduel turn'd the rein;

Yet ever and anon he looked behind

With strange amas'd uncertainty of mind,

As one who hop'd some further proofs to spy

If all were airy dream or just reality.

And now great Arthur's court beheld the knight:

In sumptuous guise magnificently dight;

Large were his presents, cost was nothing spar'd,

And every former friend his bounty shar'd.

Now ransom'd thralls, now worthy knights supplied With equipage their scanty means denied; Now minstrels clad their patron's deeds proclaim, And add just honour to Sir Lanval's name. Nor did his kindness yield a sparing meed To the poor pilgrim, in his lowly weed; Nor less to those who erst, in fight renown'd, Had borne the bloody cross, and warr'd on paynim ground: Yet, as his best belov'd so lately told, His unexhausted purse o'erflow'd with gold. But what far dearer solace did impart, And thrill'd with thankfulness his loyal heart, Was the choice privilege, that, night or day, Whene'er his whisper'd prayer invok'd the fay, That loveliest form, surpassing mortal charms, Bless'd his fond eyes, and fill'd his circling arms. Now shall ye hear how these delights so pure

Twas on the solemn feast of sainted John,
When knights past tale did in the castle won,
That, supper done, 'twas will'd they all should fare
Forth to the orchard green, awhile to ramble there.
The queen, who long had mark'd, with much delight,
The gallant graces of the Broton knight,

Chang'd all to trouble and discomfiture.

Soon, from the window of her lofty tower,

Mid the gay band espied him in a bower, And turning to her dames with blythe intent, ' Hence, all! she cried; 'we join the merriment!' All took the word, to the gay band they hied, The queen, besure, was close to Lanval's side, Sprightly she seem'd, and sportfully did toy, And caught his hand to dance, and led the general joy. Lanval alone was dull where all was gay, His thoughts were fixed on his lovely fay: Soon as he deftly might, he fled the throng; And her dear name nigh trembled on his tongue, When the fond queen, who well had trac'd his flight, Stepp'd forth, and cross'd his disappointed sight. Much had she sought to meet the knight alone; Now in these words she made her passion known: 'Lanval!' she said, 'thy worth, long season past, ' In my deserv'd esteem bath fix'd thee fast: "Tis thine this prosperous presage to improve:-

Say, gentle knight, caust thou return my love?

The knight, ye wot, love's paragon ador'd,

And, had his heart been free, rever'd his word:

True to his king, the fealty of his soul

Abhorr'd all commerce with a thought so four.

In fine, the sequel of my tale to tell,

From the shant queen such bitter slander fell,

That, with an honest indignation strong,

The fatal secret 'scap'd Sir Lanval's tongue:

- 'Yes!' he declar'd, 'he felt love's fullest power!
- 'Yes!' he declar'd, he had a paramour!
- But one, so perfect in all female grace,
- 'Those charms might searcely win her handmaids place;
- 'Those charms, were now one monist damed mear,
- 'Would lose this little light, and disappear.'

 Strong degradation sure the words implied;

 The queen stood nate, she could not speak for pride;

 But quick she turn'd, and to her chambes sped,

 There prostrate lay, and wept upon her bed.;

 There vow'd the coming of her losd to wait,

 Nor mov'd till premis'd vengeance sent'd her hate.

The king, that day devoted to the chaca,
Ne'er till the close of evening sought the place;
Then at his feet the fair deceiver fell,
And gloss'd her artful tale of mischief well;
Teld how a saucy knight his queen abus'd,
With prayer of profibr'd love, with acorn refus'd;
Thereat how sudely sail'd the ruffien shant,
With slanderous speech and foul dispangement,

And boastfully declar'd such charms array'd

The veriest menial where his vows were paid,

That, might one handmaid of that dame be seen,

All eyes would shun with scorn imperial Arthur's queen.

The weeping tale of her, his heart ador'd,

Wak'd the quick wrath of her deluded lord;

Sternly he menac'd some disastrous end

By fire or cord, should soon that wretch attend,

And straight dispatched three barons bold to bring

The culprit to the presence of his king.

Lanval! the while, the queen no longer near,
Home to his chamber hied with heavy cheer:
Much did he dread his luckless boast might prove
The eternal forfeit of his lady's love;
And, all impatient his dark doom to try,
And end the pangs of dire uncertainty,
His humble prayer he tremblingly preferr'd,
Wo worth the while! his prayer no more was heard.
O! how he wail'd! how curs'd the unhappy day!
Deaf still remained the unrelenting fay.
Him, thus dismay'd, the approaching barons found;
Outstretch'd he lay, and weeping, on the ground;
To reckless ears their summons they declar'd,
Lost was his fay, for nought behide he car'd here.

So forth they led him, void of will or word, nor a con-Dead was his heart within, his wrotched life abhorr'd. They reach the presence; there he hears surprized. The mortal charge of felony devised : (1) of the large of the state of the mortal charge of the state of the Stern did the monarch look, and sharp upbraid. For foul seducement of his queen assay'd: The knight, whose loyal heart disdain'd the offence, With generous warmth affirm'd his innocence; He ne'er devis'd seduction ;—for the rest, and a main His speech discourteous, frankly he confessed; Influenc'd with ire his lips forwent their guard; He stood prepared to bide the court's award. Straight from his pears were chosen judges nam'd: Then fix the trial, with due forms proclaim'd; By them 'tis order'd that the accus'd assign Three men for pledge, or in a prison pine.

Lanval! 'tis told, had pass'd from foreign strand,
And kinsmen none there dwelt on English land;
And well he knew that in the hour of proof
Friends for the most part fail, and stand aloof:
Sue them he would not, but with manly pride
In silence turn'd, and toward his prison hied.
With generous grief the deed Sir Gawaine view'd;
Dear to the king was he, and nephew of his blood,

But liberal worth past nature's title prevall'di And sympathy stood forth, if friendship faile, Nor less good will full many a knight inspirit; With general voice the prisoner all required, All pledy's their fiels he should not fail the day, ... And homeward bore him from the court away. His friends, for sure they well that this claim, First thought the ficence of his taugue so clame; ! But, when they mark'd how deeply he was mov'd. They soothed and cherisid rather than reprove. Each day, as mute he sat in desperate grief, They spoke kind words of comfort and relief Each day, however they sought, however they stied," Scarce might they win his lips to taste of food: Come, welcome death? forever was his evy? Lo, here a wretch who whiles but to die! So still he wail'd, till woe such mastery wan They trembled for his nobler powers of man; They fear'd lest feation's rottering rule should and And to a mophing ideot sink their fifend. At length came on the day, long since detired,

At length cuttie on the day, long since decreed,

When the said hnight should suffer or be freed.

From every part the assembling barons meet:

Each judge, as fore-ordainful, assumes his sent;

The king, too strongly away d by female pride, O'er the grave council will himself preside. And, while the presence of his queen inspires, Goods valthe judgment as her wrath regpines. 10011 There might be seen that henourable band, Late for the prisoner pleded in fief and land; Slow they advance, then stand before the board, Whiles all beheld the entrusted thrall pestorid. With many a question next the accused was provid; Then, while the votes wern given, awhile removid. But those hrave warriors, when they weigh'd the plight And the fair promise of this hapless knight, His youth, for yet he zeach'd not manhood's prime; His gallant mien, his life without a crime, His helpless state by kindred unsustain'd, ... In a strange court and in a foreign land, All cried aloud, were Langal doom'd to die, It were a doom of shame and cruelty.

At first 'twas mov'd, that straight conducted theace,
Some meet confinement should chastise the offence;
When one grave peer, in honest hope to wave
The dire debasement of a youth so brave,
Produc'd this purpose, with such reasoning grac'd,
Twas with the general plaudit soon embrac'd:

Their queen by base comparison was shall all and the the prisoner, with strainge fury hadwa, but A that he, the prisoner, with strainge fury hadwa, but A that praised too proudly the flar shall should be seen? There in full court, and placed beside the queen of the origin they judge of pissions mad pretance, note or truth full wrought the tingrateful preference. The So spoke the judge; Sir Lanval hears the doors, was And weeks his hour of destiny is come; was a great day, and the last licence pitying laws devise, and A And the last licence pitying laws devise,

When, lo? strange shouts of joy and clamourous cheers, Rose from without, and stay'd the astonish'd peers. If At hand two damsels entering in were seen;

Lovely alike their look, and noble was their mien;

On a grey dappled steed each lady rode,

That pac'd for pride, as conscious of his load;

Lo here! 'twas murmured round with new delight,

Lo here, the mistress of the Breton knight!

The twain meanwhile pass'd onward undelay'd, ''''

And to the king their graceful greetings paid,

Serves but to close the count of miseries! Idahi - 2111 -

Then told their lady's country, and desired 1/2/w 10/W.
Such harbourage as highest rank requires.

E'en as they spoke, twith others; loveller fair,
Of stature loftler, of most reyal air,
Came providly on r of gold their purfied vest,
Well shap'd; each symmetry of limb confess'd:
On goodly mules from farthest Spain they brought,
This pair the pressure of the savereign sought.

The impatient king, ere well their lips had power, I To claim fit harbourage of board and bower, I Led on their way, and, court sies scantly done, Back to the peers he sped, and press'd the judgment on; For much, messeums, his vengeful heart misgave.

Just were his boding fears: new shouts ascend
Of food acclaim; and wide the welkin rend.
A female form the wondering peers behold,
Too bright for mixture of earth mortal mould:
The gridelin pell that down her shoulders flow'd
Half veil'd her snow-white courser as she rode;
On her fair hand a sparrow-hawk was plac'd,
Her steed's sure steps a following grey-hound trac'd
And, as she pass'd, still pressing to the right
Female and male, and citisen and knight,

What wight socier in Cardnell's walls was found Swell'd the full quire, and spread the joy around;

Lanval, the while, apart from all the real and it Sat sadly waiting for his doors unbless shoot processe 1G (Not that he fear'd to die; shouth rather smed a mee) For life was nought, despoiled of all its good 212 11.11 To his dull care his bestoning friends preclaim (1) The fancied form and presence of his domes that sid'l' Feehly he rais'd his head,; and, at the sight, at the In a strange, expanse of wild delight with a minimal T "Tie she ! 'tis she!' was all his faultering cay, ... I see her once again now satisfied Lidie!" ... Thus while he spake, the peers with seemly state.

Led by their king, the illustrious stranger wait; Proud Carduel's palace hail'd its princely guest. And thus the dame the usesphied court address.

- List, king, and barons !-- Arthus, I have lored and
- A knight most loyal in thy service provid;
- ' Him, by thy foul neglect, reduc'd to need,
- These hands did recompense; they did thy deed.
- 'He disobey'd me; I forbore to save;
- "I left him at the portal of the grave:
- ' Firm loyalty hath well that breach repair'd---
- ' He loves me still, nor shall he lack reward.

- Barons! your court its judgment did decree,
- Quittance or death, your queen compar d'with me :
- Behold the mistress of the knight is come,
- Now judge between us, and pronounce the doom.' / .!
 All cry aloud, the words of love were right,

. And one united voice acquits the knight.

. Back from the palace turns the parting fay,

... And with her bentiteous damsels speeds away :

dier, as she pass'd the chraptur'd Lauval view'd;

Migh on the portal's marble steps he stood ; when

On his tall steed he sprang with vigorous: Sound;

. //Theneeforth their footsteps never wight hath founds

But 'tis the Breton tale, they both are gone

To the fair isle of fertile Avalon;

There, in the lap of love for ever laid,

By sorrew unassail'd, in blise etabay'd,

They make their woat for me, where'er they dwell,

No farther tale bosalls me here to tell.

Thomas Chestre translated this tale in the reign of Henry 6, but the extracts published by Mr. Warton, differ in some particulars from the tale here given.

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In Neustria, now called Normandy is a single mountain of unusual height and verdure; called the mountain # of the two lovers," in consequence of an adventure to which it gave rise, and of which the Bretons have formed a lay. Close to it are the remains of a city, now reduced to a few house, but formerly opulent, founded by the king of the Pistreins, whence it was called Depistreins, and the reighbouring valley Wal de Pistre. This king bad one only daughter, whom he loved so much that he could not bear to be toparated from her. iWith a view to check the pursuits of the lovers, whom het beauty and accomplishments attracted, he published a decree, that her hand should never be granted but to a suitor who should be able to carry her, without resting, from the bottom to the top of the adjoining mountain. Many attempted the enterprise, for presumption is common; none achieved it, because its execution was barely possible. The suitors disappeared, one by one, and the beautiful princess seemed doomed to etermal celibacy. There was one youth, the son of a neighbouring baron, who was a favourite with the king and the whole court, and whose assiduities, which were dictated by an unconquerable and sincere passion, ultimately gained the lady's

wartness affections. It was long a secretiso all the mored: but this discretion became, at length, almost intolerable, and the youth, hopeless of fulfilling the condition which alone could obtain her hand, earnestly conjured her to fly from her father's agurt. To this she would not consent, but suggested a mode of accomplishing their wishes more compatible with her filial piety: "I have," said she, " a rich aunt, who resides, and has studied during thirty years, at Salerno. In that celebrated school the has so completely acquired the art of medicine; has learned so many salves and drugs; has so studied kerie and roots, that she will be enabled to compose for you electuaries and drinks, capable of communicating the degree of vigour necessary to the accomplishment of the trial prescribed by my father. To her you shall bear a letter from me, and at your return shall demand me from the king, on the terms to which he has himself assented." The lover thanked her; went home, provided the necessary assortment of rich clothes, and other merchandiae, of paliceys, beasts of burthen and attendants, and set off for Salerno. His mission was successful: the good aunt's electuaries rendered him much, more, athletic than before; and he brought back, in a small vial, an clixit capable of instantly restoring strength at the moment, of complete exhaustion. ... He therefore was full for confidence, and elaimed the trial. The king having summaned, all his prin-

cipal vanish to behold the coremony, conducted his danshier into the great plain on the banks of the Scine, and found the youth already stationed at the foot of the mountain. The lovely princess had scarcely tasted food since the departure of her lover; she would gladly have wasted herself to the lightness of air for the purpose of diminishing his labour. She were only a single robe which closely enveloped her. Her lover catching her up with one hand, and bearing the precious visit in the other, appeared perfectly preconscious of the burthen, and bere her, with the rapidity of lightning, more than half way up the mountaine but here she perceived his breath began to fail, and conjusted him to harp recourse to his medieine. He replied, that he was still full of vigour; was too Much within sight of the multitude below, that their case on seeing him stop, even for an instant, would annoy and dishearten him; and that, while able to proceed alone, he would not appeal to preternatural assistance. At two-thirds of the height she felt him totter under the weight, and again repeated ther carnest entreaties. But he no longer heard or listened: anext ing his whole remains of strength, he staggered with her to the top, still bearing the untasted vial in his hand, and dropped dead on the ground. His mistress, thinking he had only fainted, knelt down by his side, applied the clitic to his line. but found that life had jest him, She then dashed the wist

can the ground, uttered a dreadful shrick, these best of the body, and instantly expired. The king and his attendants, much surprised at not seeing them return, ascended the mountain, and found the youth fast locked in the arms of the princess. By command of her father they were buried on the spot in a matrile coffin, and the mountain still retains the name of "The Two Lovers." Around their tomb the ground exhibits an unceasing verdure; and hither the whole country resort for the most valuable herbs employed in medicine, which owe their origin to the contents of the marvellous vial.

No. VII.-YWONEC

There lived once in Britain a rich old knight, lord of Caerwest, a city situated on the river Duglas. He had married, when far advanced in years, a young wife of high birth, and transcendant beauty, in hopes of having an heir; but when, at the end of seven years, this hope was frustrated, he locked

[&]quot;The subject of this romance appears to have been taken from the ecclesiastical history of Normandy. There is still remaining, near Romen, the priory of the Levers, which tradition reports to have been founded by the father on the very same spot where they perished, and over the tomb which contained them. M. de la Merc's Dimertation.

her up in his strong castle, under the care of his sister, an aged widow lady, of great devotion and asperity of temper. His. own amusements were confined to the chace; those of his sister to thumbing the Psalter, and chanting its contents: the young lady had no solace but tears. One morning in April, when the birds began to sing the songs of love, the old gentleman had risen early, and awakened his sister, who carefully shut the doors after him, while he sallied forth for the woods, and his young wife began her usual lamentations. She execrated the hour when she was born, and the fatal avarice of her parents, for having united her to an old, jealous tyrant, afraid of his own shadow, who debarred her even from going to church. She had heard the country round her prison was once famed for adventures; that young and gallant knights used to meet, without censure or impediment, beautiful and affectionate mistresses; but her lot was endless misery (for her tyrant was certainly immortal), unless the supreme Disposer of events should, by some miracle, suspend the listlemness of her existence. She had scarcely finished this ejaculation, when the shadow of a bird, which nearly intercepted all the light proceeding from the narrow window of her room. arrested her attention, and a falcon of the largest size flew into the chambet, and perched at the foot of her bed. While she gazed, it gradually assumed the figure of a young and hand-

some knight. She started, changed colour, and drew a veil over her face, but still gased and listened, with some fear, much astonishment, but more pleasure. The knight soon broke silence. He begged her not to be alarmed; confessed his mode of visiting was new, and rather mysterious; but that a falcon was a gentle and noble bird, whose figure ought not to create suspicion. He was a neighbouring prince, who had long loyed her, and wished to dedicate the remainder of his days to her service. The lady, gradually removing her veil, insenuously told him, he was much handsomer, and apparently more amiable, than any man she had ever seen; and she should be happy to accept him as a lover, if such a connection could be legitimate, and if he was orthodex. The prince entered at large into the articles of his creed; and concluded by advising that she should feign herself sick, send for his chaplain, and direct him to bring the host; " when," said he, "I will assume your appearance, and receive the Sacrament in your stead." The lady was satisfied with this pro-. pesal; and, when the old woman came in, and summoned her to rise, she professed to be at the point of death, and entreated the immediate assistance of the chaplain. Such a request, in the absence of her lord, could not be regularly granted; but a few screams, and a fainting fit, removed the old lady's doubts, and she hobbled off in search of the chaplain, who immediately

brought the host; and Muldumaric (the falcon-prince) assuming the appearance of his mistress, went through the sacred ceremony with becoming devotion, which they both considered as a marriage contract. The lady's supposed illness enabled the prince to protract his visit; but at length the moment of sepsration came, and she expressed her wish for the frequent repetition of their interviews .- " Nothing is so easy," said Muldumaric; " whenever you express an ardent wish to see me, I " will instantly come. But beware of that old woman: 'the will probably discover our secret, and betray it to her bro-" ther; and I announce to you," the moment of discovery will " be that of my death." With these words he flew off. His mistress, with all her caution, was unable to concess entirely the complete change in her sensations. Her solitude, formerly so irksome, became the source of her greatest delight; her person, so long neglected, again was an object of solicitude; and her artful and jealous husband, on his return from the chase, often discovered in her features the traces of a setisfaction his conscience told him he was not the author of. His vague suspicions were, after a time, communicated to his sister; but being, as she thought, the young lady's sole coinpanion, and not able to reproach herself with any enlivening qualities, she could not account for this contented demeander. At length she was commanded to conceal herself in his wife's

apartments during his absence, to watch indefatigably, and report whatever she could discover. The result was a full confirmation of all his suspicions. He now exerted himself in devising means of vengeance: he secretly prepared and placed before the fatal window a trap, composed of sharpened steel arrows, and, rising long before day, set off on his usual occupation. The old lady, carefully shutting the doors after him, returned to her bed till day break; and his wife, awakened at this unusual hour, could not refrain from uttering an ardent wish for the company of her dear Muldumaric. He was instantly at her side; but had received his death wound, and she found herself sprinkled with his blood. Overpowered by fear and surprize, she could scarcely hear him say he died for her, and that his prophecy was accomplished. She fainted in his arms; but he conjuted her to preserve her life, and announcing she would have a son, whom she must call Ywonec, and who was destined to be the avenger of both his parents. He then hastily departed through an open and unguarded window. His mistress, uttering a piteous scream, threw herself out of the same window, and pursued his flight by the trace of his blood, which the first beams of morning enabled her to distinguish. At length she arrived at a thick wood, where she was soon sursounded with darkness; but pursued the beaten track, and smarged into a meadow, where, recovering the trace of blood;

she pursued it to a large city of unexampled magnificence, which she entered, and proceeded to the palace. No one was visible in the streets. In the first apartment she found aknight asleep. She knew him not, and passed on to the next, where she found a second equally unknown to her. She-entered the third room; and on a bed, which almost dazzled her by the splendour of its ornaments, and which was surrounded by aumerous torches blazing in golden candlesticks, she recognized her dear Muldumaric, and sunk almost lifeless with fatigue and terror by his side. Though very near his last moments, he was still able to comfort and instruct her. He adjured her to return instantly, while she could escape the notice of his subjects, to whom, as their story was known, she would be particularly obnoxious. He gave her a ring, in virtue of which he assured her she would in future escape the persecution, and even the jealousy of her husband. He then put into her hands his sword, with directions that it should never be touched by man till his son was dubbed a knight; when it must be delivered to him with due solemnity, near the tomb of his father, at the moment he should learn the secret of his birth, and the miseries produced by it. She would then see the first use to which her boy would put, it. The prince had nearly spent his last breath in the service of his beloved mistress; he could only instruct her by signs to put on a magnificent robe which lay near him, and hasten her departure. She staggered through the town, arrived in the solitary fields, heard the distant knell announce her lover's, death, and sunk exhausted, to the ground. At length the air. revived her; she slowly renewed her journey, and returned to her castle, which, by virtue of her ring, she entered undisturbed. Till the birth of her son, and from that time to the conclusion of his education, she lived in silent anguish, and in patient expectation of the day of vengeance. The young Ywonec, by his beauty and address, recalled to her mind the loved image of his father; and at length she beheld him, with a throbbing heart, invested, amidst the applause of all the spectators, with the dignity of knighthood. The hour of retribution was now fast approaching. At the feast of St. Aaron, in the same year, the baron was summoned with his family to Caerleon, where the festival was held with great solemnity, In the course of their journey they stopped for the night in a spacious abboy, where they were received with the greatest hospitality. The good abbot, for the purpose of detaining his guests another day, exhibited to them the whole of the apartments, the dormitory, the refectory, and the chapter-house, in which they beheld a vast sepulchral monument, covered with a superb pall, fringed with gold, and surrounded by twenty waxen tapers in golden candlesticks, while a vast silver censer,

constantly burning, filled the air with fumes of incense. guests naturally inquired concerning the name and quality of the person who reposed in that splendid tomb; and were told it was the late king of that country; the best, the handsomest, the wisest, the most courteous and liberal of mankind; that he was treacherously skin at Caerwent, for his love to the lady of that castle; that since his death his subjects had respected his dying injunctions, and reserved the crown for w son, whose arrival they still expected with much anxiety. On hearing this story the lady cried aloud to Ywonec, " Fair send thou hast heard how Providence hath conducted us hither. Here lies thy father whom this old man slew with felony. I now put into thy hands the sword of thy sire; I have kept it long enough." She then proceeded to tell him the sad adventure of his birth, and, having with much difficulty concluded the recital, fell dead on the tomb of her husband. Ywonec, almost frantic with grief and horror, instantly sacrificed his hoary stepfather to the manes of his parents, and having caused his mother to be interred with suitable honours, accepted from his subjects the crown they had reserved for the representative of a long line of royal ancestors.

No. 8.—LAUSTIC.

The author tells us, this lay is called, in the Breton tongue, Laustic, and in " right English," the Nihtegale (Nightingale). It is very well written, and contains many picturesque descriptions; in the district of St. Malos is the town of Ben, which derives its name from the goodness of two knights who formerly dwelt in it. One was married; the other was in love with his neighbour's wife, who returned his affection. The houses were so near, being only separated by a wall, that they could easily, from the windows of their respective bed chambers, interchange glances, talk without being overheard, and toes to each other little presents and symbols of attachment. For the purpose of enjoying this amusement, the lady, during the warm nights of spring and summer, used to rise, and throwing a mantle over her, repair to the window, and stay there till near the dawn of day. Her husband, much annoyed by shis practice, roughly asked what was the object which so copstantly allured her from her bed, and was told that it was the sweet voice of the Nightingale. Having heard this he set all his servants to work, spread on every twig of his hazels and ches-

Laustic is still a Nightingale in the Breton language, and l'eaustic is the French manner of speaking.

nut trees a quantity of bird-lime, and set throughout the orchard so many traps and springs, that the nightingale was shortly caught. Immediately running to his wife, and twisting the bird's neck, he tossed it into her bosom so hastily that she was sprinkled with the blood; adding that her enemy was new dead, and she might in future sleep in quiet. The lady, who, it seems, was not fertile in expedients, submitted to the loss of her nightly conversations, and was contented with exculpating herself towards her lover by sending him the dead bird inclosed in a bag of white satin, on which she embroidered the history of its fate; and her gallant paramour caused his mistress's present to be inclosed in a golden box, richly studded with gems, which he constantly carried about his person.

No. IX.-MILUN.+

MILUN was a knight of South Wales. His strength and prowess were such, that he never met an adversary who was able to unhorse him. His reputation spread far beyond the

This lay has been translated into English metre, under the title of "the Nythingele." Bibl. Cotton. Calig. A. 11.

[†] Perhaps Milwr, a warrior.

horders of his own country, and he was known and admired in Ireland, Norway, Gothland, Loegria (England), and Albany (Scotland). At no great distance from his castle dwelt an opulent baron, who had an only daughter, courteous and beautiful... Hearing his praises from all quarters, she became entimoured, and sent a messenger to say, her heart was at his service if the thought it worth acceptance. Milun, whose affections were not pre-engaged, returned an answer expressive of: gratistide, sent his gold ring as a symbol of inviolable constancy; and, having fixed her messenger in his interests bymagnificent presents, arranged with him a secure place of meeting. Their intercourse was managed so discreetly as to excite no suspicion ; till the young lady, sending for her lover, represented to him that longer concealment was impossible. By an ancient law she was subject, on discovery, at her father's option, to be punished with instant death or sold as a slave; and she saw no means of escaping this frightful alternative. Milun listened in silent horror, but could suggest no expedient, when her old nurse undertook to conceal the rest, if the child could be properly disposed of; and for this the young lady found a ready contrivance. She had a sister richly married. in Northumberland, to whom Milun might cause the child to be conveyed, with a letter explaining all, and his gold ring; by means of which it might, in due time, discover and make

inch known to its parents. It proved to be a boy; the sing was hung about its neck, with a purpe containing the letters he was placed in a soft cradle, swathed in the finest linen, with an embroidered pillow under his head, and a rich coverlidedged with sable to protect him from the cold. Milunyin. delivering him to the attendants, ordered that during the journey he should stop seven times in the day, for the purpose of being washed, fed, and put to sleep. The nurse, and all the servants who attended, had been selected with great care. and performed their charge with fidelity; and the Northumbrian lady assured her sister, by a letter which they broughs back, that she accepted the charge with pleasure. This being nettled, Milun left his castle for a short time on some military business, and during his absence the young lady's father resolved to bestow her in marriage on a neighbouring buron. She was now almost reduced to despair, her lover, to whom she was more than ever attached, was absent; to avow to her new husband what had happened was impossible, and to comceal it extremely difficult. But she was compelled to submit. The marriage took place; and Milun, on his return, was scarcely less distressed than his mistress, till he recollected she was still in the neighbourhood, and he might perhaps be able to devise some means of procuring an interview. He had a favourite swan, long accustomed to feed out of his hand. Having written and sealed a letter, he tied it round its neck. and finding it effectually concealed by the feathers, called a favourite servant, and directed him to repair to the lady's habitation, devise some contrivance for gaining admission, and deliver the same into her own hands. The man executed his commission with great ingenuity. He represented himself to the porter of the castle as a poacher; stated that he had just caught a fine swan close to Caerleon; and much wished to conciliate the future intercession of the lady by presenting it to her. The porter, after some hesitation, went to explore the anti-chamber; and, finding in it only two knights, intent on a game of chess, returned immediately, and conducted the mail to his lady's spartment, which, on his knocking, was opened to them. Having graciously accepted the present, she was going to recommend the swan to the care of one of her valets: but the messenger observing " it was a royal bird, who would only accept food from her own hand," and desiring her to caress it, she soon perceived the letter, and changed colour. but recovering herself, dismissed the messenger with a present. turned out her own attendants, excepting one maid, and proceeded to examine the mystery. It contained the warmest protestations of her lover's unalterable attachment, expressed a hope that she might be able to point out a secure place of meeting; and shewed her an easy method of continuing the

correspondence. "The swan, already tame, might, by good feeding, be easily attached to her; after which, if debarred: from meat during three days, he would, when set at liberty, fly: back to his old master." After kissing the welcome letter till. she had nearly obliterated its contents, she proceeded to put in practice his injunctions; and having by stealth procured. some parchment and ink, made an equally tender reply, which, being tied round the swan's neck, was rapidly and faithfully conveyed to Milun. During twenty years they kept. up, by this means, a regular correspondence, and their frequent interviews were managed with a secrety which secured them against detection. In the mean time their son, after. receiving an excellent education, had been dubbed a knight, and learned from his aunt the name of his father, and the mystery of his birth. Inflamed with a noble ambition, he resolved instantly to set off for foreign countries and to surpass his sire in military glory. The next day he communicated the project to his aunt, who gave him a number of instructions for his future conduct; which, lest he should forget, she repeated more than once, and accompanied her admonitions with such liberal presents as would enable him to rival in splendour the richest of his competitors. He repaired to Southampton; landed at Barbefluet (Barfleur); passed into Britany; engaged, by his generosity, a numerous attendance

of poor knights, eclipsed the proudest of his rivals by superior liberality; vanquished the stoutest; gained the prize in every tournament; and, though he concealed his name, was quickly known through the country by the appellation of "The "Knight without a Peer." The fame of this youthful warrior at length reached the cars of his father. From the first moment of his bestriding a horse, that father had never encountered an equal; and as he trusted age had added to his address more than it had yet subtracted from his vigour, he hoped to prove, by the overthrow of this unknown, that his high renown was owing to the absence of Melun. After this exploit be meant to go in quest of his son, whose departure into foreign countries he had lately learnt, and having obtained the permission of his mistress; embarked for Normandy, and thence proceeded into Bretagne. The tournaments did not begin till the festival of Easter; Milun, therefore, who arrived before the end of winter, spent the interval in travelling from place to place, in exercising hospitality, and searching out the most meritorious knights, whom he attached to himself by his liberality. At length the festival took place, at Mont St. Michel, and was attended by a crowd of French, Flemish, Norman and Breton, knights, though by very few English. Milun enquired minutely into the arms and devises of the unknown knight, and had no difficulty in procuring ample information. The

tournament began: the two rivals separately acquired a manifirst superiority, and bore down all who opposed them, but the opinions of the assembly were divided between the two. The strength and address of the veteran appeared invincible, yet the suppleness and activity of the youth attracted still more admiration. Even Milun himself beheld him with a mixture of wonder and delight, and summoned all his skill and strength when he rode to encounter this formidable adversary. Mik spear was too well-directed to miss its aim; but it flew into a thousand splinters, while that of the youth remained entire; and threw him at some distance upon the ground. By the violence of the shock the ventail of his helmet was broken off, and displayed his beard and hair, gray with ago; when the south, bringing back his horse, courteously requested him to remount, expressing his regret at having, by his accidental victory, sullied the fame of a respectable veteran. Milun, susveying him with increased admiration, discovered on his finger, while he held the reir, his own ring, and earnestly conjured him to relate his history, and the names of his parents. obeyed, and was proceeding to tell all he knew, when the old knight again springing from his horse, and catching him by the skirts of his coat of mail, hailed him as his son, and received him in his arms as he dismounted to request the paterbenediction. The tournament being over, they retried

anniat the tears and applauees of the assembly, and retreated to their into where Milun related the whole series of his adventures. The young man listened till the end with respectful attention; and then exclaimed, " In faith, fair sire, I will unite you to; my mother. I will kill her present husband, and you shall marry her." This being arranged, they parted for the night. On the next day they arrived at the sea: embarked; landed in Wales after a short and pleasant passage; and were proceeding to Miltun's castle, when they were met by a messenger bearing a letter to Milun from his lady, in which she announced the death of her husband, and requested him to baston his return. At this joyful news they hurried on to the lady's castle; and she had the satisfaction of being for ever united to her lover, at the same time that she embraced is son every way worthy of his accomplished parents: On this occasion says the author, " the ancients made a lay which I have here set down in writing, and which I always relate with fresh pleasure."

No. X.—CHAITIVEL.

THERE lived formerly, at Nantes in Bretzgné, a lady of such exquisite beauty that no one could behold her with impunity.

All the young men of the town were rivals for her smiles; but four, nearly of the same age, and of equal birth and accomplishments, soon eclipsed all the rest of the competitors. Each of these four deserved, and obtained, a place in her affections; but their merits were so equal that she was unable to make a choice. At tournaments she sent to all some mark of distinction; a ring, a scarf, a pennant, or other ornament; and all :ascribed to her, as mistress of their actions, the exploits they had the good fortune to perform. It happened once, that Nantes was appointed for the celebration of a tournament at the Easter festival. The four knights set out to meet the foreign ones, and proposed to joust with an equal number: the offer was accepted, and the contest ended to the advantage of the town. On the following day the four young lovers still further distinguished themselves; but the spectacle at length degenerated, as was frequently the case, into a real combat, in which three out of the four were accidentally slain, and the fourth dangerously wounded. They were brought back to the lady, who caused the three to be magnificently interred, and summoned the best physicians of the town to assist her attendance on the survivor. Their joint efforts were at length successful. He became convalescent; and, finding his passion revive with his returning health, daily importuned the lady for her hand, to which there now remained no other equal

claimant. But she gave him to understand, that feeling herself singular in misfortune, by having lost in one day three admirers of superfor merit, she would not consent to bear to the bridal ceremony a heart consumed by eternal regret; and that, as a monument of her grief, she intended to compose a lay, the title of which should be "Les quatre Dols," (the four griefs). The lover, instead of attempting to argue her out of this resolution, only employs his eloquence in convincing her that the title of the new lay ought to be "Le Chaitivel," (the wretch), because his rivals had found in death the end of their disappointments, while he was doomed to a life of sorrow and privation. The lady having assented to this change, the story is abruptly brought to a conclusion.

No. XI.—Translation of the Lai DEE CHEVREFOIL:

(From Notes to Sir Tristrem, edited by Walter Scott, Esq.)

I AM much pleased with the lay which is called Chevrefoil. Let me relate to you truly on what occasion it was made, and by whom. Many persons have narrated the story to me; and I have also found it in writing, in the work which treats of Tristrem, and of the Queen; and of their constant love, from

which they suffered a thousand sorrows; and expired on the same day.

King Markes had been much offended with his nephew, Tristrem; and had banished him on account of his attachment to the queen. The knight retired into the country where he was born; spent there a whole year of affliction; and, being still forbidden to return, became careless of life. Do not wonder at this; for a true lover, where his wishes are crossed by insuperable obstacles, can set no bounds to his grief. Tristrem, therefore, thus driven to despair, left his home; passed into Cornwall, the abode of the queen, and concealed himself in the thickest part of the forest; from which he issued only at the close of the day, at which time he took up his lodgings among the peasants and the poorest of mankind. After frequent questions to these his hosts, concerning the public news of the court, he at length learned the king had convoked his barons, and summoned them to attend him at Pentecost, at the castle of Tintagel. Tristrem was rejoiced at this news; because it was impossible the queen could arrive at the meeting without giving him an opportunity of getting sight of her during the journey. On the appointed day, therefore, he took bie station, in that part of the

[•] Marie, who drew all her materials from Bretagné, probably refers to some Armorican edition, of the history of these ill-fated loves.

wood through which the road passed, cut down a branch of sodre (hazel), smoothed it, wrote his name on it with the point of his knife, together with other characters, which the queen. would well know how to decypher. He perceives her approaching; he sees her examine with attention every object on her road. In former times they had recognized each other by means of a similar device; and he trusts, that, should she cast. her eyes on the stick, she will suspect it to belong to her lover. This was the purport of the characters traced on it: "That he had long been waiting at a distance, in hopes of being favoured with some expedient which might procure him a meeting, without which he could no longer exist. It was with these two, as with the chevrefoil and the codre. When the honey-suckle has caught hold of the codre, and encircled it by its embraces, the two will live together and flourish; but if any one resolves to sever them, the codre suddenly dies, and the honey-suckle with it. Sweet friend, so it is with us; I cannot live without you, nor you without me."

The queen slowly riding on, perceives the stick, and recognizes the well-known characters. She orders the knights who accompany her to stop. She is tired; she will get off her home for a short time, and take some repose. She calls to her only her maid, her faithful Brenguein; quits the road, plunges into the thickest part of the forest, and finds him whom she

loved more than all the world. Both were delighted beyond' measure at this meeting, which gives them full leisure to concert their future projects. She tells him, that he may now be easily reconciled to his uncle. That the king has often regretted his absence, and attributes to the malicious accusations of their common enemies, the severe measure of his banishment. After a long conversation, the queen tears herself from him; and they separate with mutual grief. Tristrem returned to South-Wales, from whence he was soon recalled by his uncle; but, in the mean time, he had repeated to himself, over and over again, every word of his mistress's late conversation; and, while full of the joy he felt at having seen her, he composed (being a perfect master of the lays) a new lay, describing his stratagem, its success, his delight, and the very words uttered by the queen. I will tell you the name of this lay it is called Goat-leaf in English, and Chevre-foil in French. I have now told you the whole truth.

[•] From this, which forms no part of the Sir Tristrem of Thomes, the Rhymer, it is evident that the same tale was popular in France, at least thirty years before the probable date of that work.

No. XII.-ELIDUC.

THIS is stated to be a very old Breton lay. Its original title was "Guildeluec ha Gualadun," from the names of the two heroines; but it was afterwards more commonly stiled, The Lay of Eliduc.

Eliduc was a knight of Bretagné, much admired for military prowess, courtesy, and political sagacity; in consequence of which, his sovereign, who loved and admired him, was in the habit of entrusting to his management the most important cares of government. Indeed, so great was his influence at court, that he enjoyed, almost as completely as the king, the privilege of the chace in the royal forests. But the favour of sovereigns is always precarious; and so adroit were his enemics, that he was suddenly deprived of all his honours, and even banished the country, without being able to obtain from his once indulgent master, the privilege of knowing his crimes, or being confronted with his accusers. Fortunately he was in the prime of life, fond of adventure, and not of a temper to despond. He retired to his castle, convened his friends, and communicated to them the king's injustice, and his own projects; which were, to embark for England, and there enter into the pay of the first king who might want his assistance. But he had a wife, the fair and amiable Guildelucc, whom he tenderly loved; and whom, as he was unwilling to carry her

into exile, he earnestly recommended to their care and attentions. He then selected ten knights as his companions, and departed for the sca-coast, escorted by nearly all his friends and vassals, and accompanied by his wife, who was almost frantic with grief at this cruel separation, and whom he could scarcely reconcile to her fate, by repeating again and again the most solemn assurances of eternal and inviolable fidelity. At length he embarked with a fair wind, and landing at Totness, in Devonshire, proceeded towards Exeter. The king of this district had an only daughter, heiress of his dominions; and, having refused to bestow her on a neighbouring prince. was at that time involved in a most distressful war, and besieged in his capital. Eliduc went no further; he sent a message to the distressed king, offering his assistance; and requesting, should the proposal be rejected, a safe conduct through the country. The king most gladly accepted the offer, and ordered his constable to prepare a house for the reception of the welcome guests, and issue a suitable sum of money, with a supply of provisions for their monthly expenditure. and his attendants were magnificently entertained. His ina was the house of the richest burgess in the town, and the grand tapestry rooms was surrendered to the knight by its proprietor. Eliduc on his part was equally liberal. He issued strict orders

La bele chambre encurtinée
 Li ad li ostes deliverée,

to his attendants, that, during the first forty days, none of them should accept either pay or provisions from the court; and during this time kept, at his own expence, a profuse table for the accommodation of such knights as were unprovided. with other means of subsistence. On the third day, an alarm: was spread that the enemy had again over-run the country, and might shortly be expected at the gates. Eliduc flew to arms; and, having assembled his ten knights, was soon after joined By fourteen more from different parts of the city, who declared themselves ready to encounter, under his commands, any inequality of numbers. Eliduc praised their seal; but observed, that this intemperate valour was more fitted for the lists of a tournament than for useful service; and requested that they, who knew the country, would shew him some defile in which he could hope to attack the enemy on equal terms. They pointed out a hollow way in the neighbouring forest, by which: the invaders usually passed and returned; and Eliduc, while hastening there, described the measures he meant to pursue, and exhorted them to follow him with vigour. All was so wellplanned and executed, that the foe were surprised laden with booty; and their commander, with thirty principal officers, seized on his palfrey, and made prisoners almost without resistance. The squires and other attendants at the same time secured a large quantity of baggage, and the troop immediately.

hastened their return towards the city, where their appearance. excited no small consternation. The king, having mounted a watch-tower, had descried his small garrison of knights engaged. in a distant action with very superior numbers; after which, seeing a large body in full march for the city, he concluded. Eliduc had betrayed him; caused the gates to be shut, the, alarm to be sounded, and commanded the citizens to defend. the walls. But being quickly undeceived, he welcomed his deliverer with transports of joy and gratitude; and, after-receiving his oath of allegiance for a year, invested him with the supreme military command, and assigned ample pensions. to himself and all his attendants. The king's daughter, the beautiful Guilliadun, became anxious in her turn to behold, the extraordinary stranger, who had confirmed her father in his throne, by means of a troop of knights, who scarcely appeared competent to the defence of the walls. She invited him to an audience, to which he was formally introduced by one of her chamberlains; seated him near her on a bed; and entered into conversation on a variety of indifferent topics. But during the discourse, she could not help remarking that this consummate warrior and statesman was young and handsome; and found her heart completely engaged. After sighing and turning pale, and making many reflections on the. indelicacy of avowing her passion, she would probably have,

done it, if the knight had not, by respectfully taking leave, put an end to the interview. He, in the mean time, had not been blind to her perfections, her youth, beauty, simplicity and frankness of character, and, above all, those artless sighs, which assured him of her affection, had made an indelible impression on his heart. At length the image of his wife, and his solemn assurances of fidelity, interrupted the dream of happiness in which he had involuntarily indulged; but the interruption became painful; and while he mentally repeated, the promise of adhering to duty, he selt that promise disavowed by his inclination. Guilliadun, after a sleepless night, found it impossible to keep her secret, and having summoned a trusty chamberlain, confided to him her sudden, and, as she, thought, inexplicable passion. After a long discussion, she at length, at his suggestion, dispatched him to the knight with, the usual salutations of courtesy, and with the present of her ring and a rich girdle. Eliduc immediately replied by an equally courteous message; put the ring on his finger; bound the girdle round his loins; offered a rich present to the chamberlain, who declined it; but avoided all discussion on the subject of his message. The impatient princess was almost driven to despuir by the report of her chamberlain, who, though convinced that Eliduc could not be insensible to the kindness of his mistress, was unable to satisfy her mind, on

even his own, concerning the cause of such extreme discretion. Both, indeed, were ignorant of the conflicts by which he was agitated. To recall his former fondness for his wife, and to conciliate his duty and affection, was no longer possible: to betray and dishonour the amiable Guilliadun would be infamous; and to encourage her passion and his own, without being hurried too far, was extremely difficult; yet on this he ultimately resolved; and, having mounted his horse, set off for the palace under pretence of paying his court to the king, but with the real view of obtaining an interview with his daughter." The monarch was at that moment in the apartment of the princese, to whom, while he played a game of chess with a foreign knight, he explained the moves. On the entrance of Eliduc he immediately introduced him to her, enjoining her to entertain and form an acquaintance with a knight, who had few equals in merit; and the young lady, gladly obeying the injunction, retired with her lover to the farther end of the apartment. After a long silence equally painful to both, and which each ineffectually attempted more than once to interrupt, Eliduc luckily bethought himself of returning thanks for the ring and girdle; which, as he assured her, he valued far beyond all his earthly possessions. This warmth of expression encouraging the princess, she frankly proceeded to make an avowal of her passion, declaring, if he should reject her hand,

there was no other man on earth whom she would ever accept as a husband; and, when he mysteriously replied, that, as far as his wishes were concerned, there could be no bar, but that it was his purpose, after the year of service for which he was pledged to her father, to return and establish himself in his own country, she told him she had full confidence in his honour, and was persuaded, when the time arrived, he would make all proper arrangements for her future destiny. Thus ended the interview to their mutual satisfaction. Eliduc, watchful, enterprising, and indefatigable, soon recovered for her father all the lost provinces, and insured future tranquillity by the capture of his enemy; but scarcely was the war centladed, when the knight received an embassy from his former, master, whose ingratitude had been punished by the less of half his kingdom, and the jeopardy of the rest, adjuring him to come with all speed to the rescue of a country which was now purged of the monsters whose false accusations had occasioned his exile. Such an embassy, a few months sooner would have been most welcome, but to part with Guilliadua now appeared the heaviest of misfortunes. He felt, however, that duty called him away, and determined to obey the summons. He went to the king; read the letters he had reeeived; and earnestly requested leave to depart, though his stipulated term of service was not expired; observing at the

same time, that the state of his majesty's affairs no longer required his attendance; and, promising at the first appearance of difficulty, he would return with a powerful body of knights. The king, after making the most splendid offers to detain him, unwillingly yielded; but to obtain the consent of Guilliaduu was far more difficult. Trusting that she possessed the whole heart of her lover, and perfectly unconscious that his hand had been previously given to another, she insisted on accompanying him, and threatened to destroy herself in case of his refusal. His remonstrances were accompanied by fainting fits, which terrified Eliduc into a solemn promise of unqualified submission to her will; but he represented, that having sworn fealty to her father, she could not now go with him, without a breach of his oath; whereas, after the expiration of his term of service, he could, without disgrace, comply with her wishes; and he promised, on the honour of a knight, that if she would fix a day, he would return and carry her With this promise she was satisfied, and after many team; and a mutual exchange of rings, ultimately permitted him to depart. The return of Eliduc gave infinite pleasure to his friends, to the king his master, and above all, to his excellent wife, who now hoped she should be indemnified, by his beloved society, for her long and dreary hours of widowhood. But she beheld, with surprise and consternation that he hashoused

some secret grief, and anxiously enquired if any thing in her conduct had given him displeasure. Eliduc assured her of the contrary, but told her, in apparent confidence, that he was forced by his oath to return to the king whom he had lately quitted, so soon as he should have settled the affairs of his own country; that he had much to endure, much to accomplish; and that, harassed as he was on all sides, he should sever regain his former garety till he should have extricated himself from all his difficulties. In the mean time, his mere name had inspired the enemy with alarm; his re-appearance at the head of the armies brought back victory to the royal standard; he saw and seized the moment of making an advantageous peace; and, having done so, prepared for the execution of a more pleasing enterprise. Taking with him only two nephews, a chamberlain and a trusty squire, all of whom he swore to secresy, he embarked for Loegria; stationed his vessel at some distance from the harbour of Totness; and landing his chamberlain alone, and in disguise, sent him, with secret instructions to the princess. The confident executed his commission with address; made his way unobserved to the chamber of Guilliadun, informed her of his master's arrival, and explained the measures he had devised for her escape. They waited for the approach of night; when Guilliadun, without any other attendant, having muffled herself in a short and ٠,

warm mantle, which concealed the richness of her usual man ments, followed him out of the town, to a small wood, where Eliduc, who had deferred his landing till evening, awaited her. The knight instantly placed her on a home, springing on another, and taking her rein in his hand, hurried forward to the sea, and embarked without having excited the slightest suspicion of the enterprise, to which none were privy excepting these on board. Both wind and tide were favourable; they arrived near the coast of Bretagné, and were on the point of entering the harbour, when a sudden squall from the shere split their mast, rent their sail, and exposed them for some hours to the most imminent danger. All exertions to guide the vessel being ineffectual, they had recourse to prayers, invoking St. Nicholas and St. Clement, and requesting the intercession of the blessed Virgin and her Son, that they might be permitted to land in safety. The storm continued; when one of the sailors suddenly exclaimed, "Sir knight, you carry with you the cause of our calamity. In defiance of God, religion, justice and honour, you are carrying off that lady, having already a beautiful and lawful wife in your own country. Permit us to throw your paramour into the sea, and we shall speedily find our prayers effectual." The princess was then lying, almost exhausted with fatigue, sickness, and fear, in the arms of her lover; who, though bursting with rage, could only express it by execrations, which he vented as loudly as he could in the hope of drowning the hateful voice of the mariner. But . the fatal assurance "Eliduc was already married," had reached the car, and sunk deeply into the heart of Guilliadun. She fainted, and though he and his friends employed all the means in their power for her recovery, they were unable to produce any symptom of returning animation, a general exglamation of grief pronounced her dead; when the knight, starting from the body, seized an oar, felled at one blow the - presumptuous seaman, threw him by the foot into the sea, took possession of the helm, and directed it so skilfully that the vessel reached the harbour in safety. They all landed, and in a very few hours might reach the castle of Eliduc, which was not far from the coast; but where could he deposit the body of his mistress, how inter it with all the honours suitable to her rank and merit? he at length recollected, that in the forest which surrounded his mansion, dwelt an aged hermit, at whose cell the corpse might remain till its interment: he could then enjoy the sad pleasure of visiting daily the object of all his solicitude, and he determined to found on the spot an abbey, in which a number of monks should pray for ever for the soul of the lovely and injured Guilliadun. He then mounted his palfrey, and, carrying the body in his arms, proceeded with his attendants to the hermitage. The door was shut; and they

discovered, after having at length procured an entrance, the grave of the holy man, who had expired a few days before. Eliduc caused a bed to be made within the chapel; and placing on it his mistress, whose deadly paleness had not yet injured her beauty, burst into a flood of tears, kissed her lips. and eyes, as if in the hopes of restoring their animation; and solemnly pronounced a vow, that from the date of her interment he would never more exercise the functions of a knight; but, after having erected an abbey on the spot, sanctified by her remains, would assume himself the monastic habit, and daily visit her tomb to express his love, his grief, and his remorse. He then, with difficulty tore himself from the body, and departed; having first sent a messenger to his castle to announce that he was arrived, but so much fatigued and way-worn, as to require nothing but repose and solitude. His wife met him with her usual gentleness of affection; but instantly saw in his haggard looks that his heart laboured with some misery which her tenderness was unable to remove. manners were such as to awaken without satisfying her curiosity. He rose at day break, spent some hours at prayers, walked alone into the forest, proceeded instinctively to the fatal hermitage, and returned late in the evening, bearing with him, as it appeared, an additional load of misery. He saw with astonishment that death seemed to abstain from ravaging the

beauties of Guilliadun; he involuntarily gave way to the most flattering hopes; and, after many long sad hours of tears and fruitless prayer, retired in anguish and disappointment. On the third day he gave notice he should go to court, and pass the evening with the king. His wife, in the mean time, by the promise of the most tempting rewards, had engaged one of her pages to follow his master at a distance, during his forest walk, and report what he should see and hear; and the page, having on that morning executed his commission, she determined to take advantage of Eliduc's absence to visit the hermitage, and discover, if possible, the cause of that excessive grief to which he gave way; and of which the death of the old hermit, much as he might have loved him, was far from affording a satisfactory explanation. She set forth with the page, entered the chapel, beheld, with much surprize, a bed handsomely ornamented; and, on lifting up the covering, saw, with still more astonishment, the 'young and blooming Guilliadur, " que resemblot rose nivoels." The faultless beauty of a living rival might have excited some indignation in the bosom of the most patient wife, but the eyes of the lovely object before her, appeared closed for ever; and Guildeluec could find no place in her heart, for any sentiments but those of admiration and pity. After calling her page to survey the spectacle which fully explained and excused her husband's immoderate grief,

she sat down by the bed to reflect on the past, and decide on her own future conduct. During the long absence of Eliduc she had devoted the greater part of her time to religious exercises, and now clearly saw that to them only could she look for comfort. Having convinced herself of this necessity, she turned, with tears in her eyes, to the fair object of her husband's regret; when a circumstance, apparently trifling, involuntarily arrested her attention. A weasel, creeping from under the altar, ran upon the bed, and passing several times over the face of the entranced Guilliadun, so far incensed the page, that with a blow of his stick he laid it dead at his feet, and then threw it on the floor. The animal had lain there only a few moments, when another weasel, coming from the same hole, ran up, and attempted awhile to sport with it, and then, after exhibiting every appearance of grief, suddenly ran off into the wood, and returned with a flower of a beautiful vermilion colour, which it carefully inserted into the mouth of the dead animal. The effect was sudden, the weasel instantaneously got upon its legs, and was preparing to escape; when the lady exclaimed to the page, to strike it again, and he simed a second blow, that caused the creature to drop the flower, which Guildeluec instantly seized, and carefully placed between the lips of Guilliadun. The plant had not lost its efficacy. The princess, awakening from her trance, expressed

her surprise at having slept so long, and then gazed with astonishment at the bed on which she lay, at the walls of the chapel by which she was surrounded, and at the two unknown figures, of Guildeluce and the page; who, kneeling by her side, loudly expressed their thanksgiving to the Almighty for what they thought her miraculous resurrection. At length the good lady, having finished her devotions, began to question the fair stranger respecting her birth and preceding adventures, which she related with the utmost candour and exactness, till the fatal moment when the discovery of Eliduc's prior marriage had deprived her of sense and motion. The rest was better known to her hearers than herself; and Guilldeluce, more and more charmed with her innocence, and frankness, after avowing herself, lost no time in comforting her, by the assurance that all her hopes and wishes might now "Your youthful beauty," said she, be speedily gratified. " might captivate any heart, and your merit will fix for ever that of Eliduc, who is unalterably attached to you, and whose grief for your loss was such as to preclude all hopes of con-It is my intention to take the veil, and abandon all claim to those affections which are estranged from me for ever. In restoring you to the now wretched Eliduc, I shall promote, by the only means in my power, that happiness to which I have hitherto been the unintentional obstacle." Guilliadun consented, with silent gratitude, to accept the sacrifice so generously offered, and was united to her lover as soon as the solemn ceremony had taken place, by which Guildeluec consecrated the remainder of her days to heaven, in a nunnery erected and endowed by her husband, on the site of the ancient hermitage. Their union was followed by many years of happiness; and they closed a life of charity and benevolence by following the pious example of Guildeluec, who received Guilliadun into her order, while Eliduc took the cowl in a monastery, to the endowment of which he dedicated the remainder of his worldly possessions. From the adventure of these three, " the olde gentil Bretons" (li auncien Bretun curteis) formed a lay to transmit to future ages.

FINIS.

Meloslino prend of Francisco Marvel de Ste

RELICS

OF

MELODINO, assend.

TRANSLATED

BY EDWARD LAWSON, ESQ.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED

Manuscript,

DATED 1645.

---Ou was ledrynas.

LONDON:

Printed by T. Davison, Lombard-street, Whitefriars;
AND PUBLISHED BY BALDWIN, CRADOCK, AND JOY,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1815.



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PREFACE.

When an old poetical manuscript is announced as a new discovery, it is natural to demand, "in what mysterious grave, what wizard's grasp, has the magic volume so long lain buried and unknown?"

The only answer that can now be given is, that it was purchased from the library of the late Right Hon. W. B. Conyngham (who had made diligent search on the Continent for literary treasures), and obligingly lent to the translator by a much-esteemed friend*, whose love of letters is but one of many amiable qualities.

The original consists of two quartos bound in vellum: the first in rhyming stanzas of various forms; the second in the metre called *Assonancias*, but often without the faint shadow of rhyme which characterizes it, as exemplified in page 142.

The first volume begins with the "Tears of Dido," which is in rhyme octave, and displays more original genius than could have been expected upon a subject which has exhausted all the powers of Virgil.

That volume concludes with part of an unfinished heroic

* M. W. Hartstonge, Esq.

pastoral opera, written soon after Braganza established, in 1639, his title to the throne of Portugal, which Philip II. had seized, upon a flimsy claim, after the calamitous defeat of Don Sebastian in Africa.

The Masque, which serves as a prelude, sets out with a pompous panegyric upon Lisbon (then in the zenith of its commercial prosperity*), which the British reader may exultingly apply to a still greater emporium.

This piece excels in imagery and fancy Erinna's celebrated Sapphic Ode in praise of the military glory of ancient Rome.

Xales nol Puna Juyalee Aeno, &c.

The second volume consists chiefly of Romances (i. e. Simple Tales and Ballads,) less distinguished by incidents, than situation and sentiment. Its title-page states it to be the second part of the verses of Melodino, a Spanish lyric poet, by William Von Floris, en Haye, 1645: and there is interlined, in a different hand and ink, "D. Luiza Ignes de Tavora." But (notwithstanding diligent research in numerous

^{*} The vast dominion of Portugal at the time is remarked in a cotemporary epistle of Howell. "You know what a huge limb the crown of Portugal was to the Spanish monarchy, by the islands in the Adriatic sea, the towns in Afric, and all the East Indies; insomuch that the Spaniard hath nothing now left beyond the line."—In a whimsical work entitled Prodigios de Amor, printed at Madrid about 1665, there are five novels, throughout each of which one of the vowels is rejected in succession. In the third of these Lisbon is bombastically extelled as the capital of the Peninsula, for its monstrucess naves, arrogantes plassas, emontanadas casas, &c. &c.

historical and bibliographical dictionaries, and catalogues of public and private libraries) I have not been able to discover any of those names, nor any other indication that any of the poems was ever published.

In a list of above 500 Spanish and Portuguese poets in the Parnaso Español, t. 8, Melodino is not mentioned; nor in any of the poems there referred to, which contain similar lists. Perhaps (like the *divine* Herrera and many others) his indolence, diffidence, or poverty, subdued the vanity natural to a poet, and prevented his publishing at all.

Mr. Southey (whose intimate acquaintance with the literature of the Spanish peninsula induced me to request his opinion, through the medium of a friend,) says, "I know of no such name as Melodino, nor whether any writings under that name have been published*."

The hand writing and ink of the manuscript agree with its date; but the capitals are fantastical and equivocal, and the spelling inaccurate.

Independent words are often incorporated, and single words divided; the amputated syllables being even headed by capitals, or joined to other words, in the manner of Swift's Consultation of Physicians, which (though all in English) looks like Latin.

^{*} Possibly it was assumed for euphony, or concealment, by one of the Mello family, who were distinguished in Braganza's revolution: but I rather incline to think it a real name.

Although written in Castilian (then the court language of Portugal) the poems teem with Portuguese words and idioms; obsolete phraseology is affected throughout several entire pieces*; and in others the abstruse quaintness of the culto style, so well exposed in Lord Holland's interesting life of Lope de Vega.

It would therefore have required more leisure and ability than have fallen to the lot of the translator, to render agreeable, or even intelligible, the entire contents of these volumes. The purest Spanish poetry has (like the language) something

* E. G. Noche de Lu Minarias.

1.
Decis llo mi coracom
Que al huego entre noche escura
Miedo aviedes
Attende que pues que som
Los vuesses de mas arsura
Nom estranedes.

2.

Veis arder toda el aldea
Pues nom lleva otros quemados
Que yo y vos
Llo mas coracom homea
Que en verda llos abarsiados
Somo nos.

3.

Llas sus flamas son de yuego
Ca nom som por poderio
Del Amor
Y alle muncho el huego es huego
Maguer questo es amorie
Y es peor.

Arabesque, not pleasing to every taste, although many will be struck by its general elevation, its strong antitheses, glowing metaphors, and daring hyperboles, as well as the peculiar and romantic manners exhibited.

Much of the "curious felicity" of Horace results from his judicious adoption of such bold figures from the Asiatic Greek poets; and although the long night of our Northern regions may have been occasionally cheered by evanescent gleams of a poetical Aurora Borealis, there is little room to doubt that "the light of the song" sprung from the East to irradiate Teutonic forests, and Scandinavian snows.

The number of Asiatic words disguised in those languages has been dubiously ascribed to the flight of Odin and his Asse from the arms of Pompey; but the Spanish peninsula was so long occupied by the Phoenicians, and afterwards by the Arabs, that its language and poetry could not fail to adopt a peculiarly Oriental character.

At all times distinguished for natural vivacity and strong passions, and somewhat refined by the study of Greek literature, the Arabs established in Spain as flourishing a kingdom, and a court as highly polished, as Mahometan despotism and superstition, and the general rudeness of the times, would probably permit. Hence, when Alphonso expelled them from Toledo, about the beginning of the twelfth century, the Gothic deliverers of Spain did not disdain to adopt and support the arts which they found cultivated by the vanquished Moors.

The natural result was a peculiar literary character, more

marked by wild fictions, exotic imagery, and pomp of style, than that of Italy, which was founded by the Emperor Frederic II. on the joint bases of the Latin and Romance languages; and was then merely a refinement on the rude strains of the Provençal minstrels, although it was exalted by Dante, Bocaccio, and Petrarch, into a standard for the entire literature of Europe, and acknowledged even by Boscan and Garcilasso as the model of that of Spain*.

Accordingly the agacious Madame de Staël remarks, that "the literature of Spain ought to have been more remarkable than that of Italy; it should have united the imagination of the North with that of the East; the Oriental grandeur with the splendour of chivalry; which infused, even into the Moorish romances, a punctilious respect for the fair sex." She adds, that, "while we condemn the bombast of Spanish writers, we are convinced of the truth of their sentiments. If the affectation of many Italian poets were taken away, nothing would remain; while if we could remove that of the Spaniards, they would shortly attain to the perfection of dignity, courage, and the most affecting sensibility."

When Venice became the focus of commerce, Florence the theatre of the fine arts, and Rome the capital of Christendom, Italy afforded the utmost encouragement for the epic muse. But the poets of the Peninsula display a vivacity much superior to the Platonic mysticism of Italian sonnetteers, and

[•] A very learned and amiable young lady concurs in this deduction, in an Essay which has obtained a prize from the Royal Irish Academy. See also Dante de Vulg. Eloq. Leo Arctin Vita del Petrarca. Tirabeschi, Fontanini, Sismondi, Ginguene, Gibben, Warten, &c.

strongly savouring of their Arabic patterns, as described by the ingenious Ginguene.

"The Arabs, in spite of their disorderly imagination, amidst their reveries and extravagant tales, had truth and passion; they painted natural objects admirably, and related in the most accurate and animated manner great actions, or minute particulars. The Provençals possessed the same qualities, as far as manners less simple and less noble, a language less rich and still uncultivated, and a more refined gallantry, allowed. They sung martial exploits, amorous adventures, the pleasures of life."

He adds that the early Italian and Sicilian rhymers had mone of those merits, but wrote poetry professedly as a task to display ingenuity by strained unnatural conceptions *.

Their example misled their admirers in the neighbouring nations; but the subdivision of states, and the rival patronage of independent princes secured in Italy that progressive im-

^{* &}quot;Les Arabes—eurent de la passion et de la verite ils peignirent admirablement, &c.—Les Provençaux eurent a peu près les mêmes qualites." Bettinelli, however, accuses the Troubadours of forming a new Epicurean sect, whose amorous romances introduced a frivolous faste for falsehood and vice. But he owns that in consequence of scholars writing before only in Latin, the gentry averse to such fatigue depreciated all literature as dastardly pedantry, gloried in sturdy ignorance as a title of nobility, and soon became ashamed of knowing how to write their names. Risorgimento d'Italia, tom. i. He charges even Livy and Herodotus with having propagated errors through all succeeding ages; forgetting that infant nations will not swallow unadulterated truth.

provement which results from liberty of thought, collision of opinion, and comparison of tastes; while the Aristotelic philosophy, "its bastard daughter school divinity," and their monstrous progeny, the inquisition, progressively corrupted and extinguished Spanish literature; which (like that of the Moors and Provençals) sunk under the terrors of savage bigotry and persecution.

That persevering subtlety which casuistry had sharpened led in works of fancy to fictions of complicated intrigue and an intricate affected phraseology, which acquired by habit a conventional facility.

It even seems to have been at last considered indispensable in order to discriminate blank verse ballads from downright prose: although the flattest simplicity is preferable to such a glittering confusion, which makes a toil of amusement, and compels us to abandon what is too fine to be understood.

From this unnatural style Dante and Petrarch may have been partly preserved by studying the works of the neighbouring Provençal bards, to whom Pasquier asserts them to have been deeply indebted. Petrarch praises several of them in his Trionfo d'Amore. Lord Strangford affirms that Camoens had also "explored those catacombs of buried genius;" and many passages in Melodino (particularly the songs in "Saint John's Night") breathe the genuine spirit of the Troubadours.

Rather too many of his poems indeed are the mere sport of gallantry, and some of his phrases (which I did not hold myself at liberty to suppress) may appear affected or incom-

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prehensible. Yet his general style is not much vitiated by the then fashionable example of Gongora *.

Like him, however, he sometimes descends to travesty. But that rage for the ridiculous is extinct which about that time made it expedient to recommend a serious poem on the crucifixion by advertising it as in "Burlesque verse;" and so much of the effect even of true humour depends on time, place, and circumstances, that it rarely bears translation, sometimes not even repetition.

I have therefore translated only two or three of his jocular poems, which are connected with his life and character, and may diversify this selection.

For this last reason one short specimen of his sacred poetry is admitted.

Some of his Moorish ballads probably allude to his own adventures; for his dedication to the Princess Clara Emilia, of Bohemia, intimates that "both had sustained many severe misfortunes, some of which are commemorated in his poems †."

^{*} La pompa aparente de voces latinizadas y estrepitosas, la oscuridad y confusion de las sentencias, las metaforas demesuradas, lo hinchado y huecho en los clausulones, los antitesis violentos, los transposiciones intolerables, y finalamente un nuevo dialecto y gerigonça.

^{† &}quot;En vos y en mi si ha visto apostar los riesgos y los milagros? Algo ay aqui de relacion de estas batalhas porque vivan a la immortalidad circumstantes y colgadas de vuestras paredes los horreres y los trofeces de una mesma fortuna."

This princess was probably daughter of Isabella Clara Eugenia, governess of the Low Countries, who died there at the age of 67, in 1735, much lamented, though Philip II. was her father *.

Except this general dedication, none of Melodino's poems are otherwise directed than by initials. A poem to a lady is addressed A. L. S. S.; another to a warrior A. I. D. S., which may possibly lead to the name. Ines, whom he addresses so tenderly, seems to have been a lady of high rank (possibly Luisa Ignes de Tavora, whose autograph is in the title page.) He expressly informs her that he had traversed various remote regions, and was born where Tagus bends to the sea †. Other passages evince that in the adventurous spirit of the age he bore arms for his country in dangerous and distant campaigns, like most of the eminent Peninsular poets ‡, and, like them, he seems to have been requited with ingratitude.

One of his expeditions probably was to recover Brasil from the Dutch, for his "Serious Epistle" seems to censure on

- * She is highly extelled in Don Ferdinand Camargo y Salecdo's Supplement to Mariana, and by other native historians.
 - † Alla Señora adonde los crystales
 Del soberaño Tajo al mar se enclinan
 A confundir sus nombres y caudales
 Las nobles muros de mi patria empinan
 Las altas turres a mirarse en ellas
 Que per goçar su vista no caminan.
- † Camoens, Cervantes, Calderon, Ercilla, Quevedo, Garcilasso, Lope de Vega, Zarate, Mendoza, Montemayor, Figueroa, Argote, Alcazar, Medinilla, &c.

that subject the supineness of Philip, miscalled the *Great*; to whom a ditch was assigned for his device, with the motto "The more you take out of it the *greater* it is." Yet his American allusions may relate to the war which had been sustained for a century by the heroic savages of Chili, and was terminated by conciliatory measures in 1642.

From his "familiar Epistle" he seems to have reprobated Spanish tyranny, though it is uncertain whether he there expresses reluctance to chastise the Catalonian revolt, or to support that of Portugal by arms *.

Even a celebrated Spanish historian almost fills a folio page with the names of authors who defend the principle of the former insurrection †. As to the latter, although Melodino were (as seems most probable) born at Lisbon, yet (being habituated to the dominion of Spain, and perhaps having early and intimate connexions there) he might naturally recoil from a civil war even to assert the independence of his native land.

"Namque inter socias acies cognataque aigna Ut vinci miserum nunquam vicisse decorum."

CLAUDIAN.

This revolutionary conflict lasted several years, during which there were various real and sham conspiracies against

> * A los castigos de la Celtiberia Conboca nuestras belicas legiones No menos offendide que ferçado Las huellas piso pereçosamente, &c.

† D. Felis de la Ponce y Farel. Anales de Cataluña, tom. iii. p. 298.

Braganza, wherein many were involved who had exalted min to the throne, and numbers imprisoned or executed. Most of the Portuguese nobility are said to have taken refuge in Spain *.

How far our author gained or lost by these commotions, or how his days were terminated, must remain for further investigation; but in spite of the general gaiet; of his poems he appears at some period to have drank deep of misery, and endured indigence, imprisonment, and exile. If he was made prisoner of war by the Dutch, or took refuge with them from the hostility of Spain, and the ingratitude of Portugal, that may account for his works being copied by Floris at the Hague, in 1645, as well as for their falling into immediate oblivion.

As they can neither flatter national vanity nor party spirit, centre in no object, and are not even connected with any celebrated name, the translator can neither communicate nor feel all that enthusiastic veneration with which the Roman orator exulted to clear from briars the tomb of Archimedes; and he is well aware how much the odes of Horace himself are slighted, even in the best translation, for being chart and detached effusions. Yet a wanderer in the neglected wilderness of Spanish poetry may be excused if, un-

^{*} Howel, in March, 1638, says of the Catalonian revolt, "I fear the sparkles of this fire will fly to Portugal, Sicily, or Italy, all which the Spaniard holds as one would a wolf by the ear." In March, 1639, he says the Portuguese threw off the Spanish yoke because they were not protected against the Dutch, and that Spain still abstained from attacking Portugal until Catalonia should be subdued.

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expectedly discovering an unknown Muse, who by some envious spell has slumbered for ages amidst her antiquated attendants, he is romantic enough to fancy himself the fertunate mortal for whom it was reserved to restore "The Sleeping Beauty" to sudden animation. Custom indeed would justify my discovering every imaginable excellence in my author; but the more I should extol his merits the mure blame I should incur for not rendering them more obvious to the perceptions of periodical critics, who (without any such provocation) will be apt enough to impute all the faults, which their practised acuteness can easily discover, rather to the translator (who may still feel if not improve,) than to an author long insensible to praise or blame, and whose very name and country are uncertain.

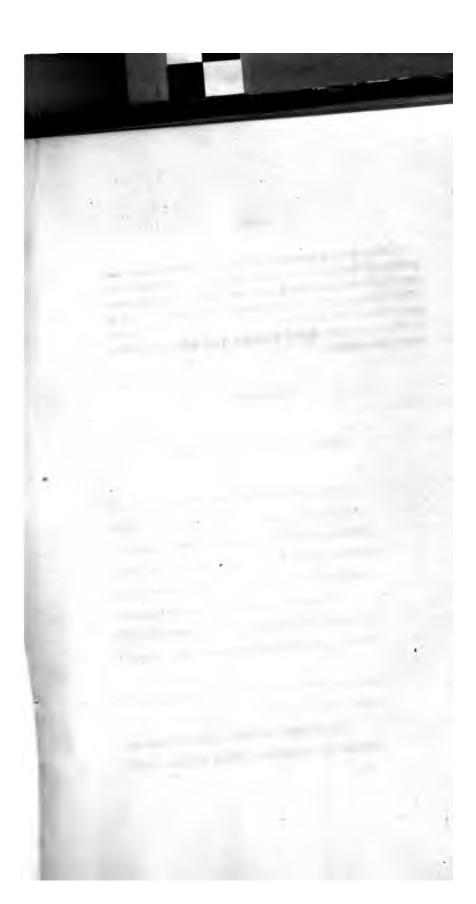
As however we have no version of any Portuguese or Spanish poet except Camoens, this further attempt to illustrate the genius of the Peninsula may gratify those who are not habitually fastidious, especially as it exhibits so many different styles, that every reader who has patience to look for it may probably find something suited to his taste.

It will amply compensate for the few hours of leisure which I have devoted to this pleasing task, if literary activity be excited to discover more valuable remains. Possibly it is not yet too late; and, like Homer's gardener, I may be only clumsily opening an abundant source, which will gush in splendid mazes, outstrip its leader, and drown his humble labours *.

Ως δ' οί' ανης «χιίνη» απο πρητης μελανυδρε
 Διού ανας πητικό 'υδαίω ρόσο πρητροποίου, &c.

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At all events we may now indulge the pleasing hope that (released from many inveterate prejudices and abuses by its late calamitous convulsions, and delivered by British valour from a foreign yoke) the Peninsula may speedily attain its due station in the social and literary world, and contribute to diffuse (as much as it has heretofore obstructed) philosophic illumination.





MELODINO.

THE TEARS OF DIDO.

Serene Aurora, fresh from roseate bower,
Brightening each shade, reviving every flower,
Bathed in confused reflexions, glittering round,
The splendid piles which lofty Carthage crown'd. Thro' tuneful leaves fond roving breezes play,
And nightingales prolong their dulcet lay;
Wild-warbling rapturous melody and love,
Hymns to the orient Sun, in every spicy grove.

The gaudy Halcyon warms her floating nest;
And, one wide mirror, sleeps all Ocean's breast;
Another Heaven, with rival azure bright!
While willowy waters, murmuring soft delight,

Kiss their green sedge, and steal so gently by, Their limpid lapse eludes the pausing eye.

From cloud of mother-pearl (their chariot) spring
The temperate Zephyrs, with light-winnowing wing;
Wide-scattering o'er the every-tinctured main,
Embellish, while they chafe the glassy plain;
And with their flattering whispers, to the brine
Tempt from its moorings the aspiring pine.
The illustrious Trojan, who, reluctant, strove
Against the magic of imperious Love,
Awed by the mystic dream, prepares to spurn
The amorous bond, although with heartstrings torn.
What tyranny, what torture were combined
In one ingratitude to rack a generous mind!

Shrill clarions peal the appointed signal loud,
That to rude concourse roused the naval crowd:
As midst deep silence bursts, with sudden flash,
Harsh thunder to the heart;—ere heard the crash.

A verdurous mount emerges o'er the tide, On the curved shore, at Carthage' western side; Which treads the azure deep with high command;
The gem of Thetis set in lucid band.

Crown of the mighty Lake, the mountain bore A nobler structure than the tower of yore, Which, by confused destruction, proved at length A massy miracle of ruin'd strength.3 Each jewel that usurps the solar ray Reflects a rival lustre on the day; A thousand dazzling suns at hand: afar, With milder radiance, each a twinkling star. With Parian marble, gleamed Corinthian ore, In rich reliefs of variegated store. So high to Heaven the edifice aspires, That Gades from it's watch in vain retires, Mantled with mists. Far north, it kens the strand Where, midst the sportive fair Phenician band, The beauteous bull with conscious rapture stepp'd, To drink the pearls which lost Europa wept.

A hundred columns, passing Grecian pride, The spacious circuit equally divide: Frieze, cornice, cupols, and turret shone;
And gilded capitals reflect the sun.
The gorgeous portico surveys the gates,
Where, till the dawn, Sol's kindling chariot waits:
Twin marble Giants grimly guard the piers;
And Jove himself the work of Phidias fears.

No antique blazon charged the sculptured shield:
A tender arm was linking on it's field
Twin hearts in mutual flames. With conscious pride
The legend said, "Let Time or Chance divide!"
Within, the tearful history of Troy
Memory had traced, with melancholy joy;
Shrinking from scenes of blood, express'd so true
As might deceive the eagle's piercing view.

Here Jove, high-throned, pronounced the tragic doom, Which sent unnumber'd warriors to the tomb.

The Greek Armada there, in proud array,
Bore Paris' fortune, Helen's tears, away.

All wrapt in black-red flames, Troy's toppling towers

Here sunk to ashes, quench'd in gory showers.

Eneas there his pious burthen tires;
Who, vainly thwarted, spurns the ambitious fires.
The liquid diamond now, with flying prore,
He ploughs. Now swoln th' infuriate surges roar
Mountains on mountains burst: the floating host
Dispersed and shattered in wild havoc lost.
Guided by happier stars, the pious Chief
Finds, in a prosperous port, unhoped relief;
Where, prodigal of kindness, Dido strove
To offer empire at the shrine of Love.

In fine, whate'er of passion or excess
Served to exalt or humble, pain or bless,
Struck, at each eager glance, the unwearied sight
With terror, pity, anguish, or delight.
Elisa's palace this: her earthly Heaven;
The work of Love, by whom the plan was given;
To Venus vow'd—Alas! the erring mind
Builds airy castles, wafted on the wind!
Like the rash moth that courts his funeral blaze,
Feeding her flame in this bright sphere she stays;

With heart indignant, pacing to and fro; (Insulted Patience quell'd by frantic Woe.)
To the bland breeze, she sees th' ungrateful pine
Spread its white wings; and cleave the rippling brine.
Sight fail'd her, drown'd in tears; which plead in vain,
With shrieks, the faithless rover to restrain.

As the deep mine surcharged with ruin dark
Explodes, in floods of flame, by secret spark;
Blinded by love and rage, with soul on fire,
The slighted Queen thus thunder'd vengeance dire.

"Monster! not man! by snakes or tigers nurst!
Whither away?—Ingratitude accurst!
What worse—Oh sacred faith!—What worse return,
Had I been harsh, or faithless, had I borne?
Vain is the boasted birth that swells your pride!
No Goddess—none—but Hæmus' icy side
Train'd thee to barbarous horrors; with a heart
Of brutal fierceness, hid by treacherous art.

"By howling storms on raging Ocean tost,
When Earth and Heaven were deaf, you reach'd my coast:
Immersed in foam, or hung on spiring waves,
My pity views you, and my bounty saves.
Arrived half dead, weak tears your fear confess'd:
I warm'd the frozen adder in my breast.
The shining mischief flattered to betray,
And, gliding, made my easy heart his prey.

"What crown, what empire does that hope assure, Which blindly tempts thy rashness to endure The angry Deep, capricious Fortune's strife, The rage of foes, and all the ills of life? Go, then, perfidious! hazard all once more! I trust that ere thou reach the promised shore Thou shalt repent; and I revenge obtain: For sure, in Heaven if equal Justice reign, "Twere impious but to doubt her stern decree Could spare so vile a criminal as thee!

" May Jove's hot light'nings cleave the lurid sky; All Ocean boil; and cinders hurl on high; The blood-red Sun through fiery whirlwinds glare;
And the whole World my fierce convulsions share!
Alas! vain ravings!—In brute beasts I'd find
More sympathy than thy remorseless mind.

"Hence! then: with flattering gales, thy fate obey!

My vengeful Spectre shall pursue thy way;

Haunt thy detested couch; and still assuage,

With thy distraction, my insatiate rage.

Ah! heedless of my grief, the exulting wave

Wafts thy false keel; but Heav'n thou canst not brave:

And, for thy hoped-for throne, its silent doom

Points, on the surf-beat strand, thy shameful tomb;

Which future mariners shall long explore,

With weeping dread; and shun th' accursed shore.

"Propitious Fortune to this friendly coast
Bore me, to build a Mart the World may boast:
Blest, had the Fates then quench'd my vital brand,
And saved my glory from the spoiler's hand!
Ungrateful fugitive! Oh! would to Heaven
Thou hadst to savage Greeks alive been given;

Shot thro' with darts; or scorch'd by hungry flame; Ere Love (who sways all else) thy mock became! Oh! would that gasping on my crags you lay; Or limb from limb were torn by beasts of prey; Ere the deceitful aspic, hid in flowers, Crept to my bosom in these peaceful bowers! But if thou baffle my revenge awhile, Fate only spares to make thy shame more vile. Live, then: since life, prolonged with infamy, Is keener suffering than chastised to die.

"What was my crime? My navy ne'er displayed At Ilium's tragic shore its threatening shade;
Nor in the air insulting flags unfurl'd,
Or to the dust its ancient bulwarks hurl'd.
Oh! then, return, to save my vital breath,
Or be a barbarous witness of my death.
Humbled to find myself at once forlorn,
I scarcely dare to deprecate thy scorn.
I ask not to revoke the stern decree:
Grant but a truce, to sooth my misery;

Till treacherous Love, who taught such bliss to share, Teach, by degrees, the dire reverse to bear.

"The rose's cup was bright with pearly showers,
And sweet the dawn in Flora's fragrant bowers,
My lively joys Aurora's blush awoke,
And all was gladness, 'till the spell was broke.
The flowers now lose their lustre and perfume,
And sickening Nature fades in general gloom.

"Pitch'd from its native rock, the flattering rill
Leaped through green shrubs, thy mirror clear to fill;
And lull thee in my arms, in soft repose:
Now swoln, and hoarse, its brawling torrent flows.
Midst the broad boughs of you umbrageous plane,
The sweetest warbler trills her saddest strain:
All call thee back, ungrateful! all reprove
That bosom steel'd against remorse or love.
So through the vale deluded Echo moans:
The frowning flinty cliff repels her groans.

If the sad memory of my wrongs could fail
To rouse avenging Carthage to assail
Thy hated race, and write to future times,
In characters of blood, thy ruthless crimes;
The sea, the earth, all elements will meet
To wreak my vengeance, and thy schemes defeat!
Should all forsake me; monster, in thy heart
A stern tormentor still shall take my part!
Fly where thou wilt, thy torturing guilt shall tear
That recreant breast with horrible despair!
Truth, Love, Revenge——"

Here floods of bitter woe
Choke her weak voice, her throbbing breast o'erflow;
And grief too strong for utterance—the pale cheek
Of weeping Beauty must in silence speak.
Less fair, from wintry weeds, the lilied spring,
When April's earliest dawn, with tender wing,
Sows the fresh lawn with pearls: less lovely glows,
On emerald stem, the snowy virgin rose.

Now o'er the undulating sapphire borne,
(Like birds light-scattering in the purple mern)
The flying ships hull down, and fade away
Confus'dly in the horizon's misty grey.
Eneas' vessel first was lost to view;
While, from his perfidy, the Sun withdrew.
She ceased to gaze; and (glancing wild despair)
Distracted flew her funeral pile to rear;
And, by a dazzling doom, her injured fame repair.

AREN HUMEA.

1

Issuing from proud Elvira's gate,
Aben Humea, urged by fate,
Granada quits; and murmurs blame
Against his Monarch and his Dame.
Good and ill fortune were combined
To plague the Moorish warrior's mind;
For vengeance ruin'd all the good design'd.

۷.

He who obeys, and even adores,

The best of ladies, best of kings;

His track, on blood-bay mare, explores,

That drank Xenil's salubrious springs:

Loose on her neck the reins were flowing;

Loose by his side the cutlass rung:

His shatter'd spurs with carnage glowing;

His trailing spear transversely hung.

Wild spread his frowzy locks. His shield,
With parted white, and sable field,
Bore this rude motto, dimly scann'd,
"That ever must subserve and this command."

3.

He mourned the slight of her he loved;

Nor less his sovereign's persecution:

And hopeless now, from both removed,

Whom long he served with dauntless resolution.

Nor did the Moor with caution choose

His melancholy way;

Who journey'd but himself to lose;

And spurred his panting Bay.

Yet to his native State he cast his eyes;

And these half-words broke forth, almost supprest by sighs.

4.

"Farewel, proud City! less conspicuous,
For thy lofty shadowing towers
Than for thine absurd injustice;
Which all merit over towers!

"Who shall ever trust hereafter,
When thy regal diadem,
And thy loveliest Aliana,
Both abandon—both condemn?

6.

"Labour lost is his, who, sowing
Ten thousand schemes of pleasing care,
Finds a prickly harvest growing;
Ingratitude, disgrace, despair!

7.

"Love and Royalty command me Long in foreign lands to dwell: If by envy I am banish'd, I to Hope may bid farewel.

8

"Knew they my exalted passion,
Well the envious might repine,
Though no small or common dangers
Immolate upon it's shrine.

"Oh! thou proud and peerless Phoenix,
Passing blest Arabia's fame,
Whose perfection bears united,
The plumage, odour, worth, and flame!

10.

"If inscrutable impatience
Find a solace in my pain;
I adore, with blind obedience;
And 'tis needless to constrain.

11.

"And thou, far-famed Prince! who heed not All that I for thee have borne: (Though 'twas not my least achievement To encounter Fortune's scorn):

12.

"Would to God! a day of battle,
Trumpets', drums', and cannon's roar,
Soon may rouse again thy courage;
And make thee wish my aid once more!"

ABEN HUMEA.

PART II.

ı.

On Antequera's tallest tower,⁵
With merlons crown'd, in proof of power,
The mournful Moor, at dead of night,
Watch'd the wide plains by lunar light:
And well to him the task consign'd;
For sleepless anguish fill'd his mind.
He gazes o'er the peaceful plain;
He gazes round the sky serene,
As jealous even of adverse stars;
His bosom, seam'd with glorious scars,
Is bravely bare to Cupid's dart,
Whose lightnings thrill his throbbing heart,

His wistful eyes, deceived, pursue
His thoughts, which towards Granāda flew;
Whose flinty walls more pity feel
Than Aliana's breast of steel.
His thoughts excite laborious sighs:
Then broken words escape; while sorrow dims his eyes.

2.

" Oh, happy City! Polish'd shell!

In which a pearl so precious gleams:

The richest ruby's glowing cell!

Pure sphere, where high the fairest planet beams!

I go! But let me not

In absence be forgot!

That one affliction too severe I find:

Although I pass for lost,

By adverse Fortune tost,

I would not, out of sight, be out of mind.

Miraculous in flight,

Faith (even than Fame more light)

Soars to what mocks approach; in viewless lastre shrin'd.

"Love can all obstructions banish:
Before a God, all earthly troubles vanish.
Pity if you dare not show me,
Yet deny not what you owe me—
Let Hope a glimmering still retain;
Since that will not remit the pain.

There my prison'd soul you keep; Ne'er shall I forget it there: But with anxious dread I weep, Lest she soon forget my care.

4.

"In this fortress, fix'd by duty,
To my rigid fate I bow;
Such a passive slave of beauty,
Patience seems no merit now.

Let Hernando's hostile trumpet
Sound, his Christian faith to spread!

If thy faith do not forsake me,
I no other faith can dread.

"The fierce Alcayd of Archidona'
May his red-cross banners wave;
Though the horror of our nation,
I'll his bigot fury brave.
Let the gallant Garcilasso
Sweep with Muza through the vale;
All the Zaydas and Zulemas
Would to move my firmness fail.
Only one resistless danger
Harasses my bleeding heart:
An infant God, a pigmy tyrant,
Aims the inevitable dart.

5.

"And thou, my thought of thoughts, divine!
Upon whose snowy, spotless shrine,
Pure from all smoke, my contemplations burn;
Our love let no oblivion chill!
Then welcome every worldly ill!
Exile, disgrace, chains, tortures, death I'll spurn.

WARNINGS FOR BEAUTY.

1.

THE sun declines in curtained shade:
How soon does Morn to Evening fade!
That bubbling Fountain, which o'erflows
So prodigal of molten snows,
To-morrow will ignobly creep,
And hardly have a drop to weep.
That stately Lily, by it's streams,
Which Flora's ivory sceptre seems,
Even while upon it's pomp you gaze,
Its virgin whiteness visibly decays!

The Goldfinch, on you willow's bough,
His lively trill abandons now:
That Willow waves, with lightest air,
And, weeping, droops like wan Despair;
You proud Corinthian Colonnade,
Where fluted jasper shone display'd,
By creeping ivy now upborne,
Swings, like a culprit wretch, high hung in chains of scorn.

3.

That Bark, so proud with silken vanes,
Anon a helpless wreck remains.
Those Waves, that thunder'd on the strand,
Now gently lick the glistening sand.
Thus Time (our foe, and even his own),
To universal change is prone;
He flies: nor boots it to pursue.
Quick! seize him, Phillis! ere he seize on you.



ı.

Why, Calamity! assail me,
Armed with many a cruel dart?
If of life you would bereave me,
Death is gnawing at my heart.

2

If my memory thou wouldst plunder
Of the happy hours I've shared,
Go thy way! for Love assures me
He will ever stand their guard.

S.

If thou wouldst avenge resistance,
And compel my soul to cower;
Thou may'st boast more numerous weapons:
But my faith transcends thy power.

4.

If thou wouldst (as 'twere a fortress),
My beleaguer'd breast possess;
Fortune may perhaps befriend thee:
But I stand thy siege no less.

5. .

Whether then thy fury storm me,
Or desist; I'm still the same:
Little dost thou know my firmness:
Else thou could'st not hope to tame.

6.

What if Fate hath at thine instance Snatch'd all Hope at once away? Now let's see how much is taken If fresh Hope return each day!

Envy thou hast bribed to rob me
Of my little worldly store;
Henceforth I shall live securely;
Fearing her and thee no more.

8.

Time succeeded, and despoiled me;
Though with Love he durst not fight:
What doth he take from me?—taking
But such insecure delight?

9.

Seest thou not how vainly Fortune
Still persuades thee to oppress?
Since we gain experienced cunning,
When we fail to meet success.

10

Is there greater bliss than dying
Martyrs to our worshipp'd Faith?
"Tis the sacred test of duty,
Bravely then to welcome Death.

THE REGALIA.

1.

Poise this proud Sceptre, ponderous Rod!
What marvel if the gilded fraud
Oppress the wavering arm?
Of cumbrous dignity the glare
Wakes pity; though the vulgar stare
With wonder and alarm.

2.

This lofty Diadem (which beams, Like orient Sun that glory streams Around the empurpled skies), Is all one blaze of gems, 'tis true, But, while it blazes, scorches too The furrowed brow it ties.

This cruel consecrated Steel
Which mortal sway compels to feel,
(Stern ensign of command!)
With venomed point is apt to wound
Its owner, ere, with triumph crown'd,
It scourge the hostile band.

4.

From him who wears the triple crown

To the poor starving wretch, look down;

Lo! all are doomed to moan!

If he who hopes is ever cross'd;

If what is won be quickly lost;

Say, what can mortals own?

5.

One has been and one is to be!

Both airy nothings, disagree

In nothing, but a name:

And he who golden millions weighs,

More foolish Avarice betrays,

Than my poor itch for fame.

6. .

Grant me, kind Heaven! a fortune mild,
(Not foaming high, nor dashing wild)
In calm Oblivion's shade!
From lawless Insolence secure;
Where Peace and Labour guard the door;
By no reverse dismayed!
And oh! let all my course of life be free
To guide my steps unerringly to thee.

SONG.

1.

To advocate pity, Matilda! 'tis true
Becomes a Divinity, lovely as you.
But your words and your actions unhappily jar:
Your language pacific; your eyes still at war.

2.

Your compassion for anguish omits not to wound: But you'll miss of your aim, when the secret is found; For who can hold out in his amorous faith, If as life he must love you; yet dread you as death?

THE WARRIOR.

What cavalier along you mountain's side, Gay as Adonis, sweeps with gallant pride; Fiercer than Mars; in African array; To turn the trembling fortune of the day? His scarlet turban high in air

His scarlet turban, high in air, Seems to the affrighted foe A comet's sanguinary glare, Boding massacre and woe.

A shaggy hide, which heretofore On wild America's ferocious shore

Repell'd the ivory dart,
(Rude ornament!) defends his daring heart.

Its silver fringes gleaming
Through crimson blood fresh-streaming,

Lash the light and generous steed,
Galloping with eager speed;
As fleet along the flinty strand
As erst his sire upon the flowery land.

Five azure 'scutcheons, in a field'

Of silver, on a sanguine shield,
With golden towers around;
With antique glories, richly charge,
(Far seen) the ponderous painted Targe,
By Lusitania crown'd.
His clanging falchion thunders death,
Ere yet from jewel-sparkling sheath
It flies with lightning flash.⁵
Never so quiver'd in the wood,
With furious storms, his spear; which stood,
Robust a rooted ash;
As, brandish'd by his arm of might,
It sings with more than whirlwind flight:
To quickest eyes, amazed, aghast,

It seems not passing-for 'tis past.9

While, emulous of its resistless speed, With dazzling sword, he goads his foaming steed.

Lo! with fury-lightning eye,
Against a Moorish Chief unknown,
(Huge Azamor!) he spurs: to try
If worthy by his arm to be o'erthrown.
Proud of such death, the desperate Moor
Opposes short delay in vain,
Not hoping he can life secure;
But deathless glory to attain.
He falls: and ere one cry can utterance find,
The grizzly head is lopp'd, and weltering in the wind.

Ask of Fame
The stripling's name;
Her golden trump replies,
"Tis wrote on flowers,
In gory showers,
And Tagus saw its rise:
Its rushy fringe beguiled
The pastimes of the Child;

Its polished Court the studious Page
Trained for a Warrior, and a Sage;
Who, now expert to wield the conquering brand,
With his brave grandsires vies—the Scipios of our land."

EXPECTATION.

ı.

To raise such hopes, yet still postpone, Is but to make deception known: For, ah! what difference in the event If hope be gull'd, or patience spent?

2.

The wretch, who waits the fatal blade, Not by its keenness is dismayed; But eyes the rusting steel with dread, Hung lingering o'er his hapless head.

3

The stroke of sudden death we own

A mercy Providence has shown:

But what more barbarous than to tease

To death by regular degrees?

Following the sun from hill to hill,
I climb (the horizon widening still)
And, though his orb recedes, for shame
I can't renounce the dazzling aim.

5.

Oh, Fate! whose distant wings unfurl'd Hang hovering o'er the misty world! Who end, and equal, base and brave; Less slow thy lazy pinions wave;

6.

If to the winds my hopes must fly, The adverse hurricanes untie: No more my doubtful doom retard; Haste for my death, or my reward!

CANTATA.

On Tagus' lonely strand
Rosaura anxious stood;
Her tearful eyes on Heaven,
Her thoughts upon the flood.
A lover's lingering voyage she deplores:
None answer'd—but the waves, along the echoing shores.

The tears she scattered in the wind,

As pearls, were in the deep enshrined.

Afflictions and alarms

Enhance dishevell'd charms;

While with her tender lute her melting voice combined.

AIR.

"Waves! which with my tears are swelling!

If the sun that I adore

Skim your summits, waft me to him;

Or bring him to me once more!

Marvel not that I confide me

To your foam so lightly tost;

Love on downy wings will guide me

Gently to the farther coast." 10

Far at sea a skiff appearing,

Labours heavily to land;

Timid cares retard its steering,

More than surging waves withstand.

RECITATIVE.

Her Halcyon now (descrying from afar
The twin gigantic crags, whose green-oozed sides
Great Tagus' mouth embellish and defend)
With grateful song thus hail'd the happy land.

ARIETTA.

"Cupid! who triumphant fly,
Coasting earth and sea and sky,
Haste to her whom I adore,
Say my faith is firmer ever
Than you cliff, which ocean's roar
Impotently raves to shiver;

Say that absence gave you strength, Faith is certainty at length; None, until they banish'd rove, Know the utmost force of love."

FINALE.

Now fades away
The sun's glad ray,
In cloudy darkness lost;
The tempest sighs,
Grey billows rise,
And lash the foamy coast:
Sadly the disappointed maid
Accused vain Hope's illusive shade,
Which kills when fading it retires,
And in our very grasp expires.

False Fortune! who no sooner lend
A foretaste of delight
Than dire adversities descend,
To put our dreams to flight!
Ah! see, he strives his fate to stay!
Yes! pray, and weep; and weep, and pray.

Waves ride o'er waves; his bark dissever: He strives—he sinks—he's gone for ever!

How sure our danger when we fondly sport,
The cargo Love, and Happiness the port,
While Envy's sea and Fortune's gusts we court!

THE ITINERARY.

BRIGHT Maid! since you'd my wand'rings know,
Confession shall due homage show:
Sad was the hour, and deep my sighs,
When parting from your downcast eyes.
Ah! then one glance would mercy be:
How cruel, seeing, not to see!

Smooth was the way; the sun serene,
(Combining to insult my spleen)
In sorry litter, listless laid,
Half-dead, I knew not where I stray'd.
The murmuring fountain's silver sound,
The whispering plaint of green-woods round,
The sun-bright hills, the velvet vales,
The violet breath of cooling gales,
Sooth'd not my soul; which, fill'd with thee,
Nought else could feel, or hear, or see.

As, in the forest wild and rude,
The sullen boar is track'd by blood,
My bleeding tears my path would trace;
But ah! you're careless of the chase!"
While slow I wind that sylvan strand,
Illustrious for its golden sand,
Where thy forefathers' pomp, o'erthrown,
Now ruined sheds with weeds o'ergrown;
From centuries of great deeds acquire
More awe than grandeur could inspire.

The lofty mount I now behold,
Around whose feet broad Tagus roll'd,
Reflects the city throned on high,
Whose heroes pagan Rome defy;
Whose miracles with sainted Rome may vie.

I traverse next that rich champaign,
Where Ceres holds her bounteous reign:
With golden squadrons bristling gay,
Their wavy spears in dense array;

I pass a town of name impure—
Forgive! and let it rest obscure.
An antique fortress now I gain,
Whose bulwarks now dim cells contain:
Those towers where rung the Templars' horn,
A gorgeous Temple now adorn—
By business there I long was vext,
(Which Fraud and Malice still perplext)
And found the cross a fatal tree; 12
Fruitful to some, exhausting me;
In vain I sued: for hands so eager
So quickly pluck'd, they left me meager.
Poorer than Amadis himself,
On the poor rock a helpless elf.

Finding no recompense or hope,
To other seas and ports I slope;
With slower wings my wand'rings far,
Still dubious of my polar star—
Under and over mountains wild,
I dive and climb (still more exiled,

Still more astray) and cross the river, Whose sands and flowers retain for ever The memory of that luckless doom, That blighted Ines in her bloom. Those stately structures I revere, Those cupolas and turrets fair, Circling the citadel sublime in air. Entering—a Virgil if I seek, Or throb to hear a Tully speak, I'm told unprosperous genius, check'd, (Whate'er its splendour) meets neglect; While stamp'd by Favour, vulgar brass, Shall current by th' impression pass. Thus Merit (a vile slave of Fate), The nod of Fortune must await: But Fortune why accuse to you, 13 Who know not her caprice? Adieu.

LOVE AND OPPORTUNITY.

LOVE! you waste those darts of flame; Fortune disappoints your aim; One had proved too much for me; But her power will vanquish thee: Shut your quiver, friend; give o'er! It hath fewer shafts in store Than my single breast repell'd, Broken, while with rage you swell'd. If the war you carry on, You'll be captive made anon. Without hope to persevere, None but a blind fool would dare: True, no heart resists her eyes, Whose keen flash like lightning flies; But if mine 's to cinder turn'd, What's remaining to be burn'd?

If howe'er you'd conquer further,
Resolute on glorious murther,
To secluded lists let's hie,
Ines, Fortune, you, and I:
There your golden bowstring bend,
(Opportunity, my friend).

FUNERAL EPISTLE

TO A FRIEND ON THE DEATH OF HIS ONLY DAUGHTER.

SMALL is the pain of sentimental woe, ¹⁴
Which eloquently marks its bounds! If mine
I limit to the cause of thy distress,
Forgive me, friend! Where love is exquisite,
It spurns relief: and tenderest sympathy
Would aggravate thy sighs—augment thy tears.

Reflect that Nature, which such beauty form'd
To be adored as image of her greatness,
Bade the bright vision vanish, like a shade.
What king, what empire 'scapes the scythe of Time?
Living we know not life; which disappoints
Triumphant monarchs. The decays of age
Are providential; to distinguish truth
From falsehood. How invisible! how fleet
Day after day flies off! nor marks the last!

Just when it promises a brighter blaze,
In darkness cold and drear, the lamp expires.
And thou, fresh queen of flowers! whose blushing snow
Blends softest hues! how soon thy pomp must fade!
Scarce blown—'till dead! - False emblem of the fair!
Oh! cruel Fate! who Life accuse, and doom!
Oh! Death! impartial to plebeian rags,
And regal purple! sweeping all away!

Happy whose debt is paid! relieved from life;
From Time and Chance; the senses' dull decline;
And prisoning body; where the captive soul
Groans to be free, and claims its native place.

Death is the only portal which unfolds
A passage to our glorious heritage. 16

Thy Lucia has but quit encumb'ring clay, 17

To soar an angel. Heaven were too severe,
Had it not given her merit a reward,
The earlier the greater. A desire
To live from age to age (like flame aspiring
To its high sphere) results from ignorance,
Which vainly deems the immortal soul can live

On this inconstant world's delights. Who grasps
The most of earth is earth; 18 mere breathing dust!

Let Faith then ope thine eyes, which Grief hath veil'd. Thrice bless'd thy Lucia in immortal joy!

Presumptuous love her glory would degrade;

Imperishably bright "Tis mockery sure

To weep your treasure saved from fortune's rage!

"Your heart, forsooth! torn from the bleeding breast:
You feel not—wish not life!"—Chimeric thought!

Forged by Impatience! He who truly loves,
The object to his pleasure must prefer.

For heaven you form'd her; thither shap'd her way;
Was it in mockery? Do you now repent?
Are you incensed with Heaven?—Oh! Blessed Spirit!
While all thy tender sympathies refine,
Illumed by love, and wisdom infinite;
View from thy sacred throne, not weak complaints,
But warm affection in thy reverend Sire;
Console him with thy purity; infuse
The rapturous hope to share its high reward;
And teach him not to mourn; but emulate thy virtues.

But, if affection must be mark'd by tears,

My friend hath much t' alleviate their excess;

Which Reason reprobates: since Faith high-throned

Forbids complaint, where grateful hymns are due.

As Christian, as Philosopher, restrain

Despondence; nor provoke Heaven's hovering sword;

Yield to it's sovereign will; and humbly pray,

With lively zeal, for strength to human weakness.

This resignation will dispel that horror,

Which sinks our firmness at the shade of fil.

No mortal lot with that fixed faith can vie,
That bears the worst from Fate. If Providence
Could e'er neglect us, it were wise, and just
To send Adversity for compensation.
Thus arm'd with patience, bending to the grave,
The presence of thy Lucia thou'lt enjoy,
When Time shall end in everlasting bliss.

THE REDUCED GENTLEMAN.

'NEATH a broad elm, (which, tho' so big, He well remember'd but a twig)
Sat lame Lorenzo, who had been
Medoro in the courtly scene:
Instead of gallant sword, he drew
A crooked needle forth to view;
With rusty scissars, thread, and patches,
Of various dyes, to mend his breeches.

But cross-legg'd while he sat, and bare, Humming a melancholy air,
He prick'd his finger to the quick.
Quoth he, "If thus myself I stick,
What marvel others stab me more?
I know thee bloody world of yore!
When Tully to his groves went down,
Shunning the idle court and town;

He cried, 'How easily do all
Who climb such precipices fall!
False court! of worth the gulf, and grave!
Sure harbour pirates base to save!
Your flattery shall no more decoy,
To trust to you my hope or joy.'

"Oh, rags! more faithful than brocade;
Afford me now your sheltering aid!
What hath Ganymede to pay
For magnificent array,
Turkey-silk, and Milan-gold,
His puny figure to enfold?
But for me not much amiss is
To join these black and scarlet pieces.

"Welcome, glorious beggary!
Small although thy franchise be,
Undiminish'd, may it long
Baffle violence and wrong!
Nonsense if alone I prate,
Here no Momus lies in wait:

My folly may for wisdom pass; Who's to whisper I'm an ass?

"A cypher, yet transcending hollow All the figures that I follow;

Last, not least, I swell the number—
No refusals break my slumber:
No triumphal chariot I

Drive, or drag ignobly by;

While, to swell the pomp of one,

Thousands bleed, and are undone.

"Hope I have allowed to drop;
And with lighten'd shoulders hop:
If I'd drink, the water flies not;
If I'd eat, I've roots unpoison'd.
To no brazen idol base
Bends my knee, with foul disgrace;
To barter, in his dusky fane,
Liberty for show or gain.

" I no woman's tears let fall On the marble pedestal; Whose cold trunk, which cannot aid, Yields us neither fruit nor shade.

"Thunderbolts, with smould'ring glare,
Towering cedars blast and tear;
While the humble bending cane
Only gets a beauteous stain.
Anchored with three cables firm,
The huge ship labours in the storm;
While the skiff, with cordage fast,
Mocks the frantic roaring blast.

"How oft, amidst our festive bowers,
Fortune her blind reverses showers!
The mighty drops, as drawn by lot,
The mightier in his spoils has got:
That brow which awed the adoring World,
Prone from the Capitol is hurl'd.

"Oh! blest be that oblivious life, Which shields me in my rags from strife! Sustain'd on crums, I'll count as gain The experienced years which now remain. World—Fortune—Time! Who all destroy!
Stern executioners of Joy!
Forgive my wretchedness at last;
As I forgive you all that's past.

THE WANDERER.

THE tender lamb that stray'd in pain
To proud Toledo's mountain wold;
By faithful love brought back again,
Bleats in the fold.

What led the innocent to range?

A shepherd's inadvertent slight

Clear Manzanares²² made her change,

For Tagus bright.

She fed on flowers, and bless'd the soil;

And well, in ornament, repaid

The verdure she was forced to spoil,

While free she stray'd.

Black lambkin mild! return again;
To thine accustom'd fold, return:
Now wiser thou wilt find each swain;
And none will scorn.

If guilt by penitence can rise

To merit; what they lost by sleeping,

Has been recovered by their eyes'

Incessant weeping.

Trust not the foreign swain's applause;
You owe him nothing if you're sought:
Heed not his tinkling bell, which draws
Fools to be caught.

The milk-white ewes, that frown'd askew,

Corrected, in thine absence, moan

The fields deserted (reft of you)

And weep alone.

Thine absence stopp'd the clouded sun,
The fields no longer sweetly smile;
And, only to o'ertake thee, run
The brooks awhile.

The roses wither ere they blow!

The tear-bright lilies droop deprest!

Alas! if flowers can die of woe,

What must my breast?

Hopeless its hope! while tears it showers.

Return, enchanting eyes! and bring

Flowers to its thistles; to its flowers

Their pristine spring!

CONSOLATION.

ı.

DEAR friend! my frank advice receive,
To comfort you, myself relieve,
Ere sorrow gain resistless sway,
To sweep your solid sense away.
Leave vulgar passions to confound
The mind's clear light, in tempests drown'd.
If pain drive mad the headlong steed,
Must man rush wild, with desperate speed?
No space dissevers life from woe:
But lordly man should lofty firmness show.

2.

You cry "Had I deserv'd my lot, I'd bear it patiently!"—Why not? What mighty merit in his patience, Who suffers legal castigations? How widely differ Chance and Crime!

To brave Misfortune is sublime.

But, while self-judged so free from blame,

Let none have cause your judgment to disclaim.

TO CUPID.

1.

Why, thou blind-fold baby! bear me
Headlong, where my brain must fail—
To the precipice of danger,
From oblivion's quiet vale?

2.

Wanting eyes, you choose to guide me:

I, with open eyes, obey.

Thy presumption, or my rashness,

Which is greater frenzy, pray?

3.

To strive against severe experience

Must caprice, not courage, shew.

Thou wilt never sure be better

Than in ages long ago.

4:

Love! thou surely wouldst deceive me;
Had not Time, whose wicked speed
Of bewitching Hope deprived me,
Left me Caution in her stead.

5.

Let me now, with veneration,
Listen to his awful breath;
By the sufferings of millions,
Warning from the brink of death.

6.

To ignoble Ease securely

Some few years I sacrifice;

Ghosts of those whom thou hast murder'd;

Counted only by my sighs!

7

Let Belinda's eyes (and welcome!)
Like the sun eclipsed decay!
Let them shine on happier wooers;
So I never feel their sway!

8.

That tall taper of thine altar

Lend to those who dare receive;

At its fatal flame I tremble;

(Meteor hovering o'er the grave!)

9.

Seek the heedless, Love! the heedless!

Snares of gold are still but snares.

I am timid, thou deceitful:

Precious mischief all thy wares!

10.

Well I know thou'rt still attendant
On those eyes of heavenly blue;
Which (of all the carnage guiltless)
Only aid thee to subdue.

11.

Play on those who dare resist thee
All thy light envenomed arms:
If I fly from more deception,
I own the triumph of her charms.



63

12.

From the scars of former battles,
Drops the blood that trickles still:
Oh! then let no more be wasted,
Idly to display thy skill.

13.

Seek new champions of thine empire;

More its vastness to increase:

While, secure in undeception,

Cautious veterans sleep in peace.

THE PORTRAIT.

COMMANDED by a lovely girl,
(More precious than the purest pearl)
To paint or sing her, (spite of sloth)
I'll labour to accomplish both;
And borrow from my own confusion
The colours for the sweet illusion.

Some Grace has moulded all her limbs;
A Grace in every motion swims:
In dress, expression, mien, and face,
She's all one fascinating Grace.

When her ringlets loosen'd fly, Sweet as Evening's latest sigh, Fired, like me, such charms to view, He weeps with panting rapture too. How can my aspiring lay
Her pure and polish'd front display?
I can only say 'tis such
As no pen can praise too much.

Small, and elegant, the nose Palpable perfection shows; With inexplicable grace, Harmonizing with her face.

Who her cheeks contemplates, swears Peerless each, yet both compares.

While my fixed and curious gaze Her enchanting eyes surveys, They're most beauteous, I avow, But can never tell you how.

Like those wondrous twins of sense, Fair sisters, all intelligence; The shapely ears are just as coy, As those are forward to annoy. The ruby lips, the teeth of snow,
O'er our scant freedom triumph so;
All hang on that sweet mouth, and wait
From thence the oracles of Fate.

In vain would Admiration tell

The neck's white curve, the bosom's swell,

For, ere one miracle is o'er,

Another stupifies us more.

Her hands, which bind the slaves they win, To vanquish only need be seen. My passion I would try to paint, But language there is far too faint.

Her name the world should know: and she Knows why 'tis left a mystery:
But lest it might be understood
Whom I complain of—I conclude.

ON THE DEATH OF A PRELATE.

Was this the good—the great—the brave?

Such of the tyrant, and the slave,

Of russet rags, and purple robes, the lot!

Death spares no sanctity or state;

The mightiest feel the stroke of Fate,

Like him who thinks his lowliness forgot.

Cæsars and Alexanders proud,

Whose fame amazed the gaping crowd,

In ashes fly, by puffing whirlwinds caught.

How Time proclaims that Cross, and Crown,

The sword, and sceptre of renown,

Are clay, are dust, are smoke, are shade, are nought!

Each night sleep trains for death; and every year

Steps from the cradle downwards to the bier.

PERPLEXITY.

1.

To love, not merit; seek, not hope;
Serve without recompense, or scope;
Blush, not complain; respire, not live;
Kindled by coldness; suffering, forgive;
Love-lorn, and love-sick, rather than in love;
How shall I style the complex ills I prove!

2.

Oh, nymph! who (as the industrious bee,
In blooming orchard roving free,
Sucks, in the clove of rich carmine,
And musky rose, nectareous juice divine)
Toil, from each care, sweet poison to combine!
You, who have made me quaff annoy,
Let me at once describe it, and enjoy.

69

3.

It is not jealousy; nor yet
Disgust; oblivion; dark deceit;
Disdain; nor disappointment keen;
Discarded rage; nor rankling spleen;
Rigour unjust; nor absence chill;
Falsehood assured, (more poignant still!)
Nor life; nor death; but far severer ill.

4

An ill immense; and all my own;
And every instant fiercer grown:
An ill, whose agony is best
By struggling negatives express'd:
An ill, of which I only can collect
In you the cause; and in myself the effect.

TO INES.

1.

BRIGHT Ines! to my rigorous fate 'tis due,

To honour with your name my cruel doom:

Since 'tis the generous light diffused by you,

Rewards my sufferings, and relieves my gloom.

2

Smote by your charms, I glory in the wound:

Nor wish the cure, such balsam to enjoy.

But since so high a Muse my lay hath crown'd,

Hear what I am; and what keen pangs annoy.

3.

Where sovereign Tagus' crystal current pours, To sink his name and treasures in the deep; Loitering to view my country's stately towers; With smiles reflecting each embattled keep.

4.

I sprung from those, of whom Castilians say
That "Love with them was born, and dwells with them."
How happy once! But Love and Fortune's sway
Made me for light mistake the fatal flame.

5.

I toiled to win; and struggled to endure;
And courted Danger, gilded by Renown:
Whole years I wander'd; and declined all cure:
Fed on a smile, or famish'd by a frown.

6.

For love, wide ocean's lonely waste I plough'd;
For love, the earth's remotest climes explored;
Unfledged, forsook the nest; his service vowed;
Absence, disdain, and jealousy deplored.

7.

On me his shafts were spent: till, in despair,
At mercy yielding to his stern control,
An abject slave, his livery I wear;
And worship Ruin, with devoted soul.

Such grief, celestial Ines! I endure:

A smother'd grief which time can never cheer.

To thy resistless power I trust the cure;

If my hard fortune will but let thee hear.

HASSAN AND BELAYA.

ı.

GOADED by Belaya's coldness,

Hassan oft had rush'd on death;

Offer'd oft in vain his trophies;

All dust, and blood, and fire, and faith.

2.

On the bank she stray'd one evening, Of the King of Floods, serene Guadalquivir'; crown'd with laurels; Ever-chaste; her mirror sheen.

3.

Screen'd by, what was once a cypress,
(Now a shatter'd trunk) he hides:
While she (less the air inhaling,
Than embalming) pensive glides.

4.

Warn'd by sighs, he watch'd her coming;
Like the sun in roseate morn,
She appears: he stands confounded;
Dazzled by her beauteous scorn.

5

She, discovering, recognizes

Her confus'd adorer near;

Less by graceful mien and figure,

Than the ghastly hue of fear.**

6.

Breathing hesitating sweetness,
'Twixt her clove-red lips; she cried,
"Why avoid me? why accuse me?
Thy hard fortune only chide.

7.

"'Twas the fates who persecute thee,
Made me as their law receive;
That I never can requite thee,
Though, alas! I must believe.

8.

"From compassion I abhor thee; "
Not to see thee quite undone:
Destiny too much oppresses;
Not to torture, I must shun.

9.

"What you take for fix'd aversion,
And which others pride may deem;
Though (Heaven knows) 'tis not affection;
May be pity, or esteem.

10.

"Go in peace, and seek thy fortune:
Grant thee, Heaven! thy merit's meed!"
Beauteous tears her roses sprinkling, "
Then her last farewell succeed.

11.

The Moor attempts a moving answer:
Alas! his fainting spirits fail!
His quivering lips refuse their office:
He faints, with visage deadly pale.

COMPLAINT.

1.

While the creaking oars, drawn in,
Brush the sedge with rustling din;
While the vanquish'd waves, asleep,
Through their green banks gleaming creep;
While the shrubs in cadence grave,
(Toss'd by zephyrs) gently wave;
While all nature smiles around,
My faithful eyes in tears are drown'd.
Nor only grief my peace destroys,
But loathing of all other joys.
That tears relieve, my eyes proclaim:
Their cause entire, and evermore the same:
And sure they're lent by love, to cool his furious flame.

2.

My shepherdess is gone!

That fate on me alone

Her tyrant power might prodigally show.

Intemperate display!

Life oft is snatch'd away

By dastards fell, who cannot life bestow.

Happier who 'scape at once from pain,

And perish by a single stroke,

Than he who mangled trails his chain,*

While hourly tortures death provoke!

Ye Rivers, sacred to indulgent powers!

Why hide your banks so dire an asp in flowers?

3.

Fortune indeed to wealthy courts,

(Inwreath'd with treacherous snakes) resorts;

And grows familiar with deceit:

But can such perfidy with you

My lacerated heart pursue,

And for my gory spoils thus lie in wait?

Oh! where can truth asylum prove,

If you avail not blameless love?

Even amidst your waving shades,
My tarnish'd glory quickly fades:
Oh! send it not to me again;
But let it sweep me in its train.
With her in whom I live I'd die;
I perish, absent from her eye.
This way to live's not life but breath:
And to die that way is not death.

QUERE?

ı.

COLIN loves Phoebe; she loves him: But, such her vanity and whim, That, lest he should adore her less, She feigns to heed not his distress.

2

Colin, absorb'd in fond devotion,
Not to lose her, would lose th' emotion;
And not to lose his love, would lose
The very object it pursues.

3.

Ye learn'd in love! (where maid or lover, Or both are lost, who silent suffer;) Say which a gallant youth should bear To lose—his passion, or the fair?

SERIOUS EPISTLE.

Or amorous trifling tir'd, and cold disdain,
I offer now, my friend! one serious strain.
Strange though the idiom seem, 'tis free from guile:
To undeceive I choose a borrow'd style."
I love my country; but if she reject,
Who can compel his mother to protect?
No! to that foreign trunk I'll rather cling,
Which screens the wanderer with its shadowy wing.
I'm not ungrateful; but at home despair
To prove my truth, which once a doubt could bear.
Now misconceiv'd; I go, with generous scorn,
Triumphant, or requited, to return.

But as to me indifferent what I seem,

Let men be blind, so I have self esteem.

Yet singed; while from this tumult I retire,

Like Salamanders, breathing smoke and fire;

Scorch'd, tho' not burn'd; my mind (as hornet-stung) In no condition finds contentment long.

The friendly land I now desire to leave,
And, with bold keel, the furious ocean cleave;
Now long to change fair peace for barbarous strife;
Now (weary of th' insidious courtly life)
In mountain sanctuary strive to form
My foolish hopes to bear the withering storm.

In steel and adamant let warriors frown;
And mariners, immur'd, half live—to drown;
Tread unknown billows, count each direful shock,
Describe each shoal, and map each lurking rock.
Let quibbling schoolmen doubtful texts explain,
And in dark cobwebs spin their worthless skein.
To govern chance let idle gamblers toil;
And heartless sages waste their midnight oil.
Like Hercules, hoar Atlas to relieve,
The ministerial load let this receive;
That thirst for power, or treasures without end;
A third to sensual joys all efforts bend.

Let viperous fraud dire pestilence infuse
In the clear fount which virtue's lips imbues:
While I, an humble, honest life to lead,
From laws once wise, but now corrupt, secede.

Hail, Solitude! by traffic vile unstain'd,
By military ravage unprofan'd!
Safe country of repose! Calm reason's seat!
From this harsh age a sanctified retreat!
With oaks and chesnuts fortified around;
With towers of pine, that baffle centuries, crown'd;
Paths where no malice lurks, no fraud betrays;
Fair court, where neither pride nor avarice sways;
Whose plate and gold is peace!—Thrice happy those
Who can in rural shades adore Repose! 30

Oh! did such ease my restless cares allay,
(Rebels to reason and to nature's sway!)
What days and years, that ran unmark'd to waste,
I might revolve, and innocently taste!
Beyond the neighbouring glades no longer range;
And blood-stain'd mail for simple sackcloth change!

Each stream to me a sea, whose further shore By its slight bridge I seldom would explore!

Courting the sylvan wilds, in splendid June,
In flowering groves I'd mock the torrid noon;
By the cool bubbling fountain lull'd, and charm'd;
By time's swift flight nor wearied nor alarm'd;
Heedless of debts, or rents, I'd gaily taste,
With temperate appetite, a light repast.
No politics should trouble my repose;
Careless what blunderer rules Tartarian snows.
My thundering gun, or treacherous net, should ne'er
Innoxious animals destroy, or scare.
Cautious of love, enamour'd of the morn,
I'd rove with health, and sneering malice scorn.
Thrice happy life! whose humble bounds include
All earthly blessings for the wise and good!

But for a friendly letter, less advice
(Not to exhaust your patience) might suffice.

Let's change the subject.—But conceal from sight
In your safe desk the levities I write.—

See scared America defenceless lie,
With tears imploring justice from the sky!
While lingering navies all our harbours throng;
And tardy succour dreads insulting wrong!

What boots it now that valour fires the breast?
What once was glorious grown a ribald jest! 31
To change soft glossy silk for rigid mail;
Luxurious Holland for the gorse-clad dale;
Set life to chance, and brave dire war's alarms;
Was all that once had recompense or charms.
Now cold to all that challeng'd lasting praise
In bold Pelayo, and Alphonzo's days;
The age, corrupted, venerate no more
The conqueror's laurel; but some scourge adore.

To stem the angry deep is thankless toil,

Though all the wealth of Colchos to despoil.

Th' official pen can greater awe command,

Nay cause more deaths, than Cid's tremendous brand.

One ministerial frown, or broken phrase,

A life of glorious victories outweighs.

Power lasts for years; achievement but a day:
Then fraud and flattering impudence betray,
And snatch from courage its hard-earn'd reward:
For virtue meets disgrace, and vice regard.

Fortune still favours fools (for office fit,)³³
While wisdom seems repulsive; dangerous, wit.
The silly world men's characters mistakes,
Just as the sycophant, or satirist, makes:
But hoary time displays triumphant truth,
Effulgent; blooming with immortal youth.
What gains Achilles now by Homer's praise? **
Who's his accuser?—If Vitellius sways;
What hireling annalist, thro' future times,
Can screen his vice, or canonize his crimes?

Let us be timely just: the obvious bound

Of vice and virtue nothing can confound.

The attempt is guilt:—But if my artless pen

Presume too high to counsel powerful men;

The groveling ivy, by the courteous aid

Of some near bough may climb, the withering oak to shade.

I seek not robes of state, nor mural crown;
Preferring ease to insecure renown.
I write but what I hear and what I see,
And, if I combat, 'tis but to be free;
Not for vain glory: I despise the mind,
Starr'd like the peacock's train with eyes, yet blind.

To spleen this lay a desert waste will show, Where kindly sunshine would make flowerets blow; I seek to serve; not simply to divert: Though Love's a child, he's like old age expert; Train'd in perplexing trials of the mind, By hard experience, sober truth to find. This can teach virtue, and not merely quote; And, if my muse be vain, her faults I note. I know my edicts upon froth I write; Yet fondly hope new Solons to excite. Thebes by the lyre was built: the moral lay May lure whole states to own discretion's sway. Weigh then these jingling truths without disgust; Which to a tried and valued friend I trust. May happier days reform a guilty age; Our fortunes mend; our country's wounds assuage.35

THE VAPOURS.

1.

My dear! 'tis unwise,
With such languishing eyes,
Your delicate health to disparage.
We may think you worse then;
And pray which of the men
Will afterwards dream of a marriage?

2.

To give you relief,
All the world are in grief:
And, such is the flatterers' presumption,
That persuade you they will,
To fall really ill:
For "Conceit is as bad as consumption."

3.

From your sickness there's few
Feel so little as you:

I was prompt to forgive, and defend it.
But how soon, when forgiven,
Hath the malady thriven;
And to downright imposture extended.

4.

What disease gave such pain?
'Twas affected disdain;
Which to girls like small-pox is contagious.
Those squeamish alarms,
Enhancing your charms,
Were intended to pique and engage us.

5.

Some swear you're not ill;
But imprison'd, until
You atone for the guilt of your eyes:
And Envy maintains
That, although you're in chains,
You assassinate folks by surprise.

89

6.

"When you make full confession
Of every transgression,
And your numberless victims," they say,
"That you'll get out of jail;
If, with Love, you go bail,
Henceforth with more conscience to slay."

RESERVE.

ı.

SLEEPLESS eyes! How much I'd owe; If your never-ceasing flow Merit to my plaint could lend; Or my unknown fault defend!

2.

Ah! 'twere better to abstain! Since 'tis insult to complain; Since there's guilt in every sigh, Wrung from secret agony!

3.

Hard! what others suffer, all,
On my single head must fall!

Hated, when my love is shown;

Forgot, as if 'twere quite unknown!

91

4.

Strange misfortune mine! to prove
That the self-same means, which move
Pity for all else but me,
Aggravate her cruelty!

5.

Information of my fault
Only from my fate I've got;
Vainly studying to surprise
The fatal secret in her eyes.

6.

For the error of my soul—
They were guiltless of the whole.
I was wrong to trust Sensation;
And misled by Inclination.

7.

Of the penance which chastised, Destiny the cause disguised; To deprive me of the fame Of falling from so high an aim. 36 8.

But though none the mystery see; Reserve, and Doubt, suffice for me: Tears! suspend your dangerous tide; Dangerous, though unseen you glide!

9

Let my thoughts alone proceed:
Thoughts that wheel with fluttering speed!
Aspiring with renown to die;
And, from their fall revived, to fly! 37

ON SENDING ASHES.**

PHBNIX! I consecrate to thee
A more than usual mystery.
Though dust, no memory here decays,
The ashes keep in mind the blaze.
You shine the flame, which they have been;
And what they are, in me is seen.

TO A DEVOTEE.

Since you would honour All-Souls' Day,
Take my poor soul with all the rest.

'Tis not through cowardice I pray;
With burning pains I've learn'd to jest.
Not from its flame my soul to save,
But that you'd feed its flame I crave.

THE MOTH.

MYSTERIOUS fluttering thing! That, ever on the wing, With matchless faith, in Beauty's cause expire! Fed on thy natal air, Harmless and free from care, To make a taper's blaze thy funeral pyre! Thou whose persevering flight, Circling round a fount of light, Animates the poet's lay With such metaphoric play. Thou who (small yet gallaut) prove Even death may please, sustain'd for love! Chaste wooer! airy votary! mine Is far a nobler aim: If light attract; here's light divine: If flame; here's heavenly flame: As then, like me, you only seek to die; Turn to my dazzling orb, and we'll together fly.

EXPOSTULATION.

ı.

Why took she not my life away,
Who robb'd me of repose?
And then bereft me even of speech;
To leave me all my woes?

2.

If haply other times have seen

Love oftener dumb than blind;

Prosperity might well be mute;

But not the tortured mind.

3.

Short was the expected pause of Fate:
How the consuming flash
Was hid in Heaven; until it burst
In one tremendous crash!

4.

For refuge whither shall I fly?

To tremble, or implore,

Alike were vain: the altar's deaf;

Nor heeds the victim's gore.

5.

The simple animal in vain

His humble zeal would plead.

Even for the smoke of sacrifice,

Alas! he's doom'd to bleed.

6

But if you scorn to make your prize

My unresisting heart,

Why torture, when its miseries

No glory can impart?

7.

The ever-green victorious bay

No sprinkling blood requires;

Nor deigns the sun to snatch a ray

From all Heaven's twinkling fires.

BASHFUL BEAUTY.

ı.

FRESH Rose of Love! whose budding charms
In verdure hide with vain alarms:
They cannot 'scape from Fortune's spite;
Why even in spring then shrink from sight?
Burst your green bulb; lest fools proclaim
That midst your pomp you shrink with shame!
Take heed lest vulgar flowers should dare
To taunt you with their gaudy glare;
Vain to observe you seem afraid,
That even your beauties like their own must fade.

Q.

The blush-rose triumphs that you deign Her thorny caution to maintain; (As from thy treasures she purloin'd The white, the pink, and gold conjoin'd) As if, forsooth! mere equals were
A goddess and a fading fair!
Burst out, rude rivals to confound;
With self-dependant beauty crown'd:
From thy green lattice, budding, blaze;
Expand thy leaves, with reddening rays;
And, breathing round divine perfume,
Boldly the adoring world illume;
Nor let Disdain pretend (your worth to wrong)
That you to all, except yourself, belong.

SONG.

1.

A WANDERING pilgrim, to your shrine;

I've trod a rough and devious way;

Humbly to seek your charms divine,

And hail their fascinating sway.

2.

To you devoting all my soul,

My wand'rings cease; I ask no more:

Content to gaze without control;

And recompens'd, while I adore.

SAINT JOHN'S NIGHT.

1.

To the fount by the elm, on the Eve of St. John, Constantia, the flower of the village, is gone. Her jacket of lambskin, as white as the snow, By her delicate bosom seem'd black as a crow.

2.

Her diminutive foot swam with dignified ease; From the flint drawing flowrets, and smiles from the trees; Her soft hand a sweet war with the jessamines made; And seem'd less to gather, than cast them in shade.

3.

Love watch'd at the elm; from the crystalline ewer, A delicious libation of slumber to pour: And when her twin comets thus clouded became, The somnolent Beauty gave truce to their flame.

4.

Less soft seem'd the down than the flint where she lay; Were it diamond it were not more precious that day. At the view of the gay mountaineers she awoke; Who (like pearls in a string) came for holiday joke.

5.

They chaunted fam'd Ines * eclipsing the sun:
What of Ines was flattery, to Constance were none.
At the clear dawn of day, neither meadows or woods
Ever heard such sweet ditties resound from the floods.

6.

No festival pageant so gaudy and grand, With spangles and foil, as this pastoral band. But thus brown Madelina, and brisk Guyomar, Sung apart, while they tript to the ivory guitar. SONG.

YE blooming maids, Of flowery glades,

Whose charms the dance discloses:

Frisk about,

In heedless rout,

And trust not beds of roses!

Soft and sweet, they lull to sleep;

But snakes among their leaves may creep.

Heigh, ho!

How so?

' Cupid (who's a naughty boy)

Entangles us by beauty;

And mildness uses, to decoy,

While he aims to shoot you.

Haste, run, and fly,

Beware his bow!

Haste, run, and fly,

From deadly blow!

Haste, run, and fly,

In ring or row!

ı.

Arriving, they now all discover the maid,
Like the loveliest of scraphs, half lull'd in the shade;
By her form and her features, they guess'd at her eyes:
Till, scarcely awake, she sigh'd "Ah!" with surprise. "

2.

And to the fair foresters graceful did say,
"What seek you, dear damsels! what seek you, I pray?"
Kind Maid of the Mountains! a garland we sought:
A whole spring, in full bloom, unexpected have got.

3.

"But with charms that make eyesores 42 of flowerets so fine,

What need of a mirror to eyes such as thine?
With such pliant silk bows, and such delicate rays,
Light shafts, that set Cupid himself in a blaze!

4

"How, 'midst the coarse briars that these crags overgrow, Can jasmines and roses luxuriantly blow? How strange these ruderocks thus disparage and spoil The most gorgeous parterres that embellish our soil!"

CONSTANTIA.

ı.

"OH, pastoral nymphs! do not sneer,
If neatness unpolish'd you see:
This fountain, that gushes so clear,
Is mirror sufficient for me.

2.

"No praise we to objects can owe,
For what from their station they share.
Sure, nymphs who reside among snow
In the mountains, at least, may be fair.

3.

"Nor need I from these ridges go down,
As well as yourselves to divine,
That the pearl and carnation in town
Do not always spontaneously shine.

4.

"The sun that Aurora admires
(Who quickly will gladden the fields,)
These mountains first tips with his fires
Ere your vale and your village he gilds."

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CHORUS.

"Mountain maid!" the train reply,
"More upon our faith rely:
Every beauty, every grace,
Decorate thy form and face.
"Tis not competition vain,
"Tis humiliation plain,
That alone this truth can hide
From the view of envious pride.
Fair thou art, and fair shalt prove,
Queen of elegance and love!
Since no envy you can hide,
Come! Our dance and song decide!"

High-throned on flowers, with coronal of roses (Her rod a pink) the lively judge reposes:

Of lily leaves the volume of her laws;

Love, advocate for all, without a fee;

The suit an amorous slight: and all agree

To call for justice, and unfold the cause.

Gay and courteous, these to sing
She commands; and those to spring.
Two the alternate song resound:
Four dance gaily round and round:
Love hath lent his wings renown'd:
Oh! how the rural lasses bound!



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RESIGNATION.

1.

LET silence, Cynthia! earn the meed,
Since even my tears offend thine eye,
That, pardon'd, they may still proceed:
To die, complaining—is to die.

2.

Frenzied I gasp, yet still obey;
And, if I dare to plead with thee,
Yet for a while attention pay,
And all complaint it shall not be.

3.

"Tis he resists who waits his doom, Not who anticipates its date; And (as ambitious of the tomb) Is still enquiring for his fate.

To struggle with impending ill,
Is to avoid it and abhor:
But, at its very name to kneel,
Is its great Author to adore.

5.

If vulgar grief attend the stroke,

Obedience, generous, bold, and free,
Invisibly will Fate provoke,

And execute the stern decree.

6.

Then let me of thy lightnings die,
And not thy pity: small his boast
Who, favour'd, conquers destiny:
Thou'lt see me in myself an host.

7.

Heaven to thine eyes would surely yield;
Were they with me, but small my praise!
Your conquering star would win the field,
And scarcely light me with its rays.



8.

What would your tender laurels gain,
Or how their verdant growth improve;
If, where the sole reward is pain,
Compassion must a traitor prove?

9.

What then hast thou or I to dread?

Or why delay a single blow,

Which, falling on my fated head,

To both new laurels would bestow?

FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

IF with regret the town you left,
We grieve no less, of you bereft:
To your own feelings I resign
The task of estimating mine.

The Muses, quite forgotten, mours, Astonish'd at your silent scorn, And call you from the rural plain; Nor can believe that secret pain Could to blank solitude exile, Severe vexation to beguile.

When grief's too strong for human nerve, No common antidote will serve. The vessel which, with shatter'd side, Escap'd the swoln infuriate tide, Is often lost in tranquil port,
Where cautious vigilance falls short.
Accustom'd many a storm to brave,
And stem affliction's whelming wave,
Beware that now, in harbour deep,
No torpid sloth your courage steep.
In peopled haunts devouring flame
Assisting numbers quickly tame:
But, in sequester'd wilds, its rage
Spares not the oak, for reverend age,
Nor sacred laurel, which Heaven's sire
Abstains from blasting in his ire.

If smother'd passion heave thy breast,
By prudence let it be supprest,
Ere the smoke burst: for flight is vain,
If in your heart the idol reign:
That hidden image will proclaim
Your worship changed, your faith the same.
The statue we must long adore,
When Memory gave the mould, and Love the ore.

I judge your history by my own;
I too betimes have learn'd to groan,
And still that vain, vain glory wooed;
And still a fleeting shade pursued;
While, day by day, Hope lingering staid,
And languished in Deception's shade.
I too have oft been forced to feel
The dreadful rush of Fortune's wheel;
And sometimes seen the vigorous will,
Driven to the precipice—stand still.
I too in banishment have thought
To 'scape from love, as you have sought:
But absence and attractive love,
Like the hard steel and magnet prove.

If from the dear deceit you aim
To vindicate your free-born fame,
Better persist to love a year,
Till undeception's torch appear;
Exposing falsehood, coldness, doubt,
And putting Cupid to the rout:

This solitude can ne'er achieve, For hid in throngs these traitors live.

Or if with loftier sentiment
You shun base times, and seek content;
If, having miss'd of virtue's meed, "
(Lost in court-crowds) to woods you speed;
Or, sick of their vile flattery, choose
The poisonous potion to refuse;
Or if you shun (though all implore)
The blind ambition we adore,
Nor choose too vast a price to give
Men's fickle favour to receive;
Your prudent eminence maintain
Above the glaring sun-burn'd plain;
There let the dazzled courtier stray,
And, parching, thirst for transient sway.

In Envy's dark and hideous breast
Let all her bloated aspics rest:
Let her (devouring gall for food)
Make her own bane of other's good.

If you, with fix'd disdain, avoid

Life's vanities, though once enjoyed,

No longer your retirement blame,

Which (like a beacon's guardian flame
In dusky night) will serve to guide

Our passage through life's treacherous tide.

Love thy calm solitude, and leave

To those who rule the world to save.

Just 'scaped to a delightful port,

Where neither winds nor waves can hart;

"Twere madness to the raging deep

To rush, to save a sinking ship.

I own 'tis glorious all to serve:
And so should I, if bless'd with nerve.
Nor do I point the danger out,
Because thy fortitude I doubt:
'Twas I encouraged you so long,
So nobly to encounter wrong.
But since you cannot cure the age,
'Tis idle to confront its rage.
The town besieg'd, is sav'd at length,
By time and caution, more than strength:

The tower that mocks the torrent's pride Is sapp'd by calm continual tide.

I'm my own world. The boast were vain
O'er others (not myself) to reign.
But thou, Apollo's favourite scribe!
Far-first of all his tuneful tribe;
Through whom, in solemn strains profound,
He dictates to the nations round!
In aid of my weak lays command
Thy muse perseasive, rich, and grand,
This philosophic faith divinely to expand.

For me, fierce war's tumultuous noise
Forbids to take my own advice;
And, as I feel I'm hoodwink'd too,
It gives me ease to counsel you.
The beam escapes us in our eye, 45
While we our neighbour's mete copy.
The clown his glaring sun-flower loves
Beyond rich tufts of crimson cloves.

Men's aims are various as their ways: Some live for profit, some for praise.

And now it cannot be denied

My obligation's satisfied;

Waen, by poetic rule, I send

This letter missive to my friend.

The clash confus'd, and deafening roar

Of mortal war, allow no more:

And where retir'd I scrawl, my rhime

Is echoed by the martial chime;

Which, with discordant concord, charms

Our legions on to dire alarms.

We go to make the age bewail,
And write in blood a tragic tale.
I'm hurried with the rushing throng,
To kill, or perish; right or wrong:
And now this pensive lay bequeath.
Believe me truly

Yours.

Till death.



LOVE ELEGY.

1.

ATTUN'D to mournful sounds that wound the air,
Let my sad voice, Lucinda! force its way;
And to expiring love, in deep despair,
The tribute of a parting requiem pay.

2.

A generous passion freely will unfold

The pangs you caused, and flattery will disdain:

The wretch who offers gilded lead for gold,

With impious fraud, the altar must profane.

3.

At undeception's shrine I offer—truth.

The hills you trod are green, and gay no more:

That wood which round you flower'd in verdant youth,
With withering blossoms strews the sandy shore.

The wimpling fount that sooth'd you to repose,

And shew'd your charms, no more thro' odorous glades
In shadowy silence indolently flows,

Or tumbles clear in musical cascades.

5.

Yet, by your own enchantments stupified,
You see not that even senseless things reprove
Your trifling levity, your wayward pride,
Your rash insensibility to love.

6.

Oh! mischievous applause! how hard to win!

How easy lost, when first th' illusion falls!

Heaven shower'd its favours, beauty, birth, and mien,

To form a wonder, which the world enthralls.

7.

Such the loud echo from the trump of fame,
Which now with louder lamentation sounds.
Each voice accuses thy ungrateful name,
And general clamour every ear confounds.

In the calm shelter of an humble cot,
And frugal garden, upon acorns fed, *
Years roll'd unheeded o'er my blissful lot,
Until by fate and thee almost struck dead.

9.

Through waves, through gulfs, distracted did I steer,

(While in my breast was lodg'd the envenom'd dart;)

Wild as the wounded and forsaken deer,

Who flies for life while death is in his heart.

10.

Then in the tall green plane's light shade reclin'd;

(The brook my lute, my couch the flowery sward;)

Absent and pensive, to the murmuring wind

In tears thy stinging slight I thus deplored.

11.

"On Tagus' noblest banks Lucinda sprung,
And with her every beauty, every grace.

Love with her golden hairs his weapon strung;
And twin'd those bouds I shadder to displace.

"To firmness chain'd; with arrows from her eyes,
He pierc'd my tortur'd bosom to the core.
I saw, I sought, ador'd, nor fear'd disguise,
Or fickle change; and, injur'd, still adore.

13.

"Such was my fondness!— diffident, refin'd;

More tender of her peace than of my own;

Deaf to oblivion; to suspicion blind:

While happiness in bright perspective shone.

14.

"Love mask'd with pity, with such art deceiv'd;
And (if it could increase) increas'd my flame;
On rudest trunks and hardest rocks I grav'd
My fancied bliss—my folly to proclaim! "

15.

" My flattering fortune (envy of the woods!)

I grav'd—too vainly thoughtless of annoy;

Breath'd my warm raptures to the smiling floods;

Nor dreamt how fleeting every gleam of joy!"

Too soon, when most I seem'd secure from harm,
So rapid the relapsing wheel was whirl'd,
That, stupified with anguish and alarm,
I knew not whence thus headlong I was hurl'd.

17.

A gay adventurer, with seductive art,

Display'd his guilty trophies to her view;

Dar'd to admire, and ape the feeling heart;

While, fed by favour, his presumption grew.

18.

Ingrate! She trifles—she derides my faith!

An Argus then, all watchful eyes and ears,
I track'd my rival, with suspended breath,
And vow'd revenge, with floods of bitter tears.

19.

Oh! who shall pray for justice now to Heaven,
Whose angry bolts the innoxious mountain burn?
While no red lightnings from its stores are driven,
To blast ingratitude, and barbarous scorn?

I hunted out disgrace; my doom pursued!

And found—Oh! would I ne'er had found!—my wrong.

He hinted amorous conquests while he wooed,

And sobb'd—nay, wept—to aid his glozing tongue!

21.

The sounding vapour blinds her beauteous eyes,

Though on his neck hung wedlock's sacred chain.

She gave him hope!—And now, with pitying sighs,

The rural throng her perfidy arraign.

22

Yet she with high indifference is content

That all who sung her praise abhor her crime!

Unfeeling sorceress! Thou shalt yet repent,

While I'm reveng'd (if not reliev'd) by time.

JEALOUSY. *

ı.

FAIR damsel! if my murmurs tease,
And sound like peevish disrespect;
You can remove them, when you please
Your heedless conduct to correct.

2.

Great is my anguish, great the source;
Enough to banish all content:
Nor can my tongue, when feelings force,
Forbear its petulance to vent.

3

Unsatisfied complaints distract;
Shadows perhaps; but not removed;
Which, even if unsustain'd by fact,
Are more than rash suspicions proved.

If jealousy affection stain,

No doubt it is a cruel curse;

But not a vice, if still 'tis plain

That what is doubtful may be worse.

5.

Seeing me backward to suspect,

My evil-genius jealous grew;

That I should jealousy reject:

And whisper'd, with malicious view—

6.

"The youth who merits what he loves, Casts idle jealousies away: But he who wants such merit proves, With justice, dark Suspicion's sway.

7.

Without desert, how weak, and vain Pretensions, miserably placed In envious efforts to arraign The error of another's taste!



8.

Yet must the wretch his shipwreck fear,
Aud strive his agony to hide:
How sad his lot, to whom 'tis clear
He must live blindfold—to confide!

9.

Roused from my dream of bliss by thee,
At length I ope unwilling sight;
And, though Love's fann'd by Jealousy,
My flame grows rather fierce than bright.

10.

Who (sure to lose) would stake his all,
Against a single trifling toy?
Who on the tree the axe let fall,
A single apple to enjoy?

11.

Of jealousy they finely prate,
Who never felt its frantic pang:
Exempted from the morbid state,
'Tis wond'rous easy to harangue.

Tis poison in the sorcerous cup,
Which, fired with strange insatiate thirst,
The afflicted bosom swallows up;
And throbs impatient for the worst.

13.

'Tis Truth's deceitful dangerous shade;
The midnight meteor of the mind;
Λ restless goblin, to invade
The lonely reveries of mankind.

14.

A Syren, certain to ensnare;
Bad if observed, and worse unknown!
A basilisk of deadly glare;
Who kills if heard, (not seen, alone!)

15.

Treacherous adviser! cruel foe!

Grim executiones of Joy!

Most faithless, when its truth we know;

For then most certain to annoy.



16.

Mean spy, and pandar of Disgust!

Distemper terrible to bear!

Yet cureless: for to whom entrust

What's still more grievous to declare?

17.

A tiresome craving, ne'er at rest;
A nothing, evermore increasing;
A vulture, that devours the breast;
And preys on carnage, without ceasing.

18.

The rest this heart could tell—But though
By choice, and fate, you're treasur'd there,
Pray Heaven that you may never know
The full extent of jealous care.

MORAL RHAPSODY.

'Twixt four bare walls (though one were more than needful)

His Majesty confines me—wond'rous heedful!

Now I could swear he never thought about me;

Although (it seems) he cannot do without me:

But since I'm in the coop, to make me fatter;

The bird that cannot sing—at least may chatter.

A gang of grim bumbailiffs (each an Argus)

Have cover'd my poor carcase with embargoes.

Never was heifer dress'd with wreaths so gaily,

As I with insults; while the dogs assail me.

I scared the puling infants, as I past 'em;

Made greybeards grin—fine sport, if it could last 'em!

Others their sashes close, as they descry me:

Misfortune is the plague!—They're right to fly me.

And (as mankind's so good) they could afford me

A place no better than a jakes, to board me.

Yet there may be among foul rags, and shards, sir! Fun, if not fame; and peace, if not reward, sir!

Oh! ye huge pagods of the world! The devil
Take him that wishes any of you evil!
Upon my soul, I do not mean to flout you,
But what a blessing 'twere to live without you.
Enquire at court for virtue; and they'll answer,
"Be pleased, if ever you should visit France, sir!
As a knight-errant, hunting after heroes,
To seek—the most redoubted—Don Gayferos."50

Oh! treacherous Fortune! sure you want employment!
Since, (tired of thrones) you make my wrongs enjoyment.
Those who die suddenly, the Surgeon's College
Dissects (its blood-hounds hunt so keen for knowledge!)
And, of a medley of disasters dying,
I'm no bad subject—but while me you're spying,
Instead of doughty Dons more worth perusing,
Think how much pride and cruelty you're losing!
Why quit Grandees? Is Treachery near expiring?
Or turn'd a hermit, from his trade retiring?

Or hath vile Flattery grown so out of fashion, To turn a vestal-virgin in a passion? No! still the world is in the same condition: Envy's a Remora; a hawk, Ambition.

How gay they rush to danger! what a number!

How many on the axe lie down—to slumber!

How dearly both buy horrible Injustice!

Whose progeny Disgrace, and dire Disgust is.

How (when they might in quiet shades be humming)

They chase the idle winds, that mock their coming!

Ask any what he seeks—he answers "Life, sir!"

Yet loses what he seeks in silly strife, sir!

Who thirst for gold, scale mountains; bore each spot of 'em;

And delve and dive; 'till down they crash, a-top of 'em.

Well! here stand I erect, with stout bravado;
(My tower, against reverses, a stoccado!)
The ambitious is a guilty slave for ever;
And buys with life the brawling rabble's favour.
I triumph: though the quiver be not spent yet;
Since I survive; though sore by darts tormented.



In sea-encircled tower, I'm closely warded, As in snug shell an orient pearl is guarded.⁵¹

Arm'd men (the mildest a fierce Holdan!) round me, (Like thorns about a virgin rose) impound me.

None thought me once worth guarding! Now, Misfortune, You see how paltry your attempt to scorch one!

So, welcome, chains! for should you ne'er be broken, I'm safe, nay free: (in spite of you be it spoken!)

'Tis time to tame hard Man, that worst of creatures;

A downright brute, in all but form and features.

DOUBLE SPRING.

ı.

SPRING (Lucinda to o'ertake)
Hastens to the bloomy brake,
But (tho' wing'd by Time) in vain
Would Heaven's master-piece attain.

2.

Her anticipated light
Bids the flowerets start to sight;
But, producing, humbles too
All that blush beneath her view.

3.

Yet, ah! what avail to me
Skies and fields that smile with glee;
If for me no floweret breathe
To embalm a joyous wreath?



4.

Verdant May! whose varying glow Paints all Nature! Well you know That my woes alone retain Still the dusky hue of pain!

5.

Nought I owe thy lavish hand; Stranger to thine influence bland, All my months December still; All my years one winter chill.

6.

Odorous queen! who lov'st to cheer! Tempt ador'd Lucinda here; Waft that blossom to my breast, And gladly I'll resign the rest.

CONVALESCENCE.

1.

FROM a feverish palpitation
Fainting fast, without sensation,
Chloe's lovely cheek reclining
On an arm, like ivory, shining;
And her round soft heaving breast,
Seem in bloodless snow exprest.
Dull and grey, the stagnant air;
Chill'd all nature, blank and bare.

2.

Now recovering, slow she strays
By our flood's aurifluous maze,
Which (late shadow'd by her gloom)
Her reviving charms illume.
Laughs the blue pellucid sky;
Warm balsamic breezes fly.
Love! was this thy sport to show
Beauty's swayo'er all below?

MELANCHOLY.

1.

Now, while the happy sleep,
Now, wretched eyes, go weep!

Let tears (not slumber) ease your weary pain!
Since more, while thus you grieve,
My bosom you relieve,
Than closed, delirious mockeries to feign.

2

To swell a sea of woe,
Let your poor currents flow!
Poor, but sincere, effusions of the soul;
Which shrinks from weak display,
Detests the glare of day,
And mourns in solitude without control.

TO A YOUNG PRINCE,

APPARENTLY ACCOMPANIED WITH A MORAL TREATISE.

Sun of the Christian world! whose orient ray
With Heaven's own lustre drives all gloom away;
Ere yet thy regal hand aspire to rear
The crosier'd banner on the glittering spear,
High from the holy battlements unfurl'd,
O'er turban'd infidels to ruin hurl'd;
Ere the original pearl of Constantine
In thy starr'd diadem triumphant shine;
Ere Alps and Appenines beneath thee bow,
And Gaul and Italy allegiance vow;
Ere grown the avenging flame to fire the pole;
Ere east and western oceans vanquish'd roll;
Receive a grateful tributary lay,
Which less to grandeur than desert I pay.

The humble hand which traces Cæsar's name,
And grasps that passport to exalted fame,
Rous'd by the heroic trumpet's sprightly sound,
And drums re-echoing hoarse alarms around,
Has taught Mohammed's barbarous Moors to feel
The vollied lightning and the crimson steel.
And when wild storms, which shudd'ring I rehearse,
With sky-mix'd billows quench'd the affrighted stars;
That humble hand against fierce whirlwinds toil'd,
Fix'd to the yielding helm, that strain'd, recoil'd;
Acquiring hardihood, if not renown,
And unsubdued, thank Heaven! by fortune's frown.

But if oblivion own no meed for me,
Still my reviving hopes shall rise with thee;
Still shall this artless voice enjoy thy praise;
Still love to counsel in unpolish'd lays.
Not as delicious juice from Indian cane
Tempts tender babes from diamond cup to drain.
The bitter drug: but as the Egyptian queen
Dissolv'd the pearl, in acid harsh and keen,
For her lov'd prince, exulting to propine
Her richest treasure, drown'd in sparkling wine.

If, like the clownish goad, even scepter'd state
Must yield to nature's frailty, and to fate;
In docile youth let prince and peasant form
The virtuous mind to meet life's gathering storm.
The bird of Jove her callow eaglets tries
To brave the sun with unretorted eyes:
And thou, from that illustrious eagle bred,
Whose mighty wings the wond'ring world o'erspread,
Would shame thy proud descent, if now thy gaze,
Averted, shrink from virtue's dazzling rays.

Subdue betimes each turbulent desire,

Learn to distinguish friendship, and acquire.

Pursue this plain and practicable plan:

All eyes, all hopes thy ripening merit scan.

Prepare to bless the boundless realms which own

Thy future sway, and idolize thy throne.

TO SYLVIA.

1.

THE worshipper at Cupid's fane,
Whose indolent emotion
Desists from what he can't obtain,
Betrays but cold devotion.

2

With prosperous fortune to pursue,
In fact is not pursuing:
"Tis pure enjoyment, ever new;
The bliss supreme of wooing.

3.

But, ah! how wretched is my case,
Condemn'd to persevere in
What well I know a hopeless chase,
Delirious and despairing!

SYMPATHY.

1.

A CRYSTAL bubbling rill beside, Which pours from flinty cave, To Guadalquivir's mighty tide, Its silver-sounding wave.

2

Where, mild and smooth, the fountain creeps,
Its rosy path pursuing,
(Neglected) and, sweet murmuring, weeps,
The drooping flowers bedewing.

3.

As beautiful and plaintive, there
A tender village maid,
Unconscious, to the evening air
Her mournful charms display'd;

4.

Love saw, and cried, "Thy tears repress,
Since not for me they flow;
Why sympathize with mock distress,
And blame my real woe?

5.

"Deaf to my plaint, not even to hear Your blended praise you deign; And can a senseless brook appear Deserving of your pain?

6.

"It weeps mere crystal: from your heart Aurora's pearls are streaming; ""
Which glow and kindle as they start,
With rays celestial gleaming."

CREDULITY.

1.

FROM delusion to delusion,
On, from hour to hour, I go;
Ever dragg'd along to danger;
Ever chasing airy hope.

2.

Memory, like the silk-worm toiling, Trusting to instinctive skill: Spinning subtle quaint chimeras, Fabricates its narrow tomb.

3.

How perfidious lying fortune,

More than even she promis'd, baulks!

What wonder when unask'd she offer'd,

If she lies without a cause?



4.

Her fault it is not; 'tis her nature:

My credulity misguides,

Which (so many wrongs forgetting)

In her promises confides.

5.

Oh! how many, long since vanish'd,
Did my soul descry afar!
Who then, upon shatter'd timbers,
Seeks for port the surf-beat shore?

6.

If the view of past disasters

To deter him won't suffice,

He becomes himself the accomplice

Of the shipwreck he defies.

7.

Call it guilt, or want of firmness,

'Tis a fault that few impeach,
To embrace notorious errors,
By revering those who teach.

Over vigilant precaution

Ne'er can warm affection prove;

A genuine lover loses nothing,

Even in losing life for love.

THE APOLOGY.

1.

Accomplish'd goddess of our groves!

Devoutly timid, at thy shrine

My prostrate passions sacrifice

My reason to thy power divine!

2.

And sure where mercy reigns supreme,
Forgiveness must my fault transcend;
And Pity's interposing arm
The exterminating stroke suspend.

3

When frowning clouds Heaven's vengeance threat,

That Heaven remains for ever bright:

When oracles alarm'd the proud,

They taught the meek and pious right.

If man the style of gods mistake
Thro' reverence, 'tis a venial fault:
As I, who merit not thy speech,
Its distant echo have forgot.

5:

You like a goddess chid, while I

Heard like mere man: the solar blaze

None but the eagle can defy:

Your beauty baffles mortal gaze.

6.

Thus all my senses were o'erpower'd:

That radiance blindly I adore.

But nothing 'scapes thy piercing ken,

Which reads my heart, and sees its core.

THE PEREGRINATION.

A CAVALIEE from Saragosa,
To his Dulcinea del Toboso,
Wrote—(this for superscription's plenty)
So here's his billet to content you.

"Since 'tis the rule that they who go,
The first epistle always owe;
As, when some poor exorcised devil
Is press'd for pledge that he'll be civil,
The patient's stomach vomits froth,
Which proves the demon goes, though wroth:
So I, in proof that I'm departed,
Disgorge this doggrel, broken-hearted.

"Yes! write I must, without delay; Ask me not, 'what I have to say?"

For though with scribbling I must bore you; I see not about what, Senora!
But since I'm pledged, 'tis better scrawl
On nothing, than not write at all:
Altho' to travel to the court
On nothing, is but sorry sport:
At the lank pilgrim they may laugh,
Who trudges without shell, or staff.

- "Well! At my desk I sit, to vapour:

 Mend nib, shake ink, and fold my paper.

 And see, my letter is half done—
 'What—wanting every thing?—Go on!'
- "Lady! I left Madrid by day—
 Hold!—"Twas by night I meant to say:
 But this curst rhime!—I should not call
 So black a day, a day at all.
 The town was full of feasts and shows;
 Coaches and chariots shone in rows;
 Rubies and diamonds blazed around me;
 And beauties loosely drest astound me.

While I am bawling to my groom,
In my portmanteau to make room,
Sir Crispin waits beside it, hoping
For payment, when he sees it open;
And Sneak the taylor, with excuses,
My breeches, and his bill, produces.
The one I beg awhile to wait;
Ask t'other ' why he came so late?'
Both think me crack'd—The World of Fashion
All gay! and I so plagued! D——n! 55

"Whose dazzling charms, by strong reflection, So much confused my recollection, That I forgot myself completely? My silence will explain discreetly.

"I sallied from Madrid—The sun
With his broad stare so fiercely shone;
"Twould crack a tough bull-hide. Good Heaven!
How loth, and lingering I was driven!
Fancy the chesnut mule piqueering,
Ere with the wind she'd go careering!

Spurr'd by a wight, himself so spurr'd; With graceful coyness, she demurr'd; Winced, reared, and kick'd; so well requited, That off at last we scamper frighted.

"Nick-named from bellows was the next town,
Renown'd for organs—where the Sexton
Proposed, melodiously to play 'em,
Just out of friendship!—if I'd pay him.
Says I, 'For a poor parting soul,
Bells, and not organs, used to toll.'
'Ay!' quoth the clown, 'you guess right well!
They'll stretch a rope, to ring your knell.'

"I sup: then souse in bed; where thinking
Of you assisted not my winking.
Like River-God I roll'd and grumbled,
On bed of flints (all rack'd and rumbled)
Richly festoon'd with curtain'd train
Of finest cobwebs in all Spain.
Mice squeak'd, and breezes whistled through
The leprous walls of motley hue,

Which seem'd a map of misery,
With monsters swarm'd by Fancy's eye.
But you're so nice, I'd not presume
To think of you in such a room.
So 'out! fair Lady! out!'—cried I;
And humm'd a drowsy lullaby.

"Ground sore, and sick with jolting shocks,
I slept no sounder than a fox:
Profound repose, for one like me!
A lover's vigilance you see.
At length I woke, a little lazy—
You'll understand—next day, an't please you.
And, if my fancy be not sinning,
"Twas Monday—and the week beginning.
I state, in conscience, the amount:
But, as 'tis not a steward's account,
(Where, for an ounce or two of mutton
Astray, we'd damn the cheating glutton:)
I may forget, as others do,
Without deceit—all else but you.

"At six days' end—I'd say six years,
Were I to measure by my cares—
Excuse these old wife's breaks that prose so!
Your slave stopt short, at Saragoza;
Not unalarm'd—' What do I then?'
My tearful thoughts post back again.
Living by chance; my life and I
Unheeding pass each other by.

"Early or late, without regard
I flounce to sleep, on soft, or hard;
And roused by noise, or cares of gain,
Awhile compose my troubled brain;
But glancing wistful at my glass,
Catch myself scribbling as I pass.
Couplet to couplet then I knit;
And yoke (if Phœbus aid my wit)
Two quaint conceits in every line, 56
(Though one's enough in verse that's fine)
Till, (tablet fill'd and stomach hollow)
A capon roast I'm glad to swallow,

Nor would a helping partridge spurn at, Even though the cook should chance to burn it.

"Such is the desolate existence
My body bears—without assistance
From the sad soul, which worse endures.
From Saragoza—

Ever Yours."

THE NIGHTINGALE.

1.

THY Nightingale, pent in his cage, Cleora! is musical still: He harps on the wires in his rage; And his sighs in soft melody trill.

2.

Though a favourite, he weeps with regret,
For what in the groves he enjoy'd:
The flutterer can never forget
What he was, ere by pampering cloy'd.

3.

So thy court, though 'twere grated with gold,
Is still a sad prison to me:
The poor little captive you hold
Is not thankless; but throbs to be free.

Oh! hear how he warbles—Each note

Is a mystical soft billet-doux,

Sent post to the woods from his throat;

With the sweetest and saddest adieu!

5.

Fond Memory! how subtle and fleet

Thy lightnings to ashes consume

The whole heart, with unquenchable heat,

Without even singing a plume! 58

6. ·

The woodlands his absence bewail;
And the pearls that were wept by the morn,
O'er the flowers that embroider the vale,
They treasure; all drooping forlorn.

7.

Without pomp, without harmony, now
The sun issues sad on his way:
Since greeted no more from the bough,
By that musical clarion of day.

The brook loiters sullen along;

For symphonious they warbled a tune,
Which the listening air would prolong,

Not venturing to murmur too soon.

Q

With what tender expressions of pain,
At the bars the poor chorister raves!
As obstinate, who can arraign,
But the vilest of tyrants, or slaves?

10.

Though to serve you should happiness bring,
Oh! detain him no longer alone!
But let him thy clemency sing,
Who thy rigour was forced to bemoan.

11.

To thy delicate hand let him owe
The sweetest of unions anew;
And to her the whole creature bestow,
Who hath won'all his soul as her due.



12.

But lest idle thy fetters should lie,

By setting the fugitive free,

Take me for thy favourite; and I

Will surrender a prisoner to thee.

WHAT IS LOVE?

1.

CAN he a grievance quite forgive, Who learns its cause at last? Or for the glory to achieve, Forget his sufferings past?

2.

No; tho' delivered from its chains,
The lacerated breast
The scars of arduous strife retains
Indelibly imprest.

8.

Midst mingled goods and ills of love, Where error may destroy, And undeception deadly prove, Confused are grief and joy.

Anxious to seek, alarm'd to miss,
The soul hangs wavering still;
Distrusting every show of bliss,
Resenting every ill.

5.

Envelop'd in impervious night,

Love mocks the experienced view:

Illusive every dear delight,

And only sufferings true.

6.

While headlong by the senses borne,
We heed not what is shown;
And when the conscious heart is torn,
Too late our folly moan.

7

Love blends impossible extremes, All good and ill confounding; Invisible, it visual seems; Intangible, tho' wounding.

Even while we writhe, the pang's repaid
In such bewitching anguish:
The haughtiest melt; and, undismay'd,
The weakest choose to languish.

9

Who then his mysteries can trace,
When such a brisk emotion
Is kindled in his eager chase
As banishes the notion?

CELIDAYA.

ì.

In blossom'd orchard, Celidaya,

The beauteous daughter of the king,

To soothe the fair Zelinda's sorrows,

At evening sat to weave and sing.

2.

Near akin, they grew together,
Till Zelinda wept forlorn,
Muza (gallant son of Muley)
From her bleeding bosom torn.

3.

The kind Infanta shar'd her sorrow;

But Pity fostered secret love.

One three days' absence mourn'd, the other

Seem'd three thousand years to prove;

If time by sufferings may be measur'd;
For she was Hamet's promis'd bride:
Hamet, chosen prince of Tunis,
His people's hope, his people's pride.

5.

But, alack! war's desperate fury
Stole him from her three long years;
Bitterest solitude enduring
In the dank dungeons of Algiers. 50

6.

A jessamine (which, blossoms showering, to Was less a canopy than cloud;)
With verdant dome their charms embowering,
Serv'd with chequer'd gloom to shroud.

7.

The balmy zephyr thro' the willows

His music murmured soft and sweet:

The thrush, with varied lay melodious,

Defied faint echo to repeat.

Cupid among them, fledg'd, was fluttering,
That none his naked form might spy;
And, listening, rather watch'd to wound them
Than captivate the curious eye.

9.

Close ambush'd (the perfidious monster Too often had been so before!) Their censures on himself dissembling, His swelling rancour, smiling, bore.

10.

Now weary of their tender anguish,

That scatter'd pearls upon the wind;

The royal nymphs in silence languish,

On verdant velvet couch reclin'd.

11.

The traitor, thro' his flowery lattice,
To Celidaya sped his dart,
Which from her snowy veil recoiling,
Transpierc'd his own unguarded heart.

He dies transported; they, exulting,
Inter him in the laurel shade;
And then in tales of his adventures
Beguil'd the twilight in the glade.

TO FORTUNE.

1.

STERN Fortune! why on me, who own thy power,
Waste so much rigour, such reverses shower,
When each might well thy cruelty suffice?
Was't not enough for my afflicted heart
So oft with hope, repose, and fame to part?
Must life itself be made thy sacrifice?
Perhaps by my example thou wouldst scare
The timid nations, in thy name to rear
New temples, where ador'd thine awful form should rise!

2.

I am that wretch whose tragic tale may crown

Her dreadful name, who hurl'd proud Pompey down

At Cæsar's feet, and him at Pompey's bust,
Such triumphs over me enhance thy fame
So high, what further trophies canst thou claim
To decorate thy tyranny unjust?
Are thrones so firm and tranquil, that thy spurn
(To work a miracle) must even o'erturn
My poor and lowly seat, and roll me in the dust?

3.

Or spar'st thou kings, as subjects of thy sway?

Ah! when did I thy summons disobey?

Or shrink from dangers, urg'd by thy command?

Thy whirlwinds burst, and patience shatter'd fell:

Had I but 'scap'd with that one loss, 'twere well.

But if my memory can the conflict stand

Betwixt my reason and thy ruthless spite,

To boast my brave resistance to thy might,

The awe-struck world will chaunt the conquest of thy hand.

PRELUDE

Ti.

AN HEROICAL PASTORAL OPERA,

CALLED

CINTIA LA IMPOSSIBLE,

(WEVER FINISHED.)

(Lisbon, represented as a female, disembarks from a ship and speaks.)

LISBON.

· · 1:

Behold, the imperial, the renown'd!

With ever-during glory crown'd;

Lisbon! the princess of the watery world!

Lo! from Cuenza's headlong steeps,

In homage sacred Tagus sweeps,

Fair streams and rivers in bright eddies whirl'd,

T' enjoy my wall's broad shade, where calm and clear he sleeps.

2,

But ere, with dutiful devotion,

His tribute to the swelling ocean,

(As to his sovereign sire) is copious roll'd;

Solicitous my towers to grace,

Diffus'd he winds with loitering pace; 61

And what I lend in shades repays in gold,

Pour'd with his glittering sands from silver-sounding vase.

3.

From every distant shore and sea,

The farthest nations throng to me,

To seek a mother, and a country find.

The frozen and the burning zone,

By me united, seem but one;

The Lapland boor and polish'd Greek are join'd;

And in one little ring the universe is shown.

4.

Garden of ever-blooming charms! Bright gallery of trophied arms! Fair court of science, elegance, and art!

The proudest edifice of man

That ever rose since time began!

The soul of Europe! Of the world the heart!

I animate the whole, and finish nature's plan.

But now that Majesty withdraws its light,
My fleeting hours of triumph wing their flight,
And leave me plung'd in deep disastrous night.

PAME,
(Descending in a cloud.)

I.

Bursting from the crystal vault,
All in plumage, swift as thought,
Shadowing foreign realms, I sweep
The winds, the earth, the raging deep,
To fly to Tagus' golden strand;
As rich in laurels as in sand.
From eagle-pitch immortal, I
Promulgate glorious victory;
And rear upon the wreck of Time
The fane of memory sublime;

Where past and distant deeds appear

To all the wond'ring world for ever near.

2

"Twas I enrich'd old Greece and Rome With many a hero, statue, dome. Without me life is little priz'd; To live by me is life despis'd. I forg'd Lucretia's poniard dire: I wrote the Scipio's names in fire: . I hymn'd that bold revolt that broke At once the fell Castilian yoke. I sung benign Louisa's lord, Who yet shall heal what Spain hath gor'd; And long the smiling stars shall save The levely consort whom they gave: Enjoying peace, and hopes, that wait A loftier throne, a brighter state. Long live Braganza's ermin'd arms! (His law, our shield from all alarms!) And never may adoring eyes Want his illustrious sons, his fame who aggrandize! LISBON,

Beauteous vision of the air!

From thy starry throne descending!

Art thou some celestial sphere,

To illume our orb impending?

Weeping, to thy power I bow.—

FA'M E.

Tears can never glory claim.

I demand not, "Who art thou?"
But exult to chaunt thy name.

I know thy tears,
With anxious fears,
Two absent stars bewail:

But still they shine, Nor e'er repine

At turning envy pale.

Nor day, nor night, can bound their wide control,

Whose sphere of empire is the expanding soul.

Yielding to delicious ease, (Tumult fled) they live to please;

Snatching from the war of wealth Sweetest flowery truce by stealth; In a verdant bower retiring, Fann'd by zephyrs, while admiring Flora (as in duty meet) Pours her treasures at their feet. Loves and nymphs, in beauteous choir, To the sovereign spell conspire. Beauties, born by Tagus' side, Who reflects, with dimpling pride, Their conquering squadrons; nor declines To match them with the starry signs. Pearls of his enamell'd strand, Cull'd by Venus' snowy hand, From the many-shaded shell In her refulgent zone (its richest gems) to dwell.

(A Naiad rises and speaks, as the river Alcantara.)

NAIAD.

Fair strangers! Alcantara's stream behold,
Whose filial waters to your Tagus glide!
Through Lusitania's green Arcadia roll'd; 63
Where your lost treasures in my woods reside.

LISBON.

Alas! alas! Too many shine

By others loss of light, as thou by mine!

NAIAD.

Thou know'st the toils that earn renown,
Which make our royal sire lay down
The weight of empire and the sphere;
The burthen to sustain for many a prosperous year.
Secure within my faithful shades

No anxious care his peace invades;
While, in Aurora's roseate rays,

The beauteous constellations round him blaze.

Through quivering leaves, in branching bowers,
Soft sunshine lights his studious hours.

Or with the shrill resounding horn,
Through woodland wilds, at early morn,
He hunts the stag, or tusky boar,
Or fire-eyed bull, of furious roar;
And dies the daring javelin in his gore.

To cheer his brow, My Dryads now In fable truth disguise:

This pleasant field,

Which greenwoods shield,

Their theatre supplies.

Beneath this leafy canopy,

You'll thro' the verdant lattice see

A spectacle, the soul to move;

The faithful portraiture of virtuous love.

FAME.

I ought to hear it, to unfold To all the world around;

LISBON,

I ought with envy to behold, Forlorn in sorrow drown'd.

NAIAD.

Enter the wood; 'tis time. I hear the inviting sound.

INDISPOSITION.

ı.

When on the silken couch reclin'd

In all the graceful ease of pain,

We see that form voluptuous wind,

And hear that melting voice complain:

2

Won by that soft seducing tone,

Those sighs so tremulously sweet,

We pity her who pities none,

Then, love-sick, languish at her feet.

3.

That arm that props the hectic cheek,

Those curls that trace the heaving breast,

That twilight gloom subdued and weak,

Delicious sympathies suggest.

And, oh! that treacherous trembling tear,
That sleepy languor-swimming eye:
The lightning never is so near
As in the cloudy livid sky.



NAMBY PAMBY.

PRETTY lisping Beatrice,
Sour as "No!" and sweet as "Yes!"
Soft as "Ah!" or kind "Encore!"
Harsh as barbarous "Off! no more!"
Listen to your raven-swan, 64
Piping his expiring song.

Secretly I love you so,
As my tongue can never show:
As a foreigner in Spain,
Let my works not words explain.

What I am if you enquire, Prompt I answer your desire. For a chicken, rather tough; For a man, I'm well enough. Counting years above a score; But mishaps so many more, That to number all would bubble All my skill with endless trouble.

Lo! beneath my brows and hair,
Whiskers, cheeks, and eyes a pair :
Guarding round a sort of nose,
Which I follow where it goes;
Though it never could be said,
I by it was tamely led.

From this northern pole due south,
East and west, extends a mouth;
Tasting (even while it talks)
All from Ortolan to Ox:
Like a whirlpool; where I doubt
More good things pass in than out.

To supply this gulf expands
An obliging brace of hands:
Hands so handsome, that you might
See no odds 'twixt left and right.

Where there's aught that they can catch, Feet assist; so just a match, (True poetic feet) that still, If one runs, the other will.

Alamode empaled I stride,
Looking, "Fellow, stand aside!"
As the summer swallows skim,
Light in taffeta I swim.

But if I am forced to rove
In December from the stove,
Camlet cloak, from pawn set free,
Forms my porch and canopy.

For endowments; 'tis my fault
'To use pepper more than salt:
Not so sharp as Scapin quite;
Neither knave or fool outright.
Sometimes gentle as a lamb;
Sometimes rough as battering ram.

Such unmeasured love is mine; I like blazing beacon shine; Burning out my vital breath, Making sport of daily death.

All Arabia's spicy boast,
All the gems of Ceylou's coast,
Can no more my princess fail
Than romantic song or tale.

All that lives on sea or land, Waits her palate or command: Costing me no more to send, Than some ditties glibly penn'd.

These shall so brocade you o'er, You shall shine for evermore. Mocking Time's tyrannic tooth, Love will lend you endless youth.

Take that infant to your arms; He'll prolong your infant charms.



Skill'd to multiply by two, Fading beauties he'll renew.

Precious pledges you can give,
That your lustre long shall live:
Golden curls, that glistening flow
Down a neck of tinted snow;
Coral lips and pearly smile;
Sapphire eyes that hearts beguile.

These from your poor swain " with speed;"
Let the will supply the deed.
If such gifts don't win you quick,
I will give you—to Old Nick.

THE ROSE.

ı.

Where goest thou, crown'd with Ophir's richest gold!

Brief odorous comet of blue vernal sky?

Like Phæton to ruin rashly roll'd!

For fleeting Beauty blazes but to die.

2.

Better leave all to hope than some to smile;

Haste not too soon to win applauding breath;

Nor let the forward violet beguile,

To countenance by thine her hectic death.

3.

The Sun which, weary of the blushing dawn,
Woo'd forth with cheering beam your warmer glow,
At noon may scorch you; and, at eve withdrawn,
Shed chilling dews that wither as they flow.



4.

The buzzing fluttering bee, that loves thy lips,
Will drain life's crimson fluid from thy heart:
The soothing zephyr, that thy rubies sips,
At night, a blast, will pierce with icy dart.

5.

And even if bee, and blast, and sun should spare,
Lo! Lucy's snowy fingers cause thy doom!
To languish in her breast, enwreath her hair;
And pine neglected near superior bloom.

6.

Then, loose expanding round thy disk of gold,
As round the setting sun purpureal hues;
Thy glories vanish fast as they unfold,
And drooping drop amidst the tearful dews.

7.

Thus while I rashly twine a florid lay,

To emulate her beauties and adorn;

Eclipsed and smote by her too favoring ray,

My wreath deciduous languishes in scorn

DEFIANCE.

1.

COULD not my tedious banishment
Your stern severity content,
Which love's seducing sway defies,
To make my life your sacrifice?
But Life's a frail created flower,
While Love's a deity of matchless power.

2.

Gold in the furnace brighter shines,
The flame but tries it and refines;
And issuing from the fiery roar,
The world admire it and adore:
Thus Love, the more intense his flames,
The more immortal purity proclaims.

3.

If fear, confusion, anxious pain, Folly on frenzy, chain on chain,



Must swell your triumph, let them speed;
But if my temper they exceed,
Boast not too proudly of your might:
The victory is not yours, but mine, by right.

4.

May I not vaunt, thy peace to see
Depend on conquering humble me?
Freely I woo, adore, entreat,
With you my victory to complete.
Give Love his right: to him, not you,
I yield my wayward will as homage due.

EPIGRAM

ON PAINTING A LADY'S MINIATURE.

CYNTHIA! forgive this weak essay,

Celestial beauties to pourtray

On pigmy scale!

For should great Nature's self make bold

A counterpart from thee to mould,

Even she must fail.



TO A MINISTER.

ı.

AT length the weighty golden key,
Which guards Astrea's stores, they say,
Shines in thy vigorous hand.
Such glory to an arm was due,
Which, to the generous heart so true,
Can pen or sword command.

2

A pen, whose plume or out-soars all time,
Snatch'd from Bellona's crest sublime,
And dreaded while admired:
A sword, as merciful as brave,
Temper'd in Heliconian wave,
And there with skill inspir'd!

3.

As Fortune grows at last alert,
In thee to recompense desert,
I'll own she is not blind:
When near the canopy above,
The diadem of earthly Jove,
She lifts one noble mind.

4.

Oh! never, never, then forget
The stony way thy weary feet
To climb the summit trod!
How oft with dim and smoky hue
The sun of favour (dead to you)
With dubious darkness awed!

5.

While forced th' obscure response to wait,
Its echoes you ador'd as fate,
And wavering lost your way.
Treasure in memory hardships past,
And let the gory image last
Of vain tyrannic sway.



6.

Think how (bereft of sense and shame)
The barbarous idol dares to claim
An impious adoration!
Before a visionary throne,
Upon the wandering winds upblown,
To vanish in vexation.

7.

As christian, statesman, virtuous sage,
Thus let thine own fatigues engage
To aid with hand and voice,
(Prudent as kind) the weaker wight,
Who strains to reach thy mountain's height,
And for thy favour sighs.

Pois'd on a dizzy pinnacle, I ween, You stand on high to see and to be seen.

PSALM TO PROVIDENCE.

1.

BLESSED be thou, O Lord! who stubborn nations spare:

Nor from the prodigal thy gracious boons withhold!

Thine impious enemies, by thy protecting care,

As prosperous as the just: to draw them to thy fold,

Indulg'd, allur'd, as friends!—To strike, thine arm is slow;

As if it wanted power to crush them at a blow.

2.

Thus while the wise and good by persecution groan,
Short-sighted mortals toil, the mystery to explain,
Why haughty guilt usurps the jewel-blazing throne,
While righteousness, immured, must drag the galling
chain.

Oh, holy law of Heaven! Let hymns its praise resound; Nor dare arraign, as Fate, God's Providence profound!



ALI ABEN.

ı.

On the black crag of Velez,
High-beetling o'er the deep,
The persecuted Ali
Was chain'd, alone, to weep.

2.

The sable billows eyeing,

That, swoln with deadly rage,
In clouds of foam recoiling,

Eternal conflict wage.

3

He cried, "Oh, frantic Ocean!
Forbear with boisterous pride,
These guiltless rocks besieging,
Their cavern'd cliffs to chide!

4.

" A far more glorious office
For these sad eyes acquit;
And thither waft my sorrows
Where rich reward you'll meet.

5.

" Haste to that beauteous river,
Pellucid, bright, and bland,
Which twice a day you visit
To sift its golden sand.

6.

" Nor its illustrious city
Incautiously forget;
The world's most precious jewel,
In ring of crystal set.

7.

" With veneration visit
(Its circling towers above)
Its proudest marble structure,
Which holds my hapless love;



8.

"Like silver crescent shining
Upon its topmost tower:
The Koran not more worshipp'd,
In spite of jealous power.

9.

"If, when the sun's declining,
Ye see her light succeed,
Ye courteous waves, apprize her,
My tears your waters feed!

10.

"Say, ere my thoughts forsake her,
Her charms must cease to wound;
Which neither power, nor absence,
Nor envy can confound.

11.

"No! these are but new fuel, Whose load can never tame; But make at once more cruel, And purify the flame. 12.

"Haste, then; and murmuring bear her
My woes, thou friendly deep!
But waft my sighs so gently
As not to make her weep!"

MONODY ON A WARRIOR.

OH, glorious doom! which even from envy draws
Reluctant tears; best tribute of applause!
Yet, pondering on our loss, fast swelling woe,
Choak'd by excess, must lay all barriers low.

Inexorable Fate! whose ebon wand,
Inflexible, condemns the mean and grand;
And, with impartial rigour, tumbles down
The cap, the casque, the mitre, and the crown!
Pursuing all, and keeping faith with none!
No warning gleam thy fatal flash to shun;
Blasting the flowers of hope, on hill or dale;
Thou makest us dread the injustice we bewail!

Fallen is that blooming Mars, whose early wreath Diffus'd such glory, while he smil'd on death.

Fame gently fans his embers, to defend
From Time, whose fangs the mouldering marbles rend.
While on the world's last pillars Afric's clime,
In diamonds, hangs his dazzling name sublime.

Let virtue then (his only meed!) extol

That soul which found his mighty heart too small:

Nor let oblivion's dusky file engage

His adamantine name, which mocks her rage.

I see thee rush against the turban'd foes!

Thy quivering crest with Phoenix plumage glows:
Thy parted curls on cheek or shoulder float,
Shade the bright mail, and flap the silk surcoat.

Thy tree-like lance, distain'd with barbarous blood,
And crooked falchion, Death's keen scythe withstood.

Round the left arm the lion's brinded hide,
(Fierce horror of the wilds!) defends thy side.

While, spanning air, the white Cordovan steed
Champs the gilt rein, instinct with furious speed;
Tosses (with blood-shot eyes) his meteor mane,
Mantles his curb with foam, and shakes it o'er the plain.



So to his doom devoted Decius flew!

I see thee now the scattering ranks pursue,

Mow'd by thy might!—How flows their impious gore!

Alas! I see thee fall!—and all is o'er!

SUPPLEMENT.

To extend and diversify the volume, translations from other Spanish and Portuguese writers are hazarded; several of which are, in the original, legitimate sonnets, aiming to give the most emphatical and sonorous effect to a single thought.

But in our concise monosyllabic language fourteen lines are too many for this purpose; and it is so troublesome to find the requisite rhymes, that regular English sonnets are almost invariably feeble and constrained; and only rendered harsh and disjointed by affecting that variety of pauses which Miss Seward recommends by Milton's example and her own.

I have therefore attempted to compress Spanish sonnets into stanzas of nine lines, which may be closed with an Alexandrine, or additional couplet, or triplet, if the thought require. This will, however, rarely happen in reducing sonnets into English verse from languages in which facility encourages redundant expression: for, (as Madame de Staël elegantly observes of the Italian,) "Agreeable words offer themselves in such crowds, that, like a court of flatterers, they dispense with the search, and preclude the discovery of a real friend."

In order to illustrate the remarks in the Preface, on the affinity between Arabic and Spanish poetry, and exhibit the vehement passions of the former, the three last poems are subjoined; in one of which Alexandrines are adopted, not merely for swelling pomp of sound, but because their hemistichs are calculated to express the balanced parallel and enhancing clauses of the original.

INVOCATION TO SOMNUS."

Sweet feast of Misery! Come, amorous Sleep!

Grant fleeting truce to harassing distress;

And all my senses in oblivion with poppies, gently wave

How canst thou suffer him who once was thine Lost to thy sway to languish? How forget In wakeful pain one solitary breast Estranged from thine all-healing influence? Oh! haste, exhilarating, blissful Sleep,

Restore my soul's repose! Oh! let me feel In such distress thy greatness! Liquid balm Descending shed; dispel the glare of dawn; Look on my burning tears, my beaded brow; Banish obtrusive morn's impatient wing; And what chill night withheld at length bestow.

Of thy balsamic flowers a splendid crown
I offer. Sweetly fan the odorous air
With joyous plumes, and dissipate annoy.
Come then, beloved Sleep! Come, soothing power!
And, ere bright Phœbus the rich orient fire,
Quench all my woes! So may his envying eye
Behold thee in thy fond Pasithae's arms.

Herrera.

THE COQUETTE.

My Chloe vow'd but yestermorn;

She vow'd—Ah! could she prove forsworn;

Yet live indelibly imprest

So deep in her adorer's breast?

Too sure she vow'd, (deceitful maid!)
That ere night's all-discolouring shade,
She'd ease my pangs. 'Twas yesterday,
Yet still I chide her tedious stay!

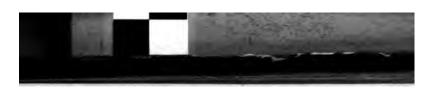
Love has no pain, no death so keen,
Nor life such mortal torturing spleen.
Should I draw lots, a bloody fate
I'd rather choose than raging wait
A nymph, who names one hour to bless,
A thousand racks me with distress!

She fix'd the beech-wood's thickest veil, But gave her promise to the gale, Which bore away my hopes; whose room Is fill'd by ever sullen gloom.

By both our eyes she falsely swore,
Yet look'd even lovelier than before:
Her stars shone uneclips'd; while I
Wept, suffering for her levity.
Wept? Nay, my heart shed crimson tears,
Bereft of hopes, surcharg'd with fears.

The flaunting flowers are eye-sores quite;
My couch a restless field of fight;
Inexorable Love forbids
A moment's slumber to my lids.
Whoever dreams that lovers sleep,
Such rest be his, to toss and weep!

I trusted her, because I knew
An angel must be kind and true:



But, undeceiv'd, I find my toil Was wasted on ungrateful soil; And (to define her in a word) 'Twas a mere woman I adored.

Though weak in woman to confide,
As man, and lover, I relied;
But for a woman paid the tax
Inseparable from her sex:
Constant in fickleness alone;
Compassionate alike to none.
And tho' I'm clear'd by Love from blame,
The sin is hers, but mine the shame.

No more at women rail, my song, but me, who trusted them so long; Since the best woman to be had.

Is she who's manifestly bad.

Duenas.

THE PRECIEUSE.

CRASE this parade of reasoning parts,
Thou female bachelor of arts!
Bristling with dialectic knowledge;
Go! turn professor in a college!
Your memory's choice; your prudence small:
Learning is not for girls at all:
At first engendering quiddities,
Then casuist morals by degrees.

Sappho, of all the Lesbian fair,
Excell'd in erudition rare:
Yet none among them all, we know,
Did equal vice or folly show.
Witness her plunge into the deep
From Leucate's tremendous steep!
Conclusion naturally drawn
From premises she argued on!



Quit sophistry, and mind your spinning: What kept Penelope from sinning? Her web alone.—The silly prude Is better than the learn'd and lewd.

Villegas.

SONNETS.

THE ROSE.

FRESH rose! Sweet princess of the flowery prime!

June's earliest pride! So may no blighting rime,

Or sultry South-wind violate thy bloom!

So may'st thou even my charmer's hand enjoy!

Blush by her cheek, with aromatic sigh;

And, throned in golden tresses, breathe perfume,

As my warm tears thy ruby chalice keeps!

Ah! should she touch it, with ambrosial lips,

How sweet those tears! How exquisite my doom!

Martinez de la Plaza.

ANOTHER.

BORN yesterday, to-morrow thou must die!

Why such rich pomp; so soon disdain'd to lie?

Vain Beauty! form'd so suddenly to fade!

Thy boasted charms precipitate thy doom;

With dewy freshness tempt, and fragrant bloom,

Rude hands their guarded treasures to invade.

Relentless from the parent stem to sever;

And blast, with coarse contagious breath, for ever.

Ah! why such haste to blaze, and sink decay'd?

Gongora.

THE FOUNTAIN.

Melo dious fountain; crystalline, and bright!

That soothe the listening ear, and charm the sight;

Breathing fresh odours through the sprinkled flowers!

Sweet to the thirsty taste thy sparkling rill!

And more delicious the reviving chill

Its soft immersion yields, in noon-tide hours!

Lull'd from my cares, alas! I fondly dream,

That life can flow for ever, like thy stream; "

Pellucid, cool, and clear through roseate bowers!

Don Manuel Salinas y Lizana.

ANOTHER. 75

Sweet lyre of birds, bright mirror of Aurora,

The life of April, and the soul of Flora,

For whom blue violets breathe, and jessamine blows,

While at each step you scatter pearls around,

And with soft verdure feed th' enamel'd ground,

I love the candour thy clear bosom shows;

And count thy pebbly gems, as thro' a glass!

While soft thou murmurest, "Pristine Truth, alas!

From towns is fled!—but still the country knows!"

Prince of Esquilache.

THE STREAM.

THE brook, with feet of sounding silver bright,

Flies from itself; and, scattering in its flight,

Through the green turf, the flowers with crystal knits;

On jessamines treads, and looks like showering snow;

Kisses the clove, and wondering seems to glow;

And paints to life each sylvan charm it meets.

So, when my Fair dissolves in starry tears,

Through the perspicuous deluge fresh appears

The red and milk-white rose, with blended sweets.

Montalvan.

URIAH.

His treacherous king, to work Uriah shame,
Urged him on death; but gave his ashes fame.
His faithless bride the legal period mourn'd,
With impious tears, the gallant blood she spill'd.
Thus Honor to Disgrace too oft must yield;
And by triumphant villany be scorn'd.
But (since the best may fear the like to try),
Lucky was he, with so much luck to die,
Never to know his luck was—to be horn'd.

Lope de Vega.

WINTER.

The vine's rich tinted leaves October strips;
And in his rustling train's embroidery sweeps.
Swoln Ebro banks and bridges proudly spurns:
Moncayo's towering front is crown'd with snow;
And scarce the orient sun is seen to glow,
'Till his pale disk the rising West inurns.
Wide seas and forests fluctuate in the blast:
Wild beasts to caverns scour; and Man, aghast,
To sheltering ports, and social sheds returns.
Yet Fabius, stretch'd in Thais' porch, gives vent
To shameful tears; long due to time mispent!

Leonardo.

DIVES.

The world for thee is like the lunar sphere,
Who, even in cradle, never shed a tear;
Nor felt distress, nor tried thy strength of will.
Heaven hath not deem'd thee worthy to engage,
Or conquer, even but once, Misfortune's rage.
Not calms, but whirlwinds, prove the pilot's skill.
Simple the man, and impotent of soul,
Who ne'er was taught by hardships to control
Both hope and fear, and laugh at every ill.

Bartolomeo Leonardo.

SIC VOS NON VOBIS.

Not for himself, the ox with glistening sides,
With gleaming share, the stubborn clay divides;
Nor wafts the assiduous bee her flowery gold;
Nor the mild sheep their snowy fleece sustain;
Nor spin the silk-worms their ethereal chain;
But hostile hands their precious stores unfold.
Harsh birds of prey the feathery concert spoil;
The bad still triumph; and the good must toil;
And they who merit most, the least can hold.

Anonymous. ..

PERSEVERANCE.

For seven long years the shepherd Jacob stray'd, In drudging service, for his favourite maid; Yet, not her father's slave, but her's, the while: In hopes at last to clasp her in his arms, He lived content to gaze upon her charms; Yet got but Leah (trick'd by Jewish guile). A new apprenticeship the baffled swain Commenced; and sighed: "Still longer I'd remain, Did life suffice for such a length of toil." Camoens.

THE MARTYR.

This was a wight who must be canonized; Whose sins (if any) penance sore chastised: Twelve years he bore a pinching stepdame's hate: Doom'd, without pay, to drudge for scolding wife; Her domineering kindred plagued his life; His only son an oaf and reprobate. Betwixt a clattering forge, and screaming shrew, Half-starved, his miserable breath he drew; Half-naked, yet contented with his fate: A martyr-being poor, in wedlock buckled, He work'd one miracle—He was no cuckold.

Quevedo.

DISAPPOINTMENT. 7

VAIN flattering Hope! false source of woe, and care!
Who wildest projects make us madly dare!
With loss, and shame, I bitterly bewail,
(Like the light feather, drifted by thy gust)
In mortal trifles to have put my trust;
And found the fruitless blossoms early fail.
Say then, if Love, and my disastrous doom,
A thousand times have lopp'd them in their bloom;
When dry, and perish'd, what can they avail?

Figueroa.

DESPAIR.

So am I fallen, that nothing now can please;
Or, even in fancy's ravings, yield me ease:
Space is confinement: day is turn'd to night:
Society fatigues. My restless bed,
Hard field of battle! where I writhe half dead;
And start from death-like sleep, in wild affright!
In fine, each hour less firm, I cease to feel,
With bleeding breast, the penetrating steel;
And rush on fate, with desperate delight.

Garcilasso de la Vega-

THE JILT.

1.

Who e'er saw marriage of deception void?

And chief, if beauty be for dower mistaken?

A thing, which hardly lasts until enjoyed;

And leaves you disabused, when dull you waken!

Either the fortune's less, or more the years;

Or shrew, or silly, she who chaste appears.

9.

My friend! you owe to Julia much indeed;
Who, timely, hath her plighted faith refused;
And thus from all those latent dangers freed,
Whereby you witness others sore abused.
And dost thou weep, her cully not to be?
Laugh! if thou wouldst not have me laugh at thee!

Argensola.

ON A JEW

BURNED FOR REPUSING PORK.

POOR Smoush could not 'scape from Saint Anthony's ire Since, in shunning his Pig, he fell into his Fire.

ARABIC POEMS.

WAR ELEGY

ON THE DEATH OF THE WRITER'S UNCLE GIABIE!."

In the rock's cleft he lies, whose blood drips not in vain;
That load he left on me, which firmly I sustain;
And raging to retaliate, after me impends
A valiant sister's son, a branch that never bends:
Who 'neath his loose slouch'd lids, with downcast eyes
askance,

Like some fell basilisk darts the subtle deadly glance. And, adder like, exudes rank venom at each pore, Coil'd for the sudden spring, with fangs distilling gore.

A brave protecting friend by Fortune's spite I've lost;
Cool shade in dog-star rage, and genial sun in frost.
Moist was his liberal palm, tho' dry his iron side;
Still resolute to fight, yet circumspect to guide;
A shower of bounties now, anon a whirlwind rude,
That loud as lions roar'd, and drench'd the wilds with bloed.
In peace, his raven locks in sleek profusion flow'd;
Gaunt as a wolf in war, grim terror he bestrode;

No guard but his back'd sword, that smote with thund'ring sound,

And grac'd the brandish'd armthat scatter'd lightnings round. Bold youths, who fought all noon, it forc'd all night to fly; And when they nodded spent, it rous'd them but to die.

How few of either tribe escap'd that desperate fray!

They broke his point; but fell'd, on rugged couch they lay:
(The camel's hollow hoof its spraggy points would bore:)
Where, after he propin'd his morning cup of gore,
Slaughtering and carrying off; I scorch'd the Hudelite,
Nor winc'd at pangs, while dealing anguish and affright
I led my spear to drink; yea, with deep draughts imbrued!
And interdicted wine may quaff, now bought by blood,
Dearly and hardly bought: (releas'd from every vow)
To horses, swords, and spears I've made it lawfal now:
As an exhaustless fount, promiscuous and profane,
Where all may freely drench and wash off every stain.

Drink, Sewad! then, to me, whose mangled grief-worn frame,

After an uncle's death, refreshment well may claim.

We've drank the cup of death to the detested race;
And made them drain the dregs—confusion and disgrace.
At them the hyenas laugh; wolves grin with ravenous joy.
Their writhing corses view, slow hovering to destroy,
Hoarse screaming birds of prey, who, gorg'd with entrails,
cower

.With heavy flagging wing, scarce able to devour. Anonymous.

EPIGRAM.

Gently, good cousins! Gently, kinsmen, pray!

Nor dig up loathsome feuds that buried lay.

Wrongs we can bear: but scorn from such as you

(God knows!) the tamest patience must subdue!

We love you not, nor wish your love to win,

Where mutual love would be a mortal sin:

Thanks be to Heaven! that blessed with milder fate—

Mutual, implacable, immortal hate.

Alphadl Ibn El Abbas.

REGRET.

ı.

OH, Gasan! my dearest, my earliest mansion!

Delicious as Paradise! Blest were my hours,

When in pomp amid varied enjoyments advancing,

I swept with loose train o'er thy gem-dropping flowers.

0

Then the loveliest visions how fondly I cherished,

Nor fear'd the vicissitudes Fortune displays:

Ah! if sorrow could kill, I must surely have perish'd:

So keen the regret that embitters my days.

S.

Could past joy be recall'd, I would purchase it gladly with my heart's dearest blood! for 'twere better be dead Than live like a brute whom the nose-ring drags sadly, Frothing blood, over-loaded, ill shelter'd and fed.

4.

No, ne'er to the burthen this knee be seen bending;
But like the grim lion enfeebled with age,
Whom coward hyenas are treacherously rending,
The desert shall dread the last roar of my rage!

Hariri.



NOTES.

Note 1.

TO justify this couplet, and exhibit the style and metre of the original, the whole stanza is subjoined.

"Las eminentes cumbres de Cartago, Bañava de confusos resplandores La blanca Aurora, que con dulce halago Muerte a las sombras da vida a las flores; Cuerdas los hojas toca el ayre vago, Aque entonan las dulces ruyseñores; Letras de amor, requiebras de armonia, Que en albricias del Sol cantan al Dia."

The same metaphor, which occurs in the second line, is exquisitely applied in Tennant's Anster Fair.

"Meantime the Moon, yet leaning on the stream,
With fluid silver bathes the welkin chill,
That now the earth's half ball on the side of night
Swims in an argent sea of beautiful moonlight."
Canto 2, stan. 69.

Note 2.

The Mediterranean Sea.

Note 3.

Babel.

. . .

Note 4.

Such devices sometimes occur in Italian and English poets, as in 20th canto of Marino's Adonis; but the Spanish authors delight in them. In the Mayorazgo dudoso, of Lope de Vega, the imprisoned Prince of Scotland is thus promised succour in an Arabic motto.

" Sus vanderas azules V1 yo quedan tremolando Con tu imagen en prisiones Y un sol esparciendo rayos: En Aravigo una letra Cerca las orlas y cabos, Diciendo 'Tarde amanece Pero da luz temprano."

Note 5.—P. 17.

Antiquera (the Roman Anticaria), built on the mins of Strigilis, is within 36 miles of Malaga, on the declivity of a hill which is consted with a Moorish castle. Near the town, at a place called Torcal, the rocks appear like a city, with steeples, towers, camels, elephants, &c. while luxuriant foliage springs from their clefts.

Note 6.

Note 6.

Archidona also lies on the slope of a hill topped by a Moorish castle, within a few leagues of Antiquera. Between them is the famous crag where two fugitive lovers, having long defended themselves against their pursuers, at length threw themselves down headlong. The Alhambra (a Moorish palace at Granada) is likewise on the summit of a hill, under which flows the Xenil above-mentioned, and the Douro. The plain of Granada is about thirty leagues round, encompassed by mountains capped with snow throughout the year, and visible at twenty leagues from land. It is watered by five rivers, covered with perpetual verdure, and prodigal of grapes, olives, mulberries, lemons, oranges, and sugar-canes. No of grapes, olives, mulberries, lemons, oranges, and sugar-canes. No wonder that it has become a favourite region of romance.

As a parallel to this watch-tower lamentation, take from Pennant some verses of Gwalchma (a Welsh warrior who had been under arms all night,) upon viewing at day-break a stupendous mountain

panorama.

" Mochddwyreawg' huan dyffetist Mawr," &c. "Rise, orb of day! the eastern gates unfold, "Rise, orb of day! the eastern gates unfold, And show thy crimson mantle fringed with gold. Contending birds sing sweet on every spray: The skies are bright: 'Arise, thou orb of day! I, Gwalchma, call: in song, in war renowned, Who, lion-like, confusion spread around: The live-long night the hero and the bard, Near Frieddin's rocks, who kept a constant guard,

Where cool transparent streams in murmurs glide, And springing grass adorns the mountain side;
Where snow-white sea-mews in the current play,
Spread their gay plumes, and frolic thro' the day," &c.

Note 7.—P. 31.

One of the first kings of Portugal having in a famous battle con-One of the first kings of Portugal having in a famous battle conquered five Moorish monarchs, as many azure escutcheous, arranged in a cross saltier, were adopted to commemorate the victory and the day on which it was won. These are called Quinas, and said to allude to the five wounds of Christ; while five lucid points, or byzants, in each escutcheon, are counted crosswise, for the thirty pieces of silver for which he was betrayed. When Algarva was annexed, these and the argent field were emblazoned in a field gules, in which they were surrounded by seven castles or (the arms of Algarva); the whole surmounted with the crown of Portugal.

See Antonio de Sousa's Lusitania Liberata, and Favine's Theatre d'Honneur. Camoens ridiculously describes these arms as if they formed a multiplication table of " or treints dinheiros."

formed a multiplication table of " os treinta dinheiros."

Note 8.

Muertes fulmina. The lightning of the sword ברק חצבי occurs in Deut. xxxii. 41, and Job xx. 25, and a similar expression (

is applied to the sword in the Arabic elegy in this volume. Silius says finely, "Diffulminat omnem—Obstantum turmam." Du Bartas, in his Cantique de la Victoire d'Ivry, writes of Henry IV.

"Soudain tournoyant La flamboyante horreur d'une glaive foudroyant Tel q'un astre autonnal qui rougeastre presago Un deluge du sang, une peste, un orage, Attaque l'ennemy," &c.

Thuanus, l. 85, c. 5, records that Edward Stanley seized with so firm a grasp a lance aimed at his breast, that the enemy in drawing it back was forced to lift him into a breach in the walls of Zutphen, which was thus taken. A poem on this exploit by Dr. Beaumont, a contemporary of our author, contains parallel phrases.

"Exultans gladio millia fulgurat Raptim fata cohortibus Dum tergo pharetræ dissilientibus Plaudunt verberibus virum," &c.

Finally, there is a singular coincidence between this passage of Melodino and one published ten years after the date of his manu-script, by Chapelain, which, however, is convulsed into imbecility.

"Arrive de Fierbois, la foudroyante epée, L'acier large et massif de la fatale lame, Au travers du fourreau fait reluire sa flamme; Et son seu que le tems ne scauroit amortir Devore sa prison et tasche d'en sortir.

Pucelle, b. 2.

Note 9.

This idea is likewise to be found in the Pucelle, but spoiled by languid prosaic expression. Describing a hawk pouncing from a rock upon a partridge, this poetaster (whose preface modestly proposes Virgil as his model) proceeds thus:

"Du sommet de la roche en roidissant son aisle Par les liquides airs s'elance vers elle Et s'abat sur son corps, d'un si prompt mouvement Qu'il confond l'arrivée avec le partement."

Was it this passage which betrayed Pope into those lazy lines?

"Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves, Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly?"

In the last poem of Melodino in this collection (which apparently relates to the same hero) the massy size of the lance is also insisted on. Hall mentions a Count Galeas who justed with a spear "five inches square on every side, and at the butt nine inches square" (realizing the weaver's beam of Goliah). Hall says further that one Bonneame, a Frenchman, came into the field armed at all points, with ten spears about him; in each stirrup three; under each thigh one; under his left arm one; and one in his hand: and, putting his house to the career, never stopped till he had broken every staff.

Note 10.

The same thought points an epigram of Marot.

"Endormez bien Argus, &c.
Que dites vous Madame? y dois je aller?
Non j'y courrai mes emprises sont telles:
Comme courir? j'y pourrai bien voler
Car j'ai d'Amour avecque moi les esles." "Lull all your Argus' eyes to sleep, When danger's hush'd, to you I'll creep; Creep? Did I say? I'll haste; I'll run; I'll fly-D'ye ask, 'Can that be done?' Yes, fly?—What I assert I'll prove, Why not, when borne on wings of love?"

Note 11.—P. 41.

Bonarelli's Coy Shepherdess says, "Though I avoid my lovers E cannot 'scape from love; who tracks me by my falling tears through the gloomiest horrors, and I fancy discovers my voice in my profound sinks." sighs,"

"E mi segue alla traccia De le cadenti lacrime E tra piu scuri orrori," &c.

Melodino says, " Mis lacrimas que tambien Son de sangre."

Note 12.

Here the cross is confusedly alluded to as a tree and a mast, as in Lucian's Also, porturion. Artemidorus says, if folium is naury promis is caupe um to school, and Maximus Taurineasis, "Cum is nautis scinditur mare prius ab ipsis arbor erigitur velum distenditur ut cruce Domini factà aquarum fluenta rumpantur."

Note 13. Virgil thus concludes an address to Fortune: "Quod dignis adimit transit ad impios Nec discrimen habet recteque judicat, Inconstans fragilis perfida lubrica; Nec quos clarificat perpetuo fovit, Nec quos deseruit perpetuo premit."

Note 14.

Even the sentimental Sterne is accused in the Walpoliana of being such a Joseph Surface as to let his mother lie in prison for a trifling debt, having more pity for a starling or a dead ass. Perhaps intense feeling would disqualify for expressing it:

ould disquality for captoring.
"What mourner ever felt poetic fires?
Slow comes the verse that real woe inspires."
Trukell.

The same tender consolation which our author prescribes, Pontanus administered to himself in his daughter's epitaph at Naples.

"Liquisti patrera in tenebris mea Lucia, &c-Coelo te natam aspicio: num nata parentem.
Aspicis? an fingit hee sibi vana pater?
Solamen mortis miseree, te nata sepulchrum.
Hoc tegit: haud cineri sensus inesse potest," &c.

Bishop Lowth's epitaph on his daughter will occur to classic recollection.

Note 15.—P. 47.

"Oh fairest flower! no sooner blown than blasted!
Soft silken primrose," &c. Mil

Note 16. "Death's but a path that must be trod If man would ever pass to God." PARKELL.

Note 17.

So Petrarch's Laura,

"Di me non pianger' ch'i misi di femi Morendo eterni e nell' eterno lume Quando mostrai di chiuder' gli occhi apersi."

Note 18.
"What is the world? A grave.
Where is the dust that has not been alive?" Young.

Note 19.

This resembles the beautiful apostrophe of Tacitus to the shade

of Agricola.

"Si quis piorum manibus locus, si ut sapientibus placet non cum corpore extinguuntur magnæ animæ placide quiescas! Nos que ab infirmo desiderio et muliebribus lamentis ad imitationem virtutum tuarum voces quas neque lugeri neque plangi fas est.

Note 20.

In the original named Bartolo. His lameness and stoical forsitude might apply to Quevedo, a profound scholar, brave warrier, able statesman, and of exemplary virtue. He was at one time three able statesman, and of exemplary virtue. He was at one time three years a state prisoner, and again confined for two years more upon a groundless suspicion of a lampoon, and with such rigour that three wounds which he had received gangrened with cold and damp, until he cauterized them himself: being obliged to subsist on charity. He sunk under the complicated diseases resulting from such calse. milies, in extreme indigence, at 75 years of age, in the same year in which this manuscript bears date. Yet as the sufferings of such a man could inspire nothing but pity and admiration, it is not likely that Melodino would play upon them, but rather that he had a congenial fate, and alludes to himself by the name Medoro (the swarthy paramour of the enchanting Princess Angelica). For he manifestly indicates himself elsewhere by other Moorisk names, whether on account of his complexion, or his having fought in Africa (and perhaps suffered captivity there like Cervantes), or, lastly, alluding to his being perhaps a native of the Moorish city of Toledo, which other expressions of his might imply.

Note 21.—P. 52. Alluding to the barber of Midas: " Auriculas Asini Mida Rex habet."

Note 22.

The stream which runs through Madrid.

Note 23.—P. 67.

The original says, "Every year is another step to the grave."
Thus gradus is used for a year in William the Conqueror's epitaph.

"Pro septem gradibus se volverat atque duobus Virginis in gremiis Phœbus; & hic obiit."

Ordericus Vitalis, 1. 8.

Ordericus Vitalis, 1. 8.

Note 24.—P. 74.

The tenderness ascribed to Moors by Melodino may startle those who think only of the Algerine corsairs. But the unfortunate Captain Glas, in his History of the Canary Islands, avers "that the women of the north of Africa far exceed Europeans in sprightliness; and that from the Moors are derived most of the amiable customs of the Spanish settlers, who inherit nothing from their boasted Gothic ancestors but barbarity." The Moors of Granada derived their realigion and manners from the Arabs, who were distinguished from the days of Job by lively imagination and strong feelings; being (like all pastoral tribes) gentle in peace and ferocious in war. It is well known that during the Califate they cultivated classical erudition; and even in the Arabian Nights the loadstone mountain is borrowed from Ptolemy, and the story of Polyphemus adopted from the Odyssey. Yet I will no more undertake to justify Melodisse than Dryden for making Moorish lovers talk familiarly of Venus-and Cupid, and other heathen deities. and Cupid, and other heathen deities.

Note 25.—P. 74. In the original "Dividing her cloves." An Arabian poet describes with metaphors still more violent a female drawing aside her veil and speaking, "She withdrew the dawn which hid the splendour of the moon; and shed pearls from the fragrant seal." In a long epopee on the patriarch Joseph, Valdivielso thus describes the

circumcision :

"Sus jazmines claveles se bolvieran Sus azucenas coloradas rosas En vez de luz sus Soles aguas dieron Y sus mexulas perlas congojosas," &c.

Canto 16.

Note 26.

" De piedad te avorresco."

A parallel expression occurs in Wieland's Erzälungen.

"Sie hässt ihn anfangs nur aus furcht sie mocht ihn lieben Allein der sprung von häss zu sastern treiben Wird leichter als man glaubt."

" At first she only hated him through fear Lest she might love; such hate to love is near."

Note 27.

This identical expression is in some Arabic verses cited in Hariri "She watered the roses" (meaning her cheeks); and the same image is in a modern Persian eulogy by Aboo Talib.

Note 28.

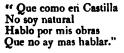
This idea, so tender in Petrarch and Goldsmith's Traveller, Butler contrived to burlesque by applying to a dog and whipping post.
"Tis all in vain,

He still drags after him his chain: So tho' my ankle she has quitted, My heart continues still committed."

Note 29.

He says,
"Bien que tu a vista de este idioma estraño Las letras temeras como cautelas."

If this letter was written to a Portugueze after Braganza's restoration, the author apparently intimated that his writing in the lan-guage of a hostile country looked like decoying his friend into a treasonable correspondence: if written before, he is only apologising for not writing pure Spanish as he does elsewhere,



Note 30.—P. 82.

This passage may bear comparison with any of the numerous rhapsodies on rural felicity in classic writers; Lucretius, lib. ii.; the Calex, so beautifully paraphrased by Spenser; the no less elegant imitations of Virgil, Horace, Martial, and Claudian, fondly accumulated by Cowley; the 1st Canto of the Adonis, the 8th of Tasso's Gierusalemme, &c. &c. But the text particularly resembles some lines of Philippe de Vitry, written about 1350.

"Sous fueille verde sur herbe delectable, Sur ruy bruyant et sur claire fontaine, &c.
J'oui Gontier en abattant son arbre,
Dieu mercir de sa vie tres seure.
"Ne scay," dit il, "que sont piliers de marbre,
Pommeaux luisans mure vestie de peinture

Je n'ay paour de trahison tissue

Sous bien semblant ne qu' j'empoisonne soye,
En vaisseau d'or. Je n'ay la teste nüe,
Devant tyran n'y genouil qui se ploye," &c.
In the 15th century, Marcial d'Auvergne wrote ballad annals, divided into psalms and lessons, entitled Vigilles de Charles VII.
From this dry and dated detail of facts, he suddenly bursts into a sapturous commemoration of the rural festivity enjoyed in the reign of his hero, which is full of French vivagity and gay intagers. of his hero, which is full of French vivacity and gay imagery.

Las! Dieu scait quel joye! En l'air je saultoye, Et chancons chantoye Come une alouette, &c. Avions beau sentier Tout couvert de fuèilles entant l'esglentier Vie du franc Gontier, &c. &c.

Note 31. Thus Marino deplores the decay of military glory:

" Deh! come fatta e vile a giorn nostri, La militia ch' un tempo era si degno, &c."

He asserts, that the cavaliers of his days only put on gilt spurs to help them to run away; and took arms to rob and ravish.

"Oggi son pochi tra noi veri soldati Che per vero valor vestan lorica Calzan piu per fuggir sproni dorati Che per seguir talhor l'hoste nemica E con abuso tal son' tralignati Dalla virtù de la prodezza antica Che sol rubando e violando al fine Son le guerre per lor fatte rapine.

Adone, Canto 14.

Note 32.

The Cid Rodrigo Diaz de Bivar, so well known by Corneille's eelebrated imitation of a Spanish tragedy, flourished, in the days of William the Conqueror, as a partizan in the civil wars of Spain. The original calls his sword Tisona (for titles were given to swords by the Goths as well as Saracens.) Saxo gives us some of their hand and terrific denominations, particularly "inustati acuminis gladius Skrep." Hence, probably, comes the word sharp, for

"This griding sword, with discontinuous wound," cut through all obstacles at a single blow. Another sword, called Raghn (which seems akin to propula), shines in the Edda, and is styled, in a Runic couplet,

"Sverdit bradista." "Broadest of swords."

Note 33. " Quien vio jamas un necio desdichado? Quien sin empleo vio jamas indino? Quien jamas al honrado a vista honrado?"

This shews that our author was no placeman. The late Lord Nugent observed, that "a blunt knife is fittest for an office." Yet men in power sometimes prove edge tools. Wieland facetiously remarks, that it is the nature of official employment to endow the possessor instantaneously with all the requisite acuteness:

"Sagt was ihr wollt, ein amt giebt gleich verstand."
Das Urtheil des Paris.

The opulent Lucan is not less severe upon Courts than poor Melodino.

> " Dat pœnas laudata fides cum sustinet, inquit, Quos Fortuna premit. Fatis ascede Deisque Et cole felices miseros fuge. Sidera terra Ut distant et flamma mari sic utile recto Sceptrorum vis tota perit si pendere justa

Incipit; evertitque arces respectus honesti Libertas scelerum est quæ regna invisa tuetur Sublatusque modus gladiis. Facere omnia setve Non impune licet nisi dum facis exeat aula Qui vult esse pius. Virtus et summa Potestas Non cocunt : semper metuet quem seva pudebunt. Pharsalia, Lib. viii.

Note 34.

Note 34.

The Spartan being invited to hear a panegyric on Hercules, asked, "Who ever found fault with Hercules?" Another being interrogated, "Whether he would rather be Achilles or Homer?" retorted, "Whether would you rather be the general or the trumpeter?" as if the option had been between Chærilus and Alexander the Great. But who would have heard of Achilles, or Arthur, Fingal, or Orlando, but for their poets?

" Marmora Mæonii vincunt monumenta libelli Vivitur ingenio cætera mortis erunt.

Virg. in Mecæni obit.

Note 35. The last line of the original contains its date and place.

Lisboa, Enero, Sabado, Fileno. Lisbon, January, Saturday, Philenus.

Note 36.
"Magnis tamen excidit ausis," says Ovid, adopting the sentiment of Euripides:

Μιγαλων ολισθαιτιιν αμαρίνημ ευγηνες.

Note 37. Probably alluding to Marino's gazing lover. " Morra farfalla e sorgera fenice."

A Welch bard thus combines the love of beauty and of fame.

"While life remains, I still shall sing Thy praise, and make the mountains ring With fair Myfannwy's tuneful name; And from misfortune purchase fame: Nor even to die shall I repine, So Howell's name may live with thine."

Waller elegantly couples the same thought with the story of Daphne and Apollo.

"He grasp'd at Love, and fill'd his arms with Bays,"

This seems suggested by Pope Urban VIII.'s inscription on the group of Apollo and Daphne, in the villa Borghese, which imitates Virgil's "Quisquis amores," &c.

" Quisquis amans sequitur fugitivæ gaudia formæ Fronde manus implet, aut baccas carpit amaras.

As Waller has been mentioned, let me add (by way of returning to my text) the pleasant exaggeration of his fear to offend by amo rous complaints.

"She strikes my lute: but if it sound,
Threatens to hurl it on the ground:
And I no less her anger dread,
Than the poor wretch that feigns him dead; While some fierce lion does embrace His breathless corpse, and lick his face. Wrapt up in silent fear he lies: Torn all in pieces if he cries.

Note 38.

The yew was planted in churchyards as a substitute for palm; and the priests used to cross the foreheads of their flock with its ashes, saying, in Latin, "Dust thou art, and to dust thou shalt return." It seems to have been thought gallant in Spain to send such melancholy mementos to ladies.

Note 39.

Ines de Castro, the heroine of La Motte's tragedy.

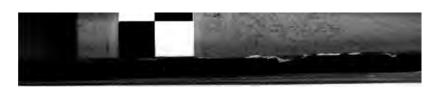
Note 40.—P. 102.
"Correr huyr bolar." The arrangement of these words is thrice changed in the original. This looks too like an incantation, and enanged in the original. In blooks not like at incantation, and would have a burlesque effect, as similar transpositions have in this epigram on three puffing poetasters; addressed to the artist who cast the bronze Parnassus in the French Royal Library.

" Depechez vous Monsieur Titon, Enrichez votre Helicon, Et placez sur un piedestal

Danchet, Saint Didier, et Nodal,
Qu'on voit armés du même archet

Saint Didier, Nodal, et Danchet,
Et couverts du même laurier

Nodal, Parabat et Saint Didier. Nodal, Danchet, et Saint Didier."



Note 41.

The Spanish poets often content themselves with obscure inuendoes: thus, in this place it is not quite certain, whether by the word crystalles the lady's eyes are meant, or the fountain. If the latter, the passage will run :

"They had failed, though so lively its motion, to see The crystal too clear, till it murmured—"Ah me!"

Note 42.

Here flowrets apparently mean damsels, as in a similar passage of Sadi. "The fairy faces were dejected at thy cheek; the jessamine odours became ashamed at thy curls.

سهن بويان ران ڪا ڪل

Firdusi abounds in parallel expressions, as

سقاره زند بركل وياسمين

In the Malay and Javanese tongues, women and flowers are synonimous, as "Klono Joyo Kusumo;" "Adventures of the conqueror of flowers."—See Marsden's Malay Dictionary.

Note 43.

Racan, a cotemporary of Melodino, has the same turn of phrase in a spirited passage, which it would be a pity to mutilate.

" Que te sert de chercher les tempêtes de Mars, Pour mourir tout en vie au milieu des hazards
Ou la Gloire te mene?

Cette Mort que promet un si digne loyer N'est toujours que la Mort—qu' avecque moins de peine

L'on trouve en son foyer.

Que sert a ces heros ce pompeux appareil, Dont ils vont dans la lice eblouir le Soleil Des tresors de Pactole?

La Gloire qui les fuit aprés tant de travaux,

Se passe en moins de temps que la poudre qui vole Du pied de leurs chevaux."

Note 44. Our author delights in censuring courts, like his countryman Seneca.

"Stet quicunque volet potens Aulæ culmine lubrico." Thyestes.

And again in Hippolytus:

" Fraus sublimi regnat in aula. Tradere turpes fasc s populus Gaudet, eosdem colit atque odit Tristis Virtus perversa tulit Præmia recti. Castos sequitur Mala Paupertas; vitioque potens Regnat adulter."

Note 45. This scriptural expression appears in an Arabic couplet in Hariri.

Note 46.

Delille, in his Georgics, supposes such diet only fit for swine, the pollution of whose name he avoids like a Jew, by this periphrasis:

"Et d'une horrible toux les accés violens Etouffent l'animal qui se nourrit des glands."

Some kinds of Spanish acorns, however, are deemed excellent food. In the third stanza a new word is hazarded, more equivalent to desengaño than disappointment.

Note 47.

Madrisio, a Venetian senator, expresses similar regret for his amorous cullibility.

" Solennizai col canto Le mie disgrazie ed ostentai lo stesso Mirto come si fusse alloro o palma:

Ambizioso pianto Versai dagli occhi; e ricercai che spesso
Fosse encomio dell' plettro il mal del alma:
Qual di mio porto, calma
Della di mio porto, calma

Parlai de miei naufragi; ed ho descritte, Como trionfo mio, le mie sconfitte," &c.

Melodino selected the rudest trunks as emblematic of the severity of his mistress, to carve her name on.

"That as the trees did grow, her name might grow."

But the merry author of a fragment, supposed by Lipsius coeval with the Pervigilium Veneris, commemorated his coy coquette in the softer rind of fruit trees; and found consolation for her falsehood in pruning the vine. As it is probably the oldest Latin drinking song extant, the reader may accept it as a curiosity. Its hero, Cato the Censor, loved wine and hated Greek.

* Bacche vitium repertor plenis adsis vitibus Effluas dulcem liquorem comparandum nectari Conditumque fac vetustum ne malignis servulis Asperum duat saporem versum in alteras. Omnis mulier inter pectus celat virus pestilens Dulce de labris loquuntur, corde vivunt noxio. Sic Apollo deinde Liber sic videtur ignifer Ambo sunt flammis creati prosatique ignibus
Ambo de comis calorem & radio dio conserunt!
Noctis hic rumpit tenebras, hic tenebras pectoris Quando ponebam novellas arbores mali & pyri Cortici summæ notavi nomen ardoris mei Nulla fit exinde finis aut quies Cupidinis Crescit arbor gliscit ardor ramus implet litteras. Qui malı sunt non fuere matris ab alvo mali Sed malos faciunt malorum falsa contubernia Sperne mores transmarinos mille habent offucias Cive Romano per orbem nemo vivit rectius Quippe malim unum Catonem quam CCC Socrates

Tam malum est habere nummos quam non habere malum est Tam malum est audere semper quam malum est semper pavere, Tam malum est tacere multum quam malum est multa loqui, Tam malum est foris amica quam malum est uxor domi; Nemo non hæc vera dicit nemo non contra facit Consules fiunt quotannis & novi Proconsules Solus aut Rex aut Poeta non quotannis nascitur."

Paraphrase.

"Blithe Bacchus, replenish thy bountiful vine Till our vats overflow with its nectarous wine; Of spirit so generous that time it may brave; Nor sour into taplash, to sicken a slave.

In woman a pestilent poison is found,
All sweetness lip-ontward—within all unsound;
But Apollo and Bacchus, both children of fire,
Every darkness dispel, every rapture inspire.

I carv'd, when I planted the apple and pear, On the innocent bark, the false name of my fair; With the tree grew my passion, refusing repose; But my wounds and the letters spontaneously close.

For stout wine I renounce my tart cycler and perry, Bad company shun to be honest and merry, Scorn outlandish milksops, and treacherous woman; Like jolly old Cato, a plain-dealing Roman.

'Tis as bad to hoard money as want it outright;
'Tis as bad to be rash as to live in affright;
'Tis as bad to be mute as loquacious in strife; A pert puss in a corner 's as bad as a wife.

But at women and war while all mortals repine, Why not drown every sorrow in wit-giving wine? New consuls are made and proconsuls each year, But a prince and a poet but seldom appear."

4

Note 48.—P. 123.

In this ballad two of Tasso's seem alluded to, beginning "Geloso amante," &c. and "Io son la Gelosia," and the commencement of the 12th canto of the Adone.

"O di buon genitor figlio crudele Che'l proprio padre ingratamente uccidi E le dolcezze d'altrui spargi di fiele E le gioie d'Amor rivolgi in stridi," &c.

The inquisitive madness of jealousy is naturally expressed in Massinger's "Picture."

"Why should I nourish A fury here? and with imagin'd food? Having no real grounds on which to raise A building of suspicion she ever was Or can be false hereafter? I in this But foolishly enquire the knowledge of A future sorrow; which if I find out
My present ignorance were a cheap purchase
Even with my loss of being."

Note 49.
Alluding to the ancient sacrificial garlands.

Note 50. The hero of the puppet-show in Don Quixote,



Note 51.—P. 131. So the ballad of "Loyalty Confined," in Percy's Reliques.

" I'm in the cabinet lock'd up, Like some high-prized margarite; Or like the great Mogul, or Pope, Am cloister'd up from public sight."

Note 52.

To avoid committing himself, Melodino concludes this poem with a sudden change of person, less humorous than the 'Sic ubi locutus fænerator Alpheus;' for his last lines literally rendered would make a most lame and impotent conclusion."

"A sturdy porter thus to Fortune chaunted, Who turn'd to hear, but no assistance granted."

Note 53.

Alluding to the beginning of Tasso's Jerusalem.

Note 54.—P. 141.

Note 54.—P. 141.

An Arabian poet says, "She wept pearls from the Narcissus (i.e. the eye), watered the roses (i.e. cheeks), and bit the grapes with hailstones." Probably meaning that she bit her lips with snow-white teeth, hurting them as hail does the vintage. Or the grapes may mean the finger-ends, which it was usual to dye with henna, whence probably Aurora was called poblated. The dazzling refraction of such oriental imagery apparently led to the culto style of the Spaniards; which even infected their preachers, whose gorgeous bombast is derided in the Spanish novel of Fray Gerundio.

Note 55.

Fuego de Dios!

Note 56.

Disparates: more properly incongruities; one of which would suffice per line, as Butler says,

"One verse for sense and one for rhime Is full sufficient at a time."

By the advice of Horace, " quæ desperas tractata nitescere," &c. I have omitted in this place some lines, which shew that in this joeular confession Melodino was half in earnest.

" Estora y luego Tocan en Roma a fuego, De cujas llamas el Neron vengado Sale un capon assado; Siendo tal vez en otras mil tareas Morcilla Anquises perdigon Eneas, Tal vez asta es desfrezno Un assador sin perdonar torrezno."

Note 57.—P. 154

The tenderness of this poem will remind every reader of Shen-

tone's pastoral ballad.

An epitaph on a pet nightingale on a marble urn at Rome, ascribed by some to the Emperor Adrian, and quoted by Bellori Misson, &c. breathes the same spirit. Part of it may gratify curiosity.

"Dis Avibus Lusciniæ Philomelæ selectæ versicolori pulcerrima "Dis Avibus Lusciniæ Philomelæ selectæ versicolori pulcerrima cantrici suavissimis omnibus gratiis ad digitum pipillanti in poculo myrhino caput abluenti infeliciter summersæ. Heu! misella avicula! hinc inde volitabas tota garrula tota festiva. Latitas modo inter pulla leptynis loculamenta implumis frigidula clausis ocellis! Licinia Filumena deliciæ suæ quam in sinu pastillis alebat in proprio cubiculo alumnæ kariss: lacrimans pos. Have avis jocundissima quæ mihi volans obvia blando personans rostello "Salve!" toties cecinisti! Vale & vola per Elysium."

The delicacy of these diminutives cannot be translated.

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Note 58.

Du Bartas enumerating the effects of lightning,

"Dont l'incroyable effort peut briser tous nos os Sans blesser notre peau," &c.

instances its miraculously shaving an old woman whom the barbers had given over, but unfortunately omits the name of this blasted asint.

"Mes yeux jeunes ont veu mille fois une femme A qui du ciel tonnant la fantastique flamme Pour tout mal ne fit rien que d'un rasoir venteux Dans moins d'un tournemain tondre le poil honteux."

Note 59.—P. 162.

Mazmorras. subterranean granaries in the form of ovens, or coal vaults, with a small circular aperture at top; afterwards converted into dungeons to stow the christians in by night when they had been tormented enough by day. Such is the description given of them in a Dutch folio, called Beschryving van Spanien en Portugal (part 3, p. 61), where among many plates of Spanish edifices is a view of a hill near Granada, perforated like a rabbit burrow with these cellars.

" Men zegt dat de Mooren de Cristien zlaaven daarin by nagt opzlooten wanneer zy den zelve by den dag genoeg geplaagt had : den dezen hoolen angaaten werden Masmorras genoemd."

den dezen hoolen angaaten werden Masmorras genoemd."

Tradition ascribes similar subterraneous cavities in Ireland to the Firlbolgs. Vallancey (as well as I recollect) imputes them to the Carthaginian settlers. The Firlbolgs are alleged to have been Troglodytes; and historians assert that the north of Africa was also peopled by these dusky Gnomes. Aldrete, in his Anteguedades de España, has a whole chapter upon the African Troglodytes; who, according to him, buried themselves alive to avoid the heat of the sun. Cloyne, in Ireland, derives its name from the artificial caverns there, which are supposed to have been designed for granaries or hiding places. The Arabic Matzmurra is ridiculously derived by Vossius from the Hebrew Zamarra, to sing (ut Parca à non parcendo). With equal absurdity he derives cultrum from masse, as Menage did Alfana from Equus. This occasioned an epigram, Menage did Alfana from Equus. which may be thus translated: This occasioned an epigram,

" Alfana comes from Equus!" Strange! But traced so clear 'twere heresy to doubt. Yet sure 't has suffer'd wond'rous change In travelling so long a round about.

Joaô de Souza (a Portugueze etymologist,) avers that there were some of these dungeons without light or aperture, save from the mouth, under the royal palace of Marocco: "Prizaô subterranea en maneira de huma granda cisterna; sem ar nem claridad mais de que lhe entra pela porta ou bucha qual se fecha com un alçapaô. Em Marocco as Mazmorras saô debaixo do Palacio del Rei."

In the fifth book of the Argenis, written about 1600, Barclay says that these cold dungeons were employed in making artificial ice with snow and salt. Thus these internal prisons, which might vie with the Oubliettes of Louis XI. and the souterrains of modern France, supplied constant food for barbarous luxury. In Venice prante, supplied constant tool for barbarous rowny. In venice the palace also contained the ready dungeon (for despotism must be pampered with groans); but instead of burying and freezing, the jealous aristocracy soddened their victims under the palace leads. Eastern princes have dungeons under their very thrones, as Dionysius had his Ear. The Alhambra contains a chamber in which offenders were beheaded on the edge of a marble bason. In Wales is still to be seen a staple in the ceiling of a castle hall, on which a mayor of Chester was hanged in 1465, by the feudal chief who took him in battle, and was accustomed to hang his prisoners under his own roof. Another Welch chieftain, Cymerick Rwth, used to imprison his captives in a cist-vaen, or stone-chest, made of upright flags covered with a flat stone for a grave.

Note 60.

"Mal perdonando la grama
Se sientan al verde pie
De un jazmin que en tlover flores
Mas es nube que docel."

These luxuriant metaphors originated with Petrarch:

"De bei rami scendea
(Dulce ne la memoria)
Una pioggia di fior sovra 'l suo grembo:
Et ella si sedea,
Humile in tanta gloria,
Coverta già de l'amoroso nembo."

Note 61.

A beautiful inscription on Pont Notre Dame, by Santueil, ascribes to the Seine in Paris the same "reluctant amorous delay."

"Sequana cum primum reginæ allabitur urbi Tardat præcipites ambitiosus aquas: Captus amore loci, cursum obliviscitur anceps Quo fluat: et dulces nectit in urbe moras: Hinc varios implens, fluctu subcunte canales Fons fieri gaudet qui modo flumen erat."

The lingering mazes of the Meander are described in the eighth Metamorphoses with a graceful redundance of expression.

"Non secus ac liquidus Phrygiis Meandrus in arvis Ludit et ambiguo lapsu refluitque fluitque: Et nunc ad fontes, nunc ad mare versus apertum Incertus exercet aquas.

Note 62.

The popular error respecting the sands of Tagus is corrected in Ponce's Viage en España; where it is denied that any gold is found in that river but medals and works of art.



Far from admitting this eulogium, Fielding, in his Voyage to Lisbon, says, "the soil resembled an old brick kiln, or a field where the green sward is pared up and set a burning, or rather a smoaking;" and even about the time when this eulogium was written, Buchanan vented his spleen against every thing in Portugal, by beginning and ending a panegyric upon France with these angry lines:

"Jejunæ miseræ tesqua Lusitaniæ Glebæque tantum fertiles penuriæ."

Note 64.

Cisne en cuervo, crow-swan.

Note 65.

"De la baguette poetique Ne connois tu le secret? Je puis d'un seul coup de sifflet Enfanter une monde magique, Bois de myrthe et de serpolet," &c.

Dorat.

Note 66.-P. 181.

The classical reader may compare these verses with Sappho's Address to the Rose, which she calls "Eye of flowers, meadow's blush, glittering beauty, progeny of love, favourite of Venus, zephyrlaughing ανθων εδωσιλευν ορθαλμώς ανθων," &c. See Achilles Tatius, l. 2. In a celebrated Sonnet of Bernard, he luxuriates almost equally in epithets.

"Fruit of Aurora's tears, queen of flowers," &c.

The exuberant Marino exceeds both:

"Rosa, risa d'amor, del ciel fattura," &c. &c.

Adone, Canto iii.

He derives this flower from the blood of Venus. M. Alex. Bodius, a Scotch poet, prettily relates, that Cupid having received a slight scratch in some of his capricious pursuits, the rose sprung from his blood, which sprinkled the briars.

"Hic dum forte Venus viridem decumbit ad ulmum,
Desertoque leves Dominæ temone columbæ,
Ad ripam liquidæ rimantur pabulæ Xanthi
Est spina punctus Veneris puer; ilicet ictu
Palluit et tepido tinxit spineta cruore:

Accedunt lacryms. Sortem miseratur iniquam Jupiter et sanguem speciosa fronde rubentem; Esse jubet florem lacrims mutantur eadem Forma sed rubor hoc folio fit candor in illo."

Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum.

As this delicate beauty fades by being too much handled, I shall only add some lines, translated from Ausonius.

"Ver erat et blando mordentia frigora sensu," &c. Spring's saffron dawn, keen-breathing Zephyr's boon, Wooed the warm east to antedate the noon; Where hoary frost depressed the verdant blade, And gay parterre's irriguous pride, I strayed.
From quivering leaves the sportive dew-drops trip,
Expand their fibres, glitt'ring as they drip,
And joyful roses with clear gems adorn;
Gems doom'd to vanish in the rays of morn. Well might you doubt, the blushes of the rose Whether Aurora borrows or bestows: Alike their dew and colour. Beauty's power, Fair Venus, rules alike the star and flower: Perhaps alike their odour-breathing gales, But one is near, and one in Heaven exhales. But one is near, and one in Heaven exhales. Successive shapes evolving buds exprest;
This its green helm protects, with leafy crest,
That peeps with purple edge; another there
Frees its young cone, aspiring high in air,
Then bursts with eager head the gathered fold,
Then shows its laughing cup and seeds of gold:
Now all its ruddy flaming tresses fade,
Deserting its pale cheek, and drop decay'd.
The rapid ruin caught my wond'ring eye,
New-born, yet old! begotten but to die! New-born, yet old! begotten but to die! And lo! their Tyrian tresses fall around, (Even while I speak) and strew the tinctured ground. So many species, births, and varying dyes, One morn discloses, and one morn destroy We mourn their transient triumphs of a day, Delusive gifts, just shown and snatch'd away! Yet shall returning apring their charms renew; Ah! haste, ye virgins; 'tis not thus with you."



Note 67.-P. 187.

The same Spanish word signifies a plume and a pen; which ambiguity softens the original passage. Dorat addresses a prosperous courtier more gayly.

"Te voila donc, quel doux partage!
Bien enrichi, bien decoré,
De tout disposant a ton gré;
Et des lors, comme c'est l'usage,
Très accueilli, très entouré,
Et jouant presque un personnage," &c.

Note 68.

Quadrigarius, the annalist, plumply accused Providence of injustice, in snatching away hopeful virtue. Have maxime versatur Deorum iniquitas quod deteriores sint incolumes neque optimum quenquam inter nos sinunt diurnare.

A. Gellius.

"Cum rapiunt mala fata bonos (ignoscite fasso)
Sollicitor nullos esse putare Deos."

Ovid
Claudian holds similar language.

Note 69.

Like the ridens moriar in Bartholinus, and the following lines in Sexo Grammaticus, p. 36.

"Ridendo excepit lethum, mortemque cachinno Sprevit; & Elysium gaudens successit in orbem."

Note 70.

Gibraltar and Ceuta: notwithstanding Plus ultra applied to them on the Spanish dollars. This warrior appears to be the same who is mentioned in a former poem.

is mentioned in a former poem.

In the Address to a Young Prince our author mentions his own eampaigns against the Moors.

"Mano es humilde que a escriver empieza;
Perdona me, O Cesar! que algun ora
Podra subir contigo a suma alteza
Este fue aquella (que te escrive agora)
La que al heroyco son de la trompeta,
O al ecco de la caxa inquietadora,
Contra el Lybico barbaro Mahometa;
El acero esgrimio despues que al hombro
A ligeró la Cantabra escopeta."

Note 71.

With similar spirit Southey paints the war-horse of Don Roderic.

" - his legs

And flanks incarnadined: his poitral smeared With froth, and foam, and gore; his silver mane, Sprinkled with blood which hung on every hair, Dispersed like dew drops," &c.

Note 72.—P. 199.

This languid lullaby is strongly expressive of Spanish indolence: like Sancho's apostrophe, "Blessings on him that invented sleep! It covers a man like a cloak." Le Vayer (as if anxious to diffuse its as observed by an antient sage, is its being the only gratuitous gift of Heaven unpurchased by labour. Yet Homer sums up its eulogy with the melancholy recommendation of its resembling Death:

"Tw d'en Chipapolois entale moules vars."
Nyouls noist Saralp aguela estas."

Some of the most beautiful lines in the "mournful, angry, gloomy Night Thoughts," accuse it (as Herrera does) of forsaking the unfortunate.
"Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!" &c.

Mrs. O'Neill's Ode to the Poppy, a Sonnet of Drummond, and a poem on Sleep in the Censura Literaria, vol. 1, may be compared with this invocation.

Note 73.

This kind of abrupt concluding transition (like the Provencal L'Envoi.) addressing the song or the messenger, was borrowed from the Arabic poetry. The abuse of the sex shews how much they were debased, by imprisoning them in the Moorish fashion; and how easy, under such a system, to reconcile the utmost real contempt for them, with the most extravagant affectation of homage. Cetina says :

"En el arena esteril sembrar quiere Y arar piensa en el agua con su mano El que pone esperanza en hembra alguna."

The same thought is pointedly exprest in Montemayor's Diana.

" Sobre el arena sentada," &c.

"On silver Ezla's flowery bank reclined, Your ivory finger in the sand engraved,

Death! ere I prove inconstant or unkind! Those treacherous words my amorous heart enslaved. Love laughed to see me trust, at his command,

A woman's words, and register'd in sand!

This is not so much like the painter making the man conquer the lion, as the slave insulting the conqueror, behind whose triumphal chariot he is drawn. But, as Drayton observes, "Women are grown wiser than to amend for such an idle poet's speech as Mantuan; yea, or for Euripides himself, or Seneca's inflexible Hippolitus."

England's Heroical Epistles.

Note 74.—P. 206. "So calm, the waters hardly seem to stray, And yet they glide like happiness away."

Note 75.

The translator of Saavedra on Literature excuses himself from troubling his readers with any version of this sonnet, which he is pleased to treat as inexplicable bombast. Possibly he would have preferred the following distinct, minute, elaborate description of a rivulet by Ausonius.

"Salve Fons, ignote ortu, sacer, alme, perennis, Vitree, glauce, profunde, sonore, illimis, opace! Salve urbis Genius, modico potabilis haustu! Divona, Celtorum lingua fons addite Divis."

This last line contains the etymology of our "wizard Dee."

Note 76.

So Virgil's Camilla: "Se sequiturque fugitque."
When Sprat stole this idea, he forgot to imitate the dactylic celerity of the Amazon; and his sluggish stream crawls like Tasso's snake: " Se dopo se tira."

"Fair stream, that dost with equal pace Both thyself fly, and thyself chase!"

Yet these lines are Sprat's master-piece.

Note 77.—P. 211.

Salinas enumerates the qualities of Hope in a song which Bickerstaff seems to have had in view in the overture of Love in a Village.

" Hope, thou nurse of young Desire," &c.

Les sombra del Deseo, Jamas hablaste verdad; Muy cruel por piedad, Cuerda para desvaneo Falso esfuerça de paciencia Pecado de fantasia, Picado de fantasia, Plazer con hipocresia," &c.

Dr. Beaumont concludes a poem on this subject in a similar manner.

" Hope is comfort in distress;
Hope is in misfortune bliss;
Hope in sorrow is delight;
Hope is day in darkest night.
Nor wonder at

This riddling knot:
For Hope is every thing which she is not.

Note 78.—P. 78.

This is akin to the well known lines in Midsummer Night's ream.

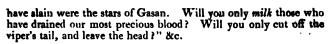
Dream.
"The course of true love never did run smooth;
But was misgraffed in respect of years," &c.

Note 79.

This Elegy is very ancient and obscure. It is uncertain whether the person compared in it to a viper means the author; his enemy, or another nephew of the deceased (whom, perhaps, he addresses by the name of Sewad Ibn Amr). Giabiri was probably assassinated, and hid in some hollow way or rocky chasm. It is related that he had before been surprized on a crag (where he had climbed to gather honey) accessible only by one narrow path, and escaped by pouring his honey down the steep cliff, enveloping himself in the skin that held it, and then sliding down a descent (according to the legend) of three days journey. This seems only a figurative way of intimating that he escaped in disguise by bribery.

Note 80.

Job xxxi. 31. Saying his blood did not drip in vain means that it was avenged; such retaliation being the climax of savage piety and justice. Another Arabic poet dissuades from giving quarter, saying, "Mercy would pass for fear. What ransom will you receive from those who refused silver and gold? The princes whom our foes



Note 81 .- P. 213.

It is uncertain whether this epithet applies to the hair or the garment. If the latter, what follows intimates that his robe being succinct in war, made him look lank as a wolf.

Note 82.-P. 213.

To this sublime image it is added, that with no escort but his sword, all hacked by long conflict, he made it thunder and lighten through the enemy.

Note 83.

Thus Justin compares the slaughter of Epaminondas to breaking off the point of the weapon, by which his country had been defended.

As Garcilasso compares his bed to a field of battle, our Arab likens stony spikes would penetrate even through the deep hollow of the camel's hoof; that he had got rid of his vow of abstinence from wine until he should avenge his uncle's murder; and had made wine as indiscriminately lawful, and as inexhaustible as the Paradisaical well of Zemzem, in Mohammedan fable.

Note 84.

The terrible imagery which concludes this piece strongly resembles part of the Saxon poem of Judith, which may exhibit the affinity between Oriental and Northern poetry.

"Thæs se hlanca gefeah Wulf in walde And se wanna hrefn Wæl gifre fugel Westan begen Tha him tha theod guman Thohton tilian Fylte on fægum Ac him flegh on last Earn ætas georn Urig fæthera Salowig pada Sange hilde leoth Hyrned nebba.'

"The lean wolf rejoiced in the wood; and the livid raven (a slaughter-sated fowl, from the Western bath), that the zons of men should have studied to provide them a glut of carcases: and the greedy, active, hoary-feathered eagle followed in their track. The sallow kite, with horned beak, chaunted Hilda's lay."

The Ode on Athelstan's Victory (Cotton Library, Tiberius, A 6,

and B 4,) has a similar detail.

"Wiges hræmige Lætan him behindan Hra Bryttinga Salowig padan Thone swærtan hræfan Hyrnet nebban And thone hasu wadan earn Æftan hwit æses bracan Grædigne cuth haofoc
And thæt greoge deor
Wulfon wealde."

"The war screamers followed them. The hoarse bittern; the brown puttock; the dark raven, with horny beak; the forest-housed heron, eating white stream-fish; the greedy goshawk; grey deer; and wolf of the weald."

Note 85.

Marcial de Paris has a similar wish for his deceased sovereign.

"Se pour peine prendre Bœufs et brebis vendre, Ravoir je povoye
Le feu Roi de cendre,
Et sur pied le rendre
Tout le mien vendroye," &c.

Note 86.

The camel.

THE END.

T. DAVISON, Lombard-sreet, Whitefriam, London.

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ERRATA.

Page 24, line 6, for trill read kill

38, 15, for lower read slower

51, 1, for looks read locks

65, 10, for That read The

144, 15, for wove read waft

193, 16, for quiral read genial

197, 8, for twin read twain

210, 14, for lemon read leman.

212, note, for beomaned read bemoaned

217, 19, for a peer at read a plenar

253, 11, for Melun read Milun

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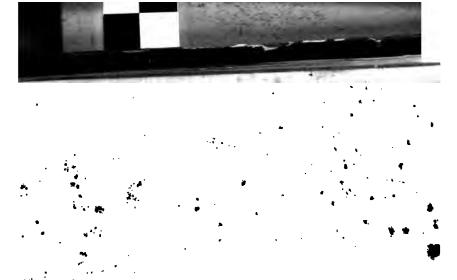
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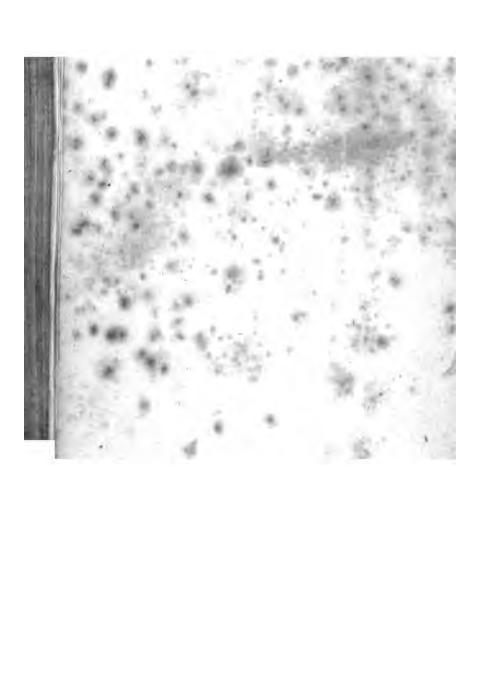
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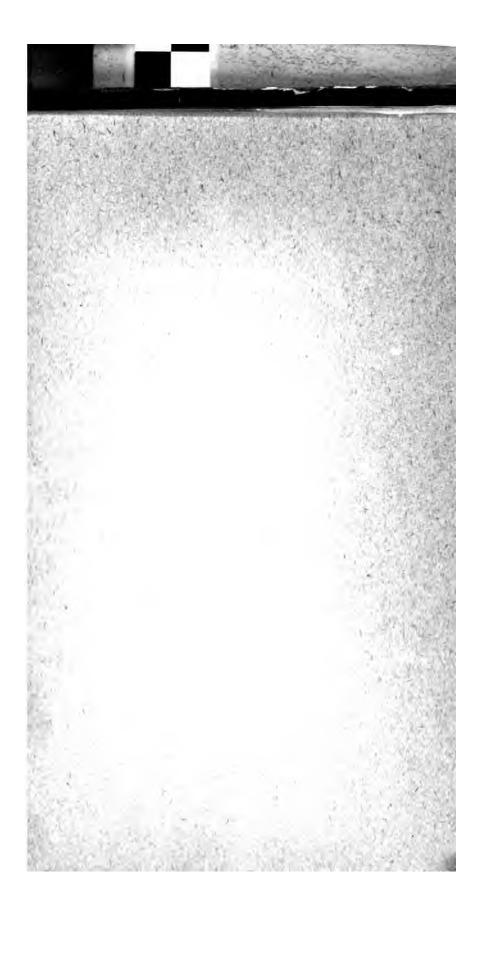
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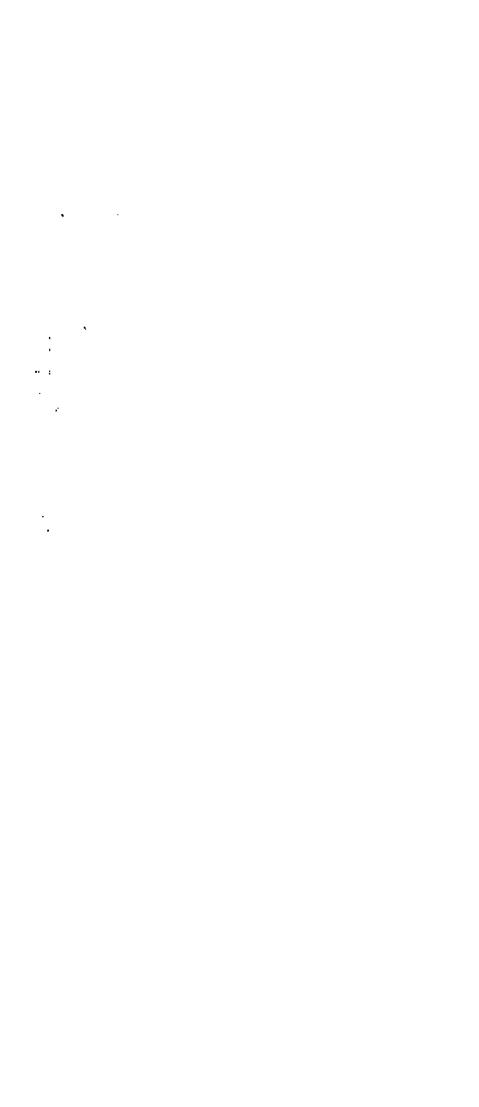


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